THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NOV. 25, 1922

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NOTES ON THE WAR DEBTS

With Some Comment on the Balfour Letter—By Garet Garrett

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THINGS as things and the unremembered circumstance—a time would come to speak of them.

The war cost the United States a little more than $1,500,000 an hour.

After the associate hand of America went in, it lasted 14,000 hours more and cost all of the European Allies combined, out of their own resources, a little less than $2,750,000 an hour.

Besides our own direct contribution of more than $1,500,000 an hour, we loaned to the allied governments nearly $750,000 an hour, and these loans now constitute the European war debt to this country. Direct advances of Liberty Loan dollars from the United States Treasury amounted to $9,500,000,000. Then when hostilities had ceased, France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium and others took over from us, on credit, docks, buildings, plants, railroads, machinery and vast stores of food and other supplies. This wholesale bargain sale of our things on their soil increased the debt to more than $10,000,000,000. Loans for relief and unpaid interest have slowly increased it since until now it stands between $10,500,000,000 and $11,000,000,000.

Until the war Europe was creditor to the whole world, drawing billions of interest annually from distant countries, including at least $500,000,000 a year from the United States. Now for the first time it owes, and from thinking of this debt of, say, $11,000,000,000 to the United States it has developed a kind of debtor's hysteria. Although it has not paid a dollar of principal, and only a very little of the interest, it complains that the debt is crushing it and asks to be forgiven. It owes itself so much on account of the war that it cannot pay. Or it cannot pay us until Germany pays and it seems impossible to make Germany pay.

Lord Balfour's Note

GREAT BRITAIN'S position is peculiar. Her own war losses notwithstanding, she is still a great creditor nation, with investments scattered all about the world. Therefore she is obliged to hold for the sanctity of debts between nations. She cannot afford to talk or advocate repudiation. Always, she has said she would and could pay her debt to the United States. Yet steadily, since the Armistice, cancellation of war debts has been powerfully and adroitly urged.

First it was urged on the ground that otherwise the Allies would be obliged to consume Germany; then on the ground that they couldn't consume Germany if they would; and again on the plea that it would be very good business for us.

For four years Great Britain had been moving ceaselessly by indirection to bring about a general cancellation of inter-ally debts, meanwhile failing to enter into any arrangement that looked to the payment of either principal or interest, and at last Congress called by law for action. Thereupon Lord Balfour, Acting Secretary for Foreign Affairs, addressed to Great Britain's European Allies, all of them America's debtors, a note on the subject of the debts. In this note he said that for the good of mankind, and to mitigate the economic evils from which the world is suffering, the government of Great Britain thought of performing an act of unparalleled generosity. That would be to cancel, forgive, utterly wipe out all the war debts owing to it by its Allies, and also to forego any share whatever in the German indemnity, to the one colossal aggregate sum of £3,400,000,000. But, alas, it was impossible for the government of Great Britain to obey this impulse. Why? Because the American Government would not enter into the British Government's spirit of generosity; because the American Government would not forgive about a quarter of this sum, say £850,000,000, owing to it from the government of Great Britain. And while, "To generous minds it can never be agreeable, although for reasons of state it may perhaps be necessary, to regard the monetary aspect of this great event as a thing apart, to be torn from its historical setting and treated as no more than ordinary commercial dealing between traders who borrow and capitalists who lend," nevertheless, the British Government, because the Americans insisted on being paid, was distastefully and regretfully constrained to call upon France, Italy and the others to pay on their war debts to the British Treasury at least enough to enable the British Treasury to pay in full its debt to the United States.

Uncle Sam Cartooned Abroad

THUS Mr. Balfour in his letter subtly though fairly definitely accused the American people of tearing the war debts apart from their historical setting in order to treat them in the selfish, ungenerous spirit of traders.

In Europe the effect of this upon public opinion was profound. The whole Old World press has since been filled with cartoons representing the United States to be the Shylock of the world. This picture has been endlessly reproduced in words of comment, even in newspapers, reviews and magazines of high repute, all taking Lord Balfour's distinguished word for an exact statement of the case. The London Economist, a journal of financial opinion far above the drift of mob emotions, the most influential publication of its kind in England—the London Economist of all papers—printed a communication from "Portia," who said

DAY DREAMS

that for the United States to demand payment from Great Britain was to lay a tribute upon those who saved Kansas and Kentucky from the German peril, adding, "Even the terrible law courts of the Middle Ages refused to sanction removal of the merchant's flesh when it was pointed out that his lifeblood would follow." Even those of Lord Balfour's critics who said that to have written his letter when and as he did was a political blunder almost invariably have made it worse by adding: "Nevertheless, the truth is there. 'Tis Shylock again, demanding his pound of flesh. We shall have to pay what's in the bond."

Americans were shocked. For several days they went about saying to each other, "Can it be true? Are we like that?"

We do not carry figures in our heads. We had forgotten them. We had forgotten the terms and conditions. In fact, as people, we had been thinking very little about our war loans to Europe. Among a thousand of us taken unawares there would have been, perhaps, not one who could have said how much they were or for what they were made exactly, except to help win the war, and certainly not one who would have had any positive notion as to how they ought to be settled. But to the imputation that our way with them was that of traders we could not be indifferent. We said: "No; we are not like that. In our hearts we know it. Let us look at the record."

The record is of prodigious extent, not at all readable, and few people had ever been seriously interested in it, merely taking right consummations for granted. No one person has yet read the whole of it. Perhaps the British have never read it at all. Or it may be that the truth, like a giraffe in one's back yard, is so astonishingly palpable that one who wishes it were not so may see and disbelieve.

In the first place, when Great Britain says she is willing to forgive war debts of £3,400,000,000—say $17,000,000,000—while the United States is unwilling to forgive only about a quarter of that sum, say, £850,000,000—$4,250,000,000—the arithmetic is misleading.

In that sum of $17,000,000,000 of war debts due to Great Britain, which she would forgive, is included $7,250,000,000 of German indemnity, which now is admitted to be uncollectible.

The American Government has no claim upon German indemnities. It does not participate. Thus the figure of Great Britain's generosity is swelled with a claim against Germany for $7,250,000,000 in contrast with which the American Government has no such claim to be either enforced or forgiven, for the specific reason that it never made one and left the Allies free to take for themselves first whatever they could get from Germany.

The Net Figures of Forgiveness

IF WE deduct Great Britain's claim upon Germany, the actual amount of debt she is willing to forgive becomes $9,750,000,000. On the other hand, in the event of an all-around cancellation of war debts, the amount the United States would have to forgive would be $10,500,000,000, for, of course, we could not forgive Great Britain $4,250,000,000 and collect from all our other debtors. We should have to forgive everybody. Moreover, in the event of an all-around cancellation, Great Britain would both forgive and be forgiven, whereas the United States could only forgive. Great Britain would forgive $9,750,000,000 owing to her and at the same time be forgiven $4,250,000,000 owing by her to the United States. The case would then be:

Great Britain forgives	$ 9,750,000,000
Great Britain is forgiven	4,250,000,000
Net British sacrifice	5,500,000,000
The United States would forgive and sacrifice	10,500,000,000

Thus we, the traders, would lose $5,000,000,000 more than Great Britain.

Now let us go straight to the heart of the matter. There are only two questions, namely:

1. Should Europe's war debt to the United States Government be paid as a matter of right?

2. Can it be paid as a matter of fact?

The first question has two aspects—a legal aspect and a moral aspect; and since the legal aspect is not final, let us now dispose of it.

Read first the face of one of those bits of I O U paper which the allied governments left at the United States Treasury to represent the value of the things they borrowed from America during and after the war. It is understood that we speak of things. What we loaned was not money but things, such as food, steel, munitions and cotton. As the allied governments bought these things from the American farmers and manufacturers they got dollars from the United States Treasury to pay for them, and for those dollars they gave their I O U's, called certificates of indebtedness, which were temporary, identical for all borrowers and recited an obligation as follows:

> This certificate will be converted by the government of the . . . (United Kingdom of Great Britain) . . . if requested by the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States of America, at par, with an adjustment of accrued interest into an equal par amount of 5 per cent gold bonds . . . conforming to the Acts of Congress.

It was as if a man in desperate haste came to a bank where he was known, saying: "I need some money out of the till—quick! My life is in jeopardy for want of it. I haven't time now to do more than write you an I O U. Later, whenever you say, I'll come in and make it regular by giving you a long-term promissory note."

Well, in that way, on their simple I O U's, the United States Government loaned Great Britain, France, Italy and the other allied countries billions of dollars, which were the proceeds of our Liberty Bonds; and the allied countries spent those billions of dollars for the food, the steel, the munitions, the cotton, and the like, they required in order to continue their part in the war, while at the same time we were producing and requiring enormous quantities of the same things in order to do our part. We put $22,000,000,000 worth of things into the war on our own account, besides what we loaned in that way to the Allies.

Then the war was won and there came the Peace Conference.

Almost the first concrete matter with which President Wilson was confronted at Paris was a proposal from Great Britain to cancel all inter-Ally war debts by an act of fantasy. What Mr. Lloyd George proposed was that there should issue a great quantity of German bonds to be divided among the Allies and the United States; with those bonds the Allies would pay off their debts to each other and to the United States, and the slate should be clean. Cancellation of the inter-Ally debts at that time with German bonds would have come precisely to the same thing as now to cancel those same debts with air and gestures, and was open to the same notable objection—namely, that the United States would sacrifice much more than any other country—$5,000,000,000 more than Great Britain—to the happy solution.

That was the formal beginning of an agitation that has continued up to this time. It has been a most consistent agitation, with one end steadily in view—an all-around cancellation of debts.

But before that, on December 4, 1918, less than a month after the Armistice, we find in the record a cable message from Oscar T. Crosby, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, to the Secretary of the Treasury in Washington, saying:

> Chancellor (meaning the Chancellor of the British Exchequer) revived suggestion made before of possibility of cancellation of all loans made by one associated government to any other for the conduct of the war.

And on the next day came a message from Norman H. Davis, Special United States Commissioner of Finance in Europe, to the United States Treasury, saying:

> As I have already advised you, the British Treasury has notified the French and Italian Treasuries that they are through making advances to them. They have either done this in order to force them on us or for political reasons in order to force their opinions at the Peace Conference. . . . The British Treasury attitude regarding relief has changed considerably. In discussing the question of relief to Belgium and Serbia, Keynes told me substantially that he had changed from his original idea of dividing the financial assistance into three parts, because in view of the fact that they have advanced considerably more than we have to these countries we should be willing to finance practically all of the relief. I told him we might be willing to finance the relief. . . . But it would not be because they had advanced more or less to these countries than we have; nor should we take the position that the war should be continued for a year or two in order to enable us to loan as much to other governments as the British had loaned them.

Continuing Cancellation Talk

AND after this—after Great Britain had begun to move for the cancellation of all debts—after December 4, 1918, we advanced $500,000,000 more to Great Britain alone.

At Paris, President Wilson was interested in German bonds just as much as the American people were interested in German indemnities or spoils or division or the arithmetic of victory, which was not at all. He said no.

His saying no did not stop the agitation for a cancellation of the debts. It continued at the Peace Conference, in conversations among the allied premiers, in private interviews and in propaganda to the press. The record is full of it. On March 8, 1919, the American Treasury formally notified the French of its surprise, in view of their still receiving money from the American Treasury, that at a meeting of the financial drafting committee appointed by the Executive Council of Ten at the Peace Conference, one

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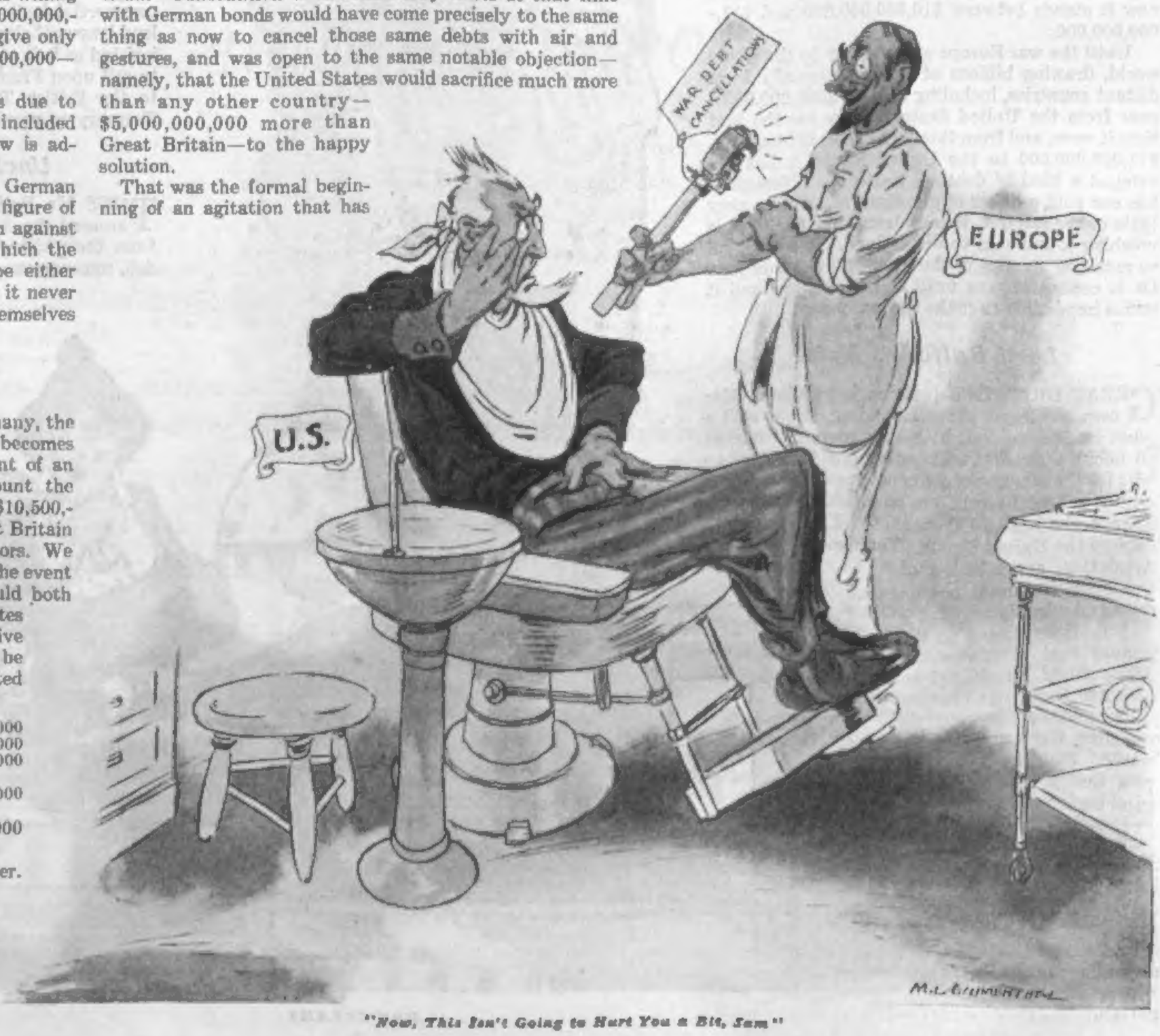

"Now, This Isn't Going to Hurt You a Bit, Sam"

The Return of Frank Clamart

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

BIRDS," said Shane Emmet, and went on in a discursive voice: "The silly superiority of the human race—with birds flying constantly over its head, and fishes unseen and unguessed at swimming around out there." He waved his arm at the ocean.

The girl beside him laughed. "And the millions of varieties of undiscovered microbes," she said.

"Well, even that," he admitted. "Four years ago a devastating army of them launched a world war against mankind and killed more people in six months than any war amongst ourselves has ever done in six years. Nobody will ever know the mortal statistics of the flu. What if these microörganisms had been a little stronger and got us all? How humiliating, from our point of view, to think of the old earth plugging right along without any humans on it. But that might have happened if the flu bugs had been, let us say, twice as virulent. And if it had happened it wouldn't have stopped anything but our affairs."

"The point is," said the girl, "it never has, and so we can pretty safely say it never will."

"Something else might, though. Poison gas from a comet or our oxygen sucked away for several hours, or combined with too much nitrogen and carbon. Or a sudden tilting out of axial balance."

"You don't need to go that far to look for trouble, Shane. And with all our superiority we don't pretend to run this planet."

"We'd better not. We can't even run ourselves halfway efficiently. Nothing like as well as those gulls manage their part of it. Dead people are littering up the place the whole time, but in all my walks along the shore and cruisings on the water I've never come on but one or two dead gulls of the thousands that I've seen, and then the chances are that some fool had shot them. They are all strong and full of life and vigor. I doubt if anybody ever saw one drop dead in full flight; or any other unmolested bird or animal for that matter. But we humans are doing that thing all the time. It's a growing habit."

"A lot of the reason for it is a growing habit," said the girl. "If you were to scatter a truckload of poisoned fish along this beach you'd be apt to see some gulls dropping dead in full flight or getting mixed up and trying to fly into the surf or something."

Shane Emmet nodded. "Last night I saw a beautiful girl flop down while dancing. She seemed to be going strong when, bang—speaking of guns. The house physician told me this morning that they had pulled her through. He didn't say through what. For a while it was touch and go."

It was late winter or early spring on that New Jersey beach. The weather had turned suddenly very mild. From Cape May Point they had walked far up the unfrequented stretch on the bay side and had now paused to rest, sitting with their backs against a dune. Just there the only close sign of habitation was a little building that might have been a summer fishing camp, now shuttered up and with a shabby, weather-beaten look. Behind it a portable garage of corrugated iron, and piebald.

She Stood for a Moment in Some Doubt, Not Having Seen Her Pursuer Disappear in the Dunes

"Most of the people near her grinned," said Shane. "That rotten knowing sort of grin. Some of the women laughed. Why couldn't they assume that she had fainted from purely natural causes? Curious, devilish sense of humor. And even curiouser their idea of having a good time. Why don't more people like our sort of healthy harmless way of enjoying ourselves? Coming here to sketch, and keeping out of trouble?"

"And yet," said the girl, "if my friends and family were to know that I had motored from my studio in Greenwich Village, first to Atlantic City, then here to Cape May Point, with Shane Emmet, the cartoonist, they would be convinced that I was well started on the toboggan run to perdition."

"I suppose so. The fact that you put up at one hotel and I at another wouldn't help much. Nor that I am now resting my trunk at Cape May and you back there at the Point. Who'll believe that we were merely good pals?"

The girl ignored this remark. "We'd better start sketching while this atmosphere holds. It's quite perfect. And those clouds."

She set up her folding easel and took a panel from the color box. Shane did the same in a sort of abstracted way.

"People are hopelessly rotten nowadays," he complained.

"No more than ever," she retorted. "There would actually be less fuss now than there would have been twenty years ago; but I wouldn't have been let live with a companion in a studio apartment then."

"You oughtn't to now," Shane grumbled, and began to mix his colors. "I don't know why I'm doing this anyhow. It's against all my ideas and sense of the fitness of things."

She saw fit to misunderstand his growling. "That's because you sold your artistic birthright for a mess of newspaper pottage. Still, I don't think you are to blame. You paint portraits better than most anybody, but you do cartoons and character sketches better than anybody, and it's worth a lot to be at the top in anything. And," she went on quickly at sight of his gathering frown, "if you feel this way about my riding from place to place with you in your car and painting with you for the sake of your company and protection and technical help, then we'll go our different independent ways."

"If you like to be with me enough for that," Shane snapped, "then why can't you like me well enough to marry me?"

She smiled. "Because then I'd have to listen to your scolding all the time instead of only a part of it. You like to be Bohemian yourself, but you would loathe having your wife be that too. You'd never forget that you had married Cynthia Cabot, the daughter of Judge Pendleton Cabot, of Boston, and that somebody might be in danger of forgetting that fact. Like most American painters who have lived and studied in France for a good many years, you are a bit of a snob at heart. Not for yourself, goodness knows; but you would be for me. You would put me right smack back at what I finally managed to get away from."

"Oh, well ——" Shane began helplessly, when Cynthia interrupted him with a sudden question.

"What sort of bird is that—there—fluttering out of the water?" She half rose, pointing with her maulstick at the long burnished swell just beyond, where it began to mount sluggishly, then trip, curl and break. "Twice it's fluttered down that way, Shane. I've been watching it. Look—it can't seem to rise. There, now it's up again. It's hurt or exhausted—or a dying bird, such as you say is never seen."

"A pigeon," Shane said. "A carrier pigeon. All in from a long flight, I should say. Poor little chap. Ah, there he goes into the surf."

Cynthia sprang up, gripped with that curious stab one feels at seeing any living creature a mortal victim of the elements. All right-hearted people possess it. Crews have risked their lives to take a cat off a sinking hulk, firemen an awful death to save a little dog from a burning house, a cat or a dog they would want to open a back window and take a shot at if it miaowed or barked at night. But it is instinctive to save a creature from the elements, from snow or flood or fire. The old alliance of warm-blooded life against elemental ruthlessness.

"Wade out and get it," Cynthia cried. "Slip off your clothes. I'll turn my back."

But the pigeon fluttered up again. Many transatlantic passengers have observed the same maneuvers of land birds blown offshore. Possibly lost in fog when winging to some island or promontory, they reach a steamer thoroughly exhausted. Often when too tired to fly, too timid to alight upon the ship, they flutter uncertainly about, seem almost to drop, then actually do drop until almost on the water's surface, when they struggle up again.

This brave carrier seemed not only spent as to its flight but hampered in it. Perhaps, also, this impediment reacted badly on its bird intelligence, for even with the shore so close at hand it appeared confused. It started to fly back to sea again. Cynthia and Shane shouted involuntarily, as if to warn some swimmer out there, bewildered by the surf. Their voices reached the pigeon, carried their message, no doubt, and gave it encouragement. For at the same minute it circled, rose a little higher in a last brave effort, then glided to the cabin, lighted on the gable, lurched, staggered, then rolled down the pitch of the roof and fell upon the sand.

The pair, standing in front of their easels watching the poor plucky bird, laid down their palettes and brushes and ran to where it had fallen. Shane reached the spot a few paces ahead of Cynthia, knelt down and picked up the pigeon. He could feel the little heart still pulsing faintly against his hand. Under the right wing, close to the body, was a tightly folded wad of paper secured by a bit of white cotton string. Shane took a small penknife from his pocket and cut it free, Cynthia bending over him.

"Look at that!" he said disgustedly. "The fool that tied that on must have been used to loading burros or huskies. No wonder the bird was all in. The message is not only four times bigger than it ought to be, but improperly secured. It's bungling, and interfered with flight."

He gave the bird to Cynthia, who held it in her cupped hands, against her cheek.

"It's not dead," she answered. "I'm so glad. There's some sherry in the lunch bag. Shall I give it a few drops?"

"Yes," he answered, picking with the point of the blade at the string around the packet.

In their interest at what had happened neither observed that the apparently deserted cabin had stirred with sinister sounds of life. The roar of the surf quenched a rustle inside it. Then one of the plank window blinds opened for about an inch. It closed softly, and if the two had been less absorbed or had the swashing of the waters not been constant they might have heard the whine of a rusty hinge in the rear.

Tenderly holding the bird Cynthia ran back to where they had set down their effects, about fifty yards away. Shane had risen to his feet and was unfolding the paper, his head bent, when he felt rather than saw the close presence of a figure that had slipped around the corner of the cabin. At the same moment Cynthia screamed.

Shane looked up quickly, to see a man in black clothes and a soft felt hat about three paces from where he stood. He was a youngish man of about Shane's age, thirty three or four; and there similarity ceased. The narrow vicious face was unwashed, black hair frowsy, and close-set eyes red rimmed, this adding to the general malignancy of features.

For the briefest of instants they stared at each other, Shane holding the crumpled message in one hand, his little penknife in the other. Opposite him this man, who seemed to have dropped down from the blue like a messenger of death, blinked once or twice as if to clear a vision dazzled by the sudden glare, then without a word of warning drew his right hand from a side pocket and leveled an automatic pistol at Shane's heart.

"Hands up, young feller," he said in a curiously cracked nasal voice, then sniffed twice, like a dog. "Drop that paper."

Shane obeyed. The paper dropped to his feet. The man opposite him blinked again, sniffed, leaned forward and stiffened, then fired. Shane, struck, unprepared, by a crushing blow directly above the heart, went over backward and sprawled out on the sand. Even as he fell he saw the man's head thrust forward, the red-rimmed eyes fastened on his chest, and a savage predatory look on the bony face that was like that of a vulture about to strike its beak into still living prey. But as if pressed by a detail of more importance and satisfied that his victim must be inert the fellow stooped, picked up the paper, thrust it in his pocket, then turned and stared at Cynthia, who was standing like a statue some fifty yards away.

The Bloodthirsty Stoat Darted Up the Beach in Between the Sand Dunes

But only for an instant. Then, slightly stooping, he started for her. Perhaps he counted on a paralysis of fright and horror, sagging limbs or a faint from which he should take care that she never awoke. If so, he counted in error. She turned and darted off diagonally to reach the hard-packed sand. She fairly flew. There were no flapping cumbersome skirts of four or five years past to hamper the free stride of her long full-muscled legs. Also, much dancing had suppled them. Censure the modern dance as some may wish, there is no denying its splendid development of these members, whether or not at the cost of maiden modesty. Cynthia could run like one of Diana's nymphs, and she now proceeded in mortal fear to do that thing.

Nobody can blame her. Shane, to most obvious appearance, had been shot dead through the heart, point-blank at about two paces, Cynthia the only witness to the crime. It was imperative to the safety of the assassin that she be likewise and immediately removed, when he might bury their bodies in the sand, or without such effort frame a murder and a suicide of the sort not so infrequent in these days of criminal folly.

Wherefore Cynthia ran; no doubt, to the intense disgust of the killer. Far up the beach, a mile perhaps, were some tiny specks of people, but others might appear at any moment from behind the dunes. The man must have realized in the first fifty yards of inappreciable gain on the fleeing girl that he had bungled the affair, that he should have shot both from the crack in the shutter. But he had not seen Cynthia run to resuscitate the carrier. She had done so as he was softly opening the back door of the cabin.

In the desperate effort to remedy this error he pulled up suddenly and began to fire at the running girl with careful aim. But the sprint had made him pant. He emptied his clip without visible effect, and in so doing lost another forty or fifty yards. He was about to renew the chase when what must have seemed to him a prodigy occurred. A yell rang out behind him, and he glanced back, to see Shane charging toward him strongly, if a bit uneven of gait.

This sight was too much for the criminal stamina. Here was a man shot smack in the heart with a soft-nosed bullet at a distance of about six or seven feet, now up and rushing him like a wounded wild beast of unhuman vitality. The pistol was empty, no other clip about his person, and the freak of nature bearing down upon him, broad of shoulder and deep of chest. The bloodthirsty stoat, who had reckoned on a quick, safe and easy double killing, snarled out a curse, then darted up the beach in between the sand dunes and disappeared. Here again he proved himself lacking in criminal foresight and backbone, for scarcely had the salt sedge screened him when Shane sprawled out upon the sand.

II

CYNTHIA, glancing back over her shoulder to see how she fared in this race whereof the prize was life, saw Shane as he fell. She had not seen him struggle up to take scratch place in the event, so was for a moment entirely bewildered. But she knew that it was Shane because of his light tweed Norfolk suit.

She stood for a moment in some doubt, not having seen her pursuer disappear in the dunes. But she knew he must have gone that way, and she reflected that he might at this moment be watching her, peering through a fringe of sedge like a duck hunter in a blind. Or he might have turned back on seeing Shane in pursuit, shot him again and gone to the cabin or struck back across for the road or open country; that or sneaking around to head her off.

But Cynthia was a brave girl, and Shane might be in mortal need of help. It occurred to her that the killer could not absolutely flank her, as the beach was wide, Shane lying on the hard sand near the water's edge, so that if the assailant were suddenly to reappear Cynthia, a splendid swimmer, could slip out to sea like an otter.

Then, before she had taken a dozen steps in his direction, Shane sat suddenly upright, clapped both hands over his heart, leaned forward with his white teeth showing, and even at the distance of a hundred yards Cynthia could hear pattering through them what did not sound like prayers. She began to run, and when close to him Shane looked up at her with a ferocious grin of pain.

"The skunk," he growled. "The putrid—wea-wea-weasel." He coughed. "You'd better beat it, Cynthia. He might come back."

"Oh, Shane!" she wailed. "Why, aren't you dead? Where are you shot?"

"In the—in the"—he began to fumble at his chest—"in the—sketchbook." He tugged out that badly mangled heart protector from a breast pocket. "What a filthy little beast! To plug a man—with—with no warning. My heart feels like a big bubble. You're not—not ——" He grinned with pain, panting heavily.

"I'm all right." Cynthia shot a wary look at the dunes, then leaned over him. "What was he? An escaped convict? Or a madman?"

"Worse than those." Shane's paroxysm of pain and suffocation was rapidly abating. "I think he was a bootlegger." He began to separate the leaves of the sketchbook, which looked as if somebody had tried to bore through it with an auger. Against its inner cover was a flattened mushroomed chunk of lead. "Look at that!" he growled. "A dumdum bullet. Lucky for me though. A steel-jacketed one would have gone right through."

"Let's get away," said Cynthia. "He may be lurking round."

"I don't think so. He'll beat it while the beating's good. Cowardly skunk. Wonder what he thought when he saw me plowing after him. He scarcely counted on the impact resistance of a tweed coat, leather binding, fifty parchment pages with another strip of leather, and a heavy woolen sweater underneath. That and about three inches of pectoralis major and minor muscles did the business. But, my golly, what a jolt! Rotten shame he got off with the message. It was a long one, in numerical code."

Cynthia sank down beside him, facing the dunes and watching them.

"He might be in ambush, waiting for us to get our things."

"I don't think so. He emptied his gat after you before he found that I was up and coming. If he'd had another cartridge in his jeans he'd have slipped it in and fed it to me. Anyhow, wait here. I'll get our duffel." A sudden thought appeared to strike him. "Hold on. There's something that's important."

He picked up the sketchbook.

"What?" asked Cynthia curiously.

"I've got to register his ugly mug—while it's fresh on my optic thalami, before it fogs the slightest bit."

He whipped out his pencil and began to sketch with sure and rapid strokes on the inner surface of the undamaged cover. But this proved unsuitable, being concave from the bullet's impact, and too glazed.

"That's no good," Shane grumbled, and drew out his wallet from the pocket opposite. "Here's a nice receipted bill. My tailor blows himself for stationery. Just the trick." He began again to sketch with the swift sure hand of the master cartoonist. "I can see the beastly blighter as his face looked when he plugged me. This stuff has a snapshot beaten miles. The camera lies with the expert ease of an old married man, but your skilled cartoonist gets a dash of caricature, which is exaggerated character, and unmistakable. Looks more like the guy as people think of him than his very mug."

Cynthia watched silently his unerring strokes. She did not resent the sudden deflection of interest from her danger to this rapid recording of a dangerous criminal's traits. Shane had thrust aside his own more serious injury to achieve a sure identity before the image in his vision faded. Here was something evanescent, to be caught and crystallized while it lasted; subtle mind stuff that might dim and fog. And as the girl watched she saw the evil sinister features that she herself could not have sworn to accurately inscribed. For there are some portraits so positive in character that even one who has not seen the original knows them instinctively to be exact.

"Wonderful, Shane!" she murmured.

"I've got him," said he elatedly. "No wonder, considering how he shot it into me. Sort of a mandrill face; one of those wicked-looking baboons. I'm apt to see the animal phase of a certain set of human features and expression. This was my job in the war. French secret service. I'd lamp some suspicious bird, male or female, focus the little camera I carry in my head, then transfer the visual impression like this. When their actions didn't true up with what they pretended or anything struck me as phony about 'em I would dash off a character sketch, in a café or train or anywhere, and shoot it in to the Bureau de l'Information with a few remarks. Or maybe the simple query: 'What d'ye know about this animal?' Trust the French to grab off the tremendous importance of it. Once they let out an awful squall: 'But that is M. de Chose; high in the confidence of the State, *bon Dieu!*' I answered that unless he had a twin brother they would do well to hoist him a few feet higher—at the end of a rope. I proved my case and they got him." He looked intently at the sketch, added a light touch or two, then slipped it into his wallet. Three minutes might have been consumed in the making of it. "Now let's pick up and go, dear."

"Don't call me that," Cynthia muttered.

Shane rose, then stood looking at her with a faint smile. "All right. But I feel so full of it right now. More than ever." His face contracted with a twinge of pain. "B'lp, b'lp. I'm bubbling inside like a bloomin' old camel. Feel as if I had an inflated blowfish in there."

"My poor bird!" said Cynthia.

This mention of the fluttering heart had reminded her suddenly of the pigeon's as she had taken it in her cupped hands. She started to walk rapidly back to their easels. Shane forged ahead of her and climbed to the top of the high dune against which they had placed themselves.

From this outlook the most conspicuous feature was a big rectangular building, apparently an aircraft hangar, that stood in a large open field about a hundred yards behind an ordinary summer cottage. Shane had not known of any road just there. A small car was standing in front of its gate, and as he looked he saw two figures pass round the house from the rear, get into the car and drive rapidly away, heading inland on a road that was scarcely more than a sandy lane.

Striding down he discovered Cynthia feeding sherry, drop by drop, to the ruffled pigeon, by means of a clean palette knife. The bird's head drooped, eyes half lidded, but it was alive.

"What price prohibition," Shane asked, "when you feed wine to a tuckered bootlegger carrier? I think I know where he was bound. A cottage back there."

"A bootlegger bird?" she asked, looking up.

"That seems to be the easiest guess. This murdering picket acted up to it. I'm going to overhaul the cabin."

"Look out," Cynthia cautioned, but did not raise her head.

She was in the same position, gently stroking the soft plumage, when Shane came out of the cabin some minutes later. He walked to where she sat, shot her a quick keen glance, then flung himself down on the sand, took out his pipe and lighted it.

"What did you find?"

"Nothing much. It's the sort of shebang young fellows might run down to camp in for the week-ends or holidays. Clerks from Wilmington with a flivver, coming to shoot snipe or ducks or have a spree. Plenty of empty bottles. Two rooms with bunks, and a rusty stove, and walls decorated with fancy ladies, and a few old clothes." He took a few puffs at his pipe. "That murderous ape was just on lookout here. He broke into the cabin so as to watch without being noticed by the coast guard."

"On watch for what?"

Cynthia raised a pale face. Shane had purposely given her time to adjust herself to the reaction.

"Booze runners, I should say. That's the most obvious answer. A big consignment, perhaps, and straight from the West Indies. Possibly a schooner putting in directly from the sea and not caring to linger inside the three-mile limit. Nice and handy to all these beach resorts. That pigeon was probably overdue, and when this lookout heard us chattering about it he lost his head. Carried away by the impulse of the moment. Besides, he was a snowbird."

"A what?"

"Cocaine sniffer. When any length of time without their prop they whirl off their pin if you clap your hands. He was startled and scared, didn't trust himself to speak sensibly, so fell back on his gun. No doubt his last instructions were to shoot if any way disturbed. He'd been there too long, and his powders had run out, and he didn't dare to leave. What a pity he got the message! But I was clean bowled over from shock to the heart."

"How you managed to run!" Cynthia breathed.

"Just momentary. I'm all right now, but I'll have a big blue tomorrow. Well, he didn't get away with us, and that's the main thing." His eyes gleamed as they rested on the girl. "You're a wonder, Cynthia, to keep your head and sprint like that, and come back to me, not knowing but that he might cut you off."

"What else was there to do? Stay there and be murdered? What are you going to do about it?"

"Publish this sketch. That ought to locate him. Such a cuss is like a mad dog. I'll simply say that he attacked me while I was on a solitary ramble down the beach. When they get him we can put him through."

His face hardened. Cynthia hated that look. It was too frequent on the man's lean handsome visage, and with the hard eyes and harder voice had been enough to keep her from obeying the otherwise ardent desire to be his wife. A shiver ran through her.

"Put him through what?"

"Well, let's call it a questionnaire. Deprived of their coke, that kind soon weaken. They're sold out already to their vice. After a few hours of deprivation such a wretch would deliver his mother to everlasting torment for a sniff. Let's drop it for a while."

The soft brown head with its auburn lights, ruddy and warm, had sunk over the pigeon again.

"You think this pigeon was bound for that house back there?"

"Yes; but he just managed to connect with the roof of the shanty, then flopped. He couldn't have come from far with such a bundle. Perhaps I'm wrong about it all. It might be Chinks or European scum, but they'd scarcely intrust so high-priced a job to an irresponsible like this."

"Perhaps he wasn't so irresponsible as you think."

Shane frowned. "Any man that takes drugs at all is that. No, I'm inclined to think that this is nothing of any great importance. Merely a bit of booze running. The location is against any big job here within five or six miles

(Continued on Page 36)

Opposite Him This Man Drew His Right Hand From a Side Pocket and Leveled an Automatic Pistol

"Hands Up, Young Feller," He Said in a Curiously Cracked Nasal Voice. Then Sniffed Twice, Like a Dog

The Concierge and the King

The Outcry Continuing, Monsieur Fanfaron Did Not Hesitate. Something Dreadful Must Have Happened! He Threw Open the Door of the Salon and Rushed In

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MONSIEUR FANFARON stared at the parcel and grunted. There was a curse upon the thing—this was the thirty-seventh time he had tried to get rid of that shirt and failed. But perhaps the *femme de chambre* had bungled the business. Up he went, found Mathilde in the linen room.

"Did you place it in his laundry?" he hissed.

"*Oui, m'sieu.*"

"And you put it on his list?"

"*Oui, m'sieu.*"

"You are a big stupid, Mathilde," declared the concierge. "Watch. I will show you."

He strode like a field marshal to No. 309 and rapped smartly on the door.

"Come in. *Entrez,*" responded a strident voice.

With the parcel crinkling under his arm Monsieur Fanfaron bounced in.

"At last it has arrived!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Here is the shirt of m'sieu."

The guest regarded him with a cold hard eye, and "Old stuff," he said. "You tried to palm that same one off on me two years ago, general. Do I look like a fourteen-and-a-half neck? Now you get to hell out of here with that shirt."

From the way the concierge received this rebuff one would have sworn he was delighted.

"Ah!" he cried in a tone of enthusiasm. "Of course! I remember m'sieu perfectly." Suddenly solemn, his air stern: "That *femme de chambre,*" he muttered, watching the American out of the tail of his eye, "she is always making mistakes. I should have recognized it—the shirt belongs to his majesty."

Instead of rising to this bait the American broke into a vulgar laugh. "I'm not collecting souvenirs this trip," he remarked. "Besides, none of the kings you've got here owns a shirt. Kings're wearing dickeys this year."

Another repulse! Monsieur Fanfaron found it very difficult to preserve his habitual dignity as he returned along the hall with the parcel, under the eyes of Mathilde and her husband, the *valet de chambre,* who watched from the service room. He knew they were giggling.

"Now, Armand!" he bellowed. "Do you not hear the bell? *Nom de Dieu,* it rings and rings! Hurry."

The valet started off at a lope and the concierge descended the stairs with his prestige intact. He was disappointed, but not discouraged.

A large man of noble girth, with short black hair worn pompadour, and prodigious mustaches curled upwards like horns, Monsieur Fanfaron presented an impressive appearance in his black frock coat with shining buttons and the crossed keys of his rank on the lapels. His air of command, the unhesitating authority with which he did everything, inspired unbounded confidence. You felt that here was a man you could lean on—a stranger to mistakes—just leave everything to him and all would be done.

"A telegram for his majesty," murmured a page boy, making a little bow as he presented it.

"*Hé, chasseur*—you Gustave!" began the concierge in his pipe-organ bass; then abruptly changed his mind. "No, I will take it myself. Attend to the desk, Tissay."

He went upstairs to the royal suite. A soft tat-tat on the door—not fawning, you understand, but more discreet than usual—then another. No response. Evidently the royal couple and their suite were in the other rooms. Monsieur Fanfaron had his orders concerning telegrams for the king; he turned the handle and entered.

A gentleman and a lady were standing beside the table, locked in a warm embrace. The gentleman was kissing the lady with fine ardor. They sprang apart.

"What does this mean?" demanded the king imperiously.

A lesser man would have gummed up the whole situation right there, but Monsieur Fanfaron never turned a hair. Not in the least confused—pouf! What are kings to a concierge, especially kings out of jobs?—he bent in a courtly bow before the lady and said humbly, without raising his eyes to her face, "Your majesty, I regret. But my instructions were to leave personally all telegrams in this room if nobody was here. And there was no answer to my knock."

The king shot him a swift glance. In it were mingled surprise and comprehension and respect, the respect of a finished diplomat for a greater. For of course it was not the queen at all—why should Alexis waste his time that way?—no, it was the young and chic Countess Stolcesco, lady-in-waiting to her majesty.

"Give me the telegram," he said with a return to his usual sang-froid, but still very red in the face. "And thank you. You may go."

As Monsieur Fanfaron descended to the lobby he was breathing heavily. His eyes rolled, he puffed out his cheeks, he tugged and curled his beautiful mustaches with fierce jerks Sure signs, these, that the brain in that massive square head was working on both cylinders. What would emerge from this business, *hein?* It was risky, decidedly risky, to know too much of the great's affairs—ah, many a poor devil has paid the price! But, *diable,* she was a pretty piece! He felt stealing over him a sort of reluctant envy of old Alexis. Madame Fanfaron being of the same age as the queen and not unlike her in looks and disposition.

No fears of an immediate flareback troubled him. Even a king could not reasonably complain to the management because he had been disturbed in kissing another man's wife. Besides, his majesty owed them too much money. But later, perhaps? There were so many indirect ways by which he could accomplish Monsieur Fanfaron's ruin. On the other hand, he had seemed sensible of the adroitness with which the concierge had carried it off—might not the affair even work out to his profit? These were nice points.

About five o'clock he decided the hour had struck for another attempt to get rid of the shirt. Without intending it as a test of the situation at all, but purely with the object of closing out this troublesome item, Monsieur Fanfaron sent the parcel to the royal suite, with a slip showing charges of twenty francs.

"So?" said the king when his valet consulted him about it. "It's much too small for me."

Then he summoned his secretary. "See if it will fit you, Gregory."

The secretary's neck also proving too thick, his majesty pondered. Very curious, this shirt arriving at such a moment. H'm!—that concierge was a shrewd fellow yes extremely. He was beginning to esteem the scoundrel highly. Of course this parcel from Monsieur Fanfaron was simply a kite to test the wind, and acceptance of it would most certainly be interpreted as an initial surrender to blackmail. H'm!—he would have to show the rascal, yet it would be prudent to handle him gently too.

This line of reasoning led to the receipt by Monsieur Fanfaron of an extraordinary message from the secretary.

"His majesty commands me to say," he wrote, "that although he has lost much, *monsieur le concierge*, he still has his shirt."

Fanfaron gaped at it and scratched his head. Here was a pretty pickle! *Sacré nom*, what did he mean? It was very puzzling. At last he gave it up. The shirt had come back; that was the main thing. His heart was heavy.

At six o'clock the occupant of 309 rang for his bill, and in due course came down to pay it. He checked the hotel statement and appeared satisfied, but as he scanned the *débours* the concierge had attached to it with a pin his expression altered. It became set.

"What's this?"

"Where, m'sieu?"

"This!—under your nose—this!"

"For the newspapers, m'sieu."

"No, no, not that! This!"

"Oh—ah—of course. That is a laundry item."

"But I paid the *femme de chambre* for my laundry. What does this forty francs stand for anyhow?"

And now Monsieur Fanfaron looked him straight in the eye. "That is for the shirt, m'sieu," he answered firmly. "It was ordered and delivered here."

The American began to fight for breath. "Didn't I tell you that shirt doesn't belong to me?"

"I am sure I am right," replied the concierge with quiet dignity. "It's the shirt of m'sieu."

"Now you listen to me, you old rascal!" said the American, speaking calmly by a great effort. "Would you rather cross that out or have me take it to the manager?"

Without a word Monsieur Fanfaron ran a pencil through the item.

"And just for that you lose a good fat tip, see?" said the guest. He went, grumbling, to the door, but turned and came back. "Here!" he snarled, flinging a note on the desk. "I haven't got the heart. Besides, a nerve like yours deserves it."

"I thank you, m'sieu. *Bon voyage!*" cried Monsieur Fanfaron with perfect composure and a smile as if nothing had happened, as he swept the money into his drawer.

The evening train brought sixty guests, including a party of tourists in charge of a courier, and for an hour the concierge was as busy as a drill sergeant; but when all the baggage had been retrieved from the wrong rooms and correctly distributed, when the guests had subsided from ferocious outcry to low bitter mumblings, he sat down in his chair with a sigh of relief. However, the relief was only momentary.

In an instant his life's problem recurred to him. Two years previously somebody had ordered a shirt to be sent to the hotel and Monsieur Fanfaron had imprudently paid seventeen francs for it before making inquiries, only to have the purchase repudiated by the gentleman to whom it was delivered. And there it lay now, still on his hands. *Diable*, what should he do!

Presently a gentleman in a sporty gray suit descended the stairs and sauntered to the counter behind which Monsieur Fanfaron sat. Leaning one elbow on the counter and crossing his legs after a fashion very popular in the United States in pre-Volstead days, the gentleman tapped a cigarette against the back of his hand and began in a voice as deep and booming as Monsieur Fanfaron's own, "Say, buddy!"

"Yes, m'sieu?"

"King Alexis is staying here, ain't he?"

"Yes, m'sieu. We have several royal personages."

The other beckoned him with a forefinger to come closer and then continued in a hoarse whisper, "Say, listen! I'm here to make some pictures of the old bird, see, and if you can fix it for me I'll do the right thing."

"His majesty frequently permits the journalists to photograph him as he goes out for a drive," replied the concierge.

"Aw, forget it! That's the bunk. What I want is the lowdown on him, see? Say was you ever in the pictures?"

"No, m'sieu."

"Gee, you'd make a swell rough-heavy!" remarked the guest, studying Fanfaron's corsair head admiringly.

"Yes?"

"You'd be touchin' ninety in a year. Take it from me, I know. How about it? Think you can fix it for me with his nibs?"

Monsieur Fanfaron, who never in his life had admitted inability to do anything, replied, "Perhaps it can be contrived."

"Attaboy! Sure it can. Say, listen! You ease me in to talk with the old bird just two minutes, see; two minutes"—he held up a couple of fingers for emphasis—"and I'll do the rest. And say—there'll be five hundred francs in it for you, too, old woodenface."

The concierge pricked up his ears. "May I ask what sort of pictures you desire?" he inquired.

"Why, don't you know who I am? Look! That's my name there. You must of seen a lot of my stuff—sure you have! Movies—fillums—cinema—you've seen 'em!"

"Ah-h-h! Cinema! Of course."

"Well, I'm the guy that grabs all the live ones, see? Big stuff! You tell his nibs we reach a hundred and forty million people every week, see? I'm givin' it to you straight, buddy. America, England, France, Australia, Italy—a hundred and forty million people every week.

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Her Majesty Was Delighted. "Isn't He a Silly Old Thing?" She Giggled. It Was More Fun Than the Poor Lady Had Had in Many a Day

A MARBLE ELEPHANT

There Was Miss McGuinness, Bobbed and Swarthy and Wearing a Cretonne Dress on Which Large Parrots Lived Happily Ever Afterwards in a Pineapple Tree

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THERE is no use in trying to hide the fact. Jeff Williams' father had been a bad egg. To begin with, he had been one of those handsome devils—tall, graceful, with black curly hair and a profile that is generally associated with the bong-tong. As a matter of fact he had spent the second fifteen years of his life in Ed Barbour's livery stable. Isn't that frightful? Isn't that—terrible? If he had only started life, let us say, stirring mash in a Scotch distillery, he might have become a noble lord, and his wife a lady; or if he had only had sense enough to concern himself with pigs, for instance, he might have become a Prince of Porkopolis, with his daughters forming international alliances and his picture in the paper, seldom wearing the same suit twice, every time he took a new wife to himself. But not having been wise enough to make his first plunge either in a whisky vat or an abattoir, Jeff Williams' father went to work for Ed Barbour and began to learn about horses—which, however disreputable it might have been, was a very intricate business in those days. You ask any old trader and see.

He hadn't been there long when the ladies began to notice him—the older ones at first, they having lived longer than the younger ones and naturally quicker to snap at a good thing when they saw it.

"I want you to send me a nice canopied surrey this afternoon, Mr. Barbour," they would telephone Ed, "with Ginger and Prince if they are not otherwise engaged. Oh, yes, and I want you to send me—ah—that young man for a driver—the one who drove Mrs. Van Houten yesterday afternoon. He seemed so very careful!"

Careful! Like fun he was careful, although perhaps he pretended to be at such times, in order to humor the ladies. But it wasn't his carefulness that they picked him for. It was the manner of him, and the looks of him, and the shoulders of him, and the hair of him, and a certain swanking pride with which he drove up South Street and down Maple Avenue as though he were tooling a gilded coach and had r-y-lty behind him; and when he stopped at one of the big houses he didn't just pull the surrey up to the horse block and sit grumpy, looking cross-eyed at the horses' ears, as though he were thinking to himself, "Now, then, old girl, out you pop, and have your bull-yong and your sardine san'wich, and think what a divvle of a splash you're making in society."

Ah, no; nothing like that for Jeff's father! The moment the horses stopped he was off the box and helping his passenger out, alert, graceful, and with an air that Prince Charming himself might well have envied if he had had the job.

Those were great days with horses and, one by one, Jeff's father learned some of the tricks of the trade. He could smell thrush a block away, knew how to tell a cold from distemper, could drench the balkiest horse that ever lived, knew how to cure cribbing, had his own recipe for colic drops, and thought nothing of firing a spavin or putting a blister on. But above all, he prided himself in making a horse look pretty and driving it as well as it looked. From that it was only a step to his being in demand at horse shows. One step more—a short one—and he met Jeff's mother.

She was a Merle—a Pusey Merle—old Commodore Merle's granddaughter—one of those dreamy-eyed, mystical daughters of Eve who, you might say are born with the heresy that their lives are their own, and that happiness comes like gold, wherever you happen to find it; and when she ran away and married the handsomest, gracefulest, finest man she had ever known—a man, however, who had been contaminated by Horse when he might have become glorified by Hooch or ennobled by Mgh!—her family very naturally cursed her, cursed her with candle and bell and book, and dropped her name from the family rolls forever.

Which was only proper, of course, when you think what a thoroughly bad egg she had scrambled herself with.

Of course they moved away. They couldn't very well do less than that. Jeff's mother had a little money—not much—and Jeff's father had saved nearly a thousand. So they bought a small farm, way, way off, where they hoped they would never be pestered either by pitying friends or those who come to go away and pick. Jeff's father had it in mind to build up a stock farm that would make him richer than old Pusey Merle ever knew how to be. But you know how it is with stock farms—you have hardly as much chance as with a poultry farm—and along about the time that Jeff was born his father had started trading horses and cattle; and when Jeff's mother died, dreamy-eyed to the last and loving her bad egg with a devotion that had something pathetic about it, Jeff began going around the country with his father, picking up the technic of trading almost before he was out of short trousers, a handsome young one, tall like his father, but having the Merle nose, a high-bridged affair that seemed to be made to command.

"He's not such a bad little trader," his father sometimes said with the pride of parentage. "He knows how many beans make five."

They lived at a place called Beach Pond. Summer visitors began to come; and as in bygone days Jeff's father had drawn attention, so now gentle eyes were turned toward his son.

"I'll have to give him a good talking to one of these days," thought his father. But in the meantime he tried to give a perpendicular stallion a good talking to, and thereby ended one of those strange careers that occasionally lead the pagans to wonder why are we here, and where are we bound, and what's the trouble all about, anyhow?

When old Pusey Merle read the news in his paper he was weak enough to be thoughtful for a minute or two, but then he made a motion that seemed to say, "Shoo, fly; don't bother me!"

"Too bad it didn't happen," he thought with a curly beak, "the year before she married him!"

But when he turned the paper to the financial page he found he couldn't read far. There are certain things, you know, like chickens, that have a way of coming home to roost.

II

IT WAS the second autumn after his father's death that Jeff Williams first went to New York; and when he left Grand Central Station and threaded his way among the crowd on Forty-second Street, it wasn't long before he saw

again the old dominie's look of pity; heard again his solemn warning:

"You are going to New York, Jeffrey? Be careful, my boy, be careful! It is the modern Babylon, and whosoever enters in leaves many a hope behind!"

You mustn't think from this that Jeff was carrying a carpetbag or that he smelled of crullers—which is really a heavenly smell—or that he was chewing a straw. On the contrary he was dressed in a dark blue serge and carried a suitcase; and although it may be that he was rather unusually gifted in looks and height, and beautifully tanned by wind and sun, otherwise he wasn't much different from the young Babylonians around him. In one slight detail, though, it may be said that he ran more true to form.

He went to the first policeman he saw and asked how he could reach No. — West Forty-eighth Street, the same being a boarding house kept by Hattie Patterson, who was herself a native of Beach Pond and a distant relation of the dominie's.

He found her—a shrewd old bird, as country girls who have gone to the city are apt to be. She didn't recognize him at first; but when he told her who he was, oh, but didn't her tongue start wagging, asking how everybody was back home!

"You've come on a visit?" she asked at last.

"No," said Jeff, having a little trouble with his Adam's apple. "I guess I've come to stay."

"Oh, I see," she wisely nodded. "You've been to business college."

"No," he confessed. "I've stayed on the farm pretty well."

"But didn't you say you'd come to stay? Land's sake, what are you going to do, now you're here?"

He hesitated for a moment—a pause that might have led you to think that there was something bashful about him.

"Why, I thought I might be able to do a little trading," he said at last.

Aunt Hattie stared at him—as well she might!—and searching her memory for clews she presently remembered his father.

"I've done quite a little business in cows this last year or two," he continued, "and I was just starting in on farms when I thought I'd come to the city and see what I could do what I could do around here."

"But goodness gracious sake's alive!" protested Aunt Hattie, her eyes like startled blue marbles. "There's no cows here, and no farms, either, unless you get way back in the country again."

Jeff didn't deny it. Indeed he almost looked just a little bit simple—the same look you sometimes see on a tabby when she's trying to pretend that she has no kittens in the haymow. Aunt Hattie, though, was from the country too. Perhaps she knew that look.

"Got any money?" she suddenly asked, her manner slightly changing.

"Some," said Jeff with his innocent look. "Not much."

"They'll soon get it off you here!" she grimly promised him.

Again he looked—well, disingenuous—and again he didn't deny it.

"Where are you going to stay?" she asked, a bit sharper than before.

"Why, I thought I'd stay here, if you weren't filled up," said he

She showed him a narrow hall room on the top floor, and almost out of pity she let him have it for twelve dollars a week.

"Though what on earth you've left Beach Pond and come down here for ——" she concluded, just before she closed the door and left him to himself.

And yet it was a good reason, and a simple reason—a reason as old as the human race. When Jeff opened his suitcase the first thing he took out was the framed snapshot of a girl—a girl in a highly sporting costume and with one of those provocative sets of features in which the lips say "Kiss me!" and the eyes say "Don't you dare!" Across the lower right-hand corner were the words: "To Jeff Williams In memory of a happy vacation. Sincly yours, Adele Ballard."

Jeff put the picture on his chiffonier with the air of a devotee decorating the altar of Diana. The photograph had been taken at an angle, so that when he placed it in position Miss Ballard seemed to be looking at the door through which the landlady had just disappeared; and if likenesses could only speak, as some folks say they do, you might very well have heard the picture calling out to Aunt Hattie, "What has he come for? What do you think? You wait till you've had a good look at me, and you'll know what he's come for!"

"Rich—Nothing," She Whispered. "You Ought to Have Heard Dad Tonight When He Was Making Out the Checks. We're Really Poor"

III

IT WAS half past five when Jeff had arrived at Aunt Hattie's; and by the time he had unpacked his clothes and had started to study the Business Opportunities column in a newspaper he had bought on the train, it wasn't far from the dinner hour.

"Movie Palace For Sale. Fortune For Somebody."

"Photo Studio. Turning Business Away."

"Cafeteria. $7000 Weekly." Jeff read them all, and although he didn't exactly put his tongue in his cheek he looked as he did when Henry Carpenter had once tried to trade him a hundred bushels of little potatoes on the argument that housekeepers would buy them in preference to big potatoes, because they would boil more quickly.

"Same time, you never can tell where the next trade's coming from. Father always said that," he thought, still poring over the ads. "There might be something here as well as anywhere else."

But if there was anything that looked promising Jeff failed to identify it.

"That's going to be the hard part, I guess—breaking in," he thought. "When I once get started I'll be all right; but till I do ——" Another type of advertisement caught his eye: "I have $1500. What have you to offer?"

"Maybe I'd better start like that," he uncertainly told himself. "I have $2470. What have you?" If you had been there, though, you would have seen that he didn't think much of it; and he was still frowningly walking up and down his room, stopping now and then to look at the picture on his chiffonier as though for inspiration, when the dinner bell rang downstairs.

Aunt Hattie introduced Jeff to his table companions.

There was Mr. Higgins, who worked in a bank; and Mr. Metz, assistant manager at Porteous & Hughes. Mr. Higgins looked peevish, his nose set on his face like a chip on a boy's shoulder; but Mr. Metz was a lady's man, having the dark eyes and languishing manner that are generally connected with beauty and affairs of the heart. Next came Mr. Rundle, clerk at a fashionable undertaking establishment, and one of the cheeriest souls that ever lived you can say what you like about undertakers. Mr. Rundle was a whole lot stouter than he might have been, and generally puffed a little when he talked. And then there was Miss McGuinness, bobbed and swarthy and wearing a cretonne dress on which large parrots lived happily ever afterwards in a pineapple tree. And then came Mrs. Bronson, a business woman with a large bust that she tried to disregard, glancing around her at times with a slightly annoyed look that seemed to say, "You know—this isn't mine. I am a business

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THE HOUSE WITH THE SPARE BEDROOMS

By PHILIP GIBBS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

JOHN LONGHURST had finished breakfast alone—a little melancholy man in a large cheerful room looking out to a sunlit garden. He had also read the leading articles in the Times—one of them dealt with the painful and unsolved problem of What to Do With Our Sons—before any other member of the household condescended to join him.

It usually happened like that when John took a day's leave from his government office and so could study the morning habits of his family and friends.

This time it was his brother-in-law William—commonly known as Uncle Will—who was the first to appear. He was still in his dressing gown and pajamas, though by a glance at the clock John saw that it was a quarter to ten.

As usual, Uncle Will was in a cheerful and healthy mood. His big, jovial, hairless face showed no sign of life's wear and tear except that the skin beneath his eyes was a trifle puffed. He came into the room whistling a bit of ragtime, said "Morning, John!" and then served himself to a large plateful of sausages and bacon with an appetite unaffected by the undoubted fact that he had gone to bed in a state of hilarious intoxication at two in the morning. Undoubted, that is, by John Longhurst, who, lying awake and utterly unable to sleep because of anxious thoughts, had heard him singing and laughing down the corridor.

Cyril—John's son—had been with him, laughing too, until both were close to the bedroom door. Then the boy had said, "Hush, nunky, don't wake up the governor!"

After that there had been an explosive laugh half suppressed, and the noise of two figures slinking past the door until they reached the other end of the corridor, when there was more buffoonery, a scuffle, and at last silence.

Probably Cyril had been drinking too. Regardless of his young wife, who had gone to bed hours before, and of his father's pleading request that they should turn out the lights before midnight, he had sat up listening to his uncle's yarns—dangerously Rabelaisian for the most part—with intermittent sallies on the piano, noisy choruses, a violin solo by Edward Jermyn, to Uncle Will's accompaniment, then more talk, passionate arguments, gusts of laughter, horseplay, an overturned chair, a vase smashed, a scrimmage in the hall, a drunken and highly comical oration by Uncle Will to the suit of armor on the first landing, and that scene in the corridor.

John Longhurst had no need of imagination to conjure up what had happened. He was perfectly familiar with the progressive hilarity of those evenings in the billiard room. He could quite understand the fascination they held for his son Cyril. He remembered the time, six months ago, when he, too, had laughed as heartily at Uncle Will's comic genius, and listened with breathless interest to his brother-in-law's reminiscences of the South African War, gold digging in Johannesburg, farming in Alberta, big-game hunting in the Rockies, saloon keeping in New York.

He had not been in the least grudging of hospitality to his wife's brother. He had extended an indefinite invitation to him to stay at Longhurst Hall until he decided to return to Canada as soon as he could get a good position out there.

Certainly, as John had admitted to his wife, it would be a churlish thing to deny board and lodging to a relative who had served the old mother country in two wars—the South African when he was a boy of twenty, and the Great War fifteen years after—and who now for a little while was at a loose end. Common decency demanded that much of John, who had had the luck to survive the years of death between 1914 and 1919, and who had inherited an old country house from a distant cousin who had not survived.

"Paint Me Again!" Said Barbara. "We Mustn't Give Up the Only Time We Have to Ourselves Without Interruption"

"It's providential," Mrs. Longhurst had said. "The dear old house comes to us just at this time, when we have to do what we can for our flesh and blood."

"For those who have served England," John himself had answered with emotion.

"Thank God, darling," his wife had said at another time; "we shan't be selfish in our new possession, great as the joy of it is to us."

Undoubtedly it had been a joy to move from the stucco-fronted villa in the shabby-genteel end of London to this little old manor house in Sussex with its ten acres of gardens, its stables and outhouses, orchards and mill stream.

After the war it was like heaven's peace to stroll hand in hand with a loving wife between the clipped hedges and over the velvet lawns of this old English homestead, to watch the peaches ripening on the high walls that closed it in, and to sit in the window seats of paneled rooms under oak beams that had sheltered the old stock of the Longhurst family for three centuries. It was not a great mansion—nothing more than a little old manor house badly in need of repair, and sadly neglected for many years—but it was big enough for John's family, with rooms to spare. Expensive enough, too, because no fortune had come with it, and taxes were terrific in postwar England.

"The upkeep will ruin us, my dear," John had told his wife; but his heart had yearned for the place, and he had not contradicted his wife's assurance that, with economy, they could manage.

It was, of course, fortunate—providential, as Mrs. Longhurst had said—that there should be room enough for Cyril and his young wife. The boy had been rash enough to make one of the many war marriages without a bean beyond his army pay, as he had said. Well, his father could not blame him for that. In wartime, youth—with grisly sacrifice ahead—had a right to grab at life while there was time; and Barbara was a nice girl, and adorably pretty. Not very staid and discreet yet, but affectionate and gay and lovable.

"Of course you will live with us, my dear, until you can find some work," said Mrs. Longhurst when the boy was demobilized and rushed home from Cologne to Barbara's arms. "The old house is big enough."

"And absolutely topping," said Cyril. "Barbara and I will revel in it until I get a job and set up my own place."

Mrs. Longhurst, loving mother as she was, hoped that would not be too soon.

"It'll take some months to look around and get used to civil life," the boy had said. "Heaps of time!"

So Cyril and Barbara had been given house room; and after that Uncle Will had arrived, with golf clubs, fishing rods and a set of guns, for a week or two, before getting back to Canada where, undoubtedly, a job would turn up.

That was nineteen months ago.

Edward Jermyn became a guest a month after the arrival of Uncle Will. It was a real joy to John to give a temporary billet to this delightful, whimsical, talented creature. It was also a sacred duty, he thought. Jermyn had saved Longhurst's life at the risk of his own in the trenches near Thiepval, on the Somme, thereby gaining his D. S. O.

No two men were more dissimilar, except in the one similarity of being hopelessly unfitted by training and temperament for soldiering. They had found themselves together as temporary officers in the Sportsmen's Battalion sent out to France with the Second Division. They had laughed together at the jest of life which had flung men like themselves into this fantastic experience of filth and frightfulness—John Longhurst, a little middle-aged civil servant in the Board of Education, who had worn a black coat and topper, weekdays and Sundays, for twenty years; and the Honorable Edward Jermyn, of Eton and Magdalen, forty-two years of age, writer of sonnets, violinist, amateur painter, dandy and dilettante. What were they doing in this war, in verminous billets, in waterlogged dugouts, in the shambles of the front-line trenches?

Jermyn's unfailing good spirits, his charming manners in the worst possible situations, his high-faluting talk of art and beauty at a time when both were outraged by war's brutality, his dandyism even in the mud and slime of Flanders, and his debonair defiance of death even when he was most frightened, as all men were, comforted John Longhurst exceedingly, and taught him the gift and grace of laughter as the only safeguard against life's abominations.

Then there was that time when Jermyn had saved his life out beyond the barbed wire.

After the war they met in Piccadilly, and Jermyn looked exquisite in a brand-new morning suit with white waistcoat and spats, and a silk hat at the old rakish angle. He greeted Longhurst effusively.

"My dear old lad! How perfectly splendid to see you again! And a thousand congratulations! I hear you have inherited a fortune and an old mansion. I insist on being invited down for the week-end."

John explained hurriedly that, so far from inheriting a fortune, he was back again at the Board of Education on a meager salary, none too big for his present needs. As for his mansion, it was certainly old—and ramshackle—but it was costly to keep up, and almost beyond his means. Only sentiment made him cling to it at a time when most people were selling their old houses and estates. But there it was, and it was for him to insist upon Jermyn coming down, not only for a week-end but for several weeks at least Nothing would give him greater joy than to share his billet with the man who had saved his life and been his best comrade in time of war.

He spoke with emotion, being incurable as a sentimentalist, and Jermyn was touched by the warmth of his invitation.

"Immensely good of you, old John! I'll certainly come The truth is that, although I look pretty prosperous at the moment—I've been paying a call on the Duchess of Banstead—I'm at a very loose end indeed, and living entirely on expectations."

He explained that he hoped to make a bit by writing poetry and painting potboilers. The idea of a week or two in John's house appealed to him vastly.

"A quiet country life, the beauty of Nature, the song of the birds—Lord! I'll turn out sunsets by the yard and paint no end of giddy masterpieces! How about next week-end?"

That was eighteen months ago. It was only during the last few weeks that John had decided to put a time limit to his hospitality. Indeed, it was only at the breakfast table this very morning, when he sat alone reading the leading articles in the Times before Uncle Will came down with his hearty appetite, that John was conscious of a very desperate purpose within him to get rid of Uncle Will, to thrust out Edward Jermyn, and to insist that Cyril should get a job, earn his own living like a man, and keep his wife in an honest way.

Perhaps it was the way in which Uncle Will absorbed huge quantities of sausages and bacon after his intoxication on the preceding night which put the final spark to the long-smoldering revolt in the spirit of John Longhurst. It was like some trivial annoyance of manner—a way of sneezing, a careless use of the toothpick, an irritating disregard of small courtesies—which sometimes breaks the last strand in the relations between husband and wife and leads to the divorce court.

For at Least a Minute He Stood as Motionless as When He Had Been Listening in His Doorway

"I fail to understand how you eat so much breakfast after a drunken orgy," said John, glaring at his wife's brother. "And anyhow, I wish to God you wouldn't come down in your pajamas!"

Never before had he spoken with such violence, and he was conscious of a rush of blood to the brain.

Uncle Will was surprised. He lifted his eyebrows, and his big, rather flabby face flushed a trifle. But he helped himself calmly and amiably to another sausage.

"You're hipped, John! What's the matter with my pajamas? And what do you mean by 'drunken orgy'?"

"I mean what I say," said John, with less violence but an inburning flame of anger. "Night after night you drink yourself fuddled—on my whisky. What is worse, you are corrupting Cyril by your bad example and risky stories."

Uncle Will laughed in his good-natured hearty way, and poured himself out another cup of coffee.

"My dear old John, surely you don't accuse me—me of all men!—of not being able to drink like a gentleman! As for my stories—young Cyril is a married man and no longer a child. My little yarns are nothing to what he heard in the trenches."

"I object to them," said John sternly.

"You used to find them amusing, old boy!"

"I object to the demoralizing life that is taking possession of this house," said John. "There's nothing but idleness, lounging about, futility."

Uncle Will protested against the accusation of idleness. Only yesterday he had mowed the lawn, marked out the tennis court, mended a broken lock of the woodshed, caught three excellent perch for lunch, shot some rabbits for the family pot, and cut down a tree that would make good logs for winter fires. He was never idle. Canadian life had made him a handy man.

"Isn't it about time you went back to Canada?" asked John. "You can't live here forever, you know."

"God forbid!" said Uncle Will, showing a touch of temper for the first time. "Of course if you begrudge me house room in this old barn ——"

"I haven't begrudged it," said John; "but for your own sake you ought to be going now. Time is slipping away, and you have no prospects over here."

"I'm expecting the mail in tomorrow," said Uncle Will, forgetful that for eighteen months it was always the next mail that was to bring him news of a good post. "My Canadian pals aren't going to let me down, whoever else does."

John felt the sting of those last words. But it was less hurtful than it would have been some months ago, before his sentimentality had been overstrained.

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"What are You Going to Do for Yourself and Your Wife When I Can Keep You No Longer? When I Drop Dead in Harness?"

CONFESSIONS OF A POLITICAL CAMPAIGNER

MEN there are who have the combination of affluence with a certain genius for spending money and time to find out what is going on. Thomas W. Lawson, the speculator, was one

I remember an after-midnight hour I spent with him in his room in the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago during the Republican convention of 1912. Bryan was then in Chicago reporting the convention for a syndicate at a rate per day which was wholly consistent with the Great Commoner's liking of a sound currency.

Nearly everyone believed Bryan would go to the Democratic convention in Baltimore with a plan to capture the nomination for himself. Lawson, however, had a different story.

"Bryan will go to Baltimore to force Wilson on an unwilling convention," he said. "Bryan's plan is absolutely a secret. He has only told one man."

"And that man told another?"

Lawson shrugged his shoulders.

"Only dead men tell no tales," he said. "Bryan deliberately plans to put himself up as candidate for the chairmanship of the convention. He will do that in order to be defeated. It will record the fact that he is not a possibility for the presidency."

"And will that not greatly diminish his influence?"

"It will vastly increase it," said Lawson. "The man who can be more troublesome than any other to corrupt an organized bossism is the man who knows the politicians and the strategy of the game and—doesn't want anything for the moment for himself."

Colonel Roosevelt Sailing for South America

Mr. Taft at Hot Springs in 1908

At the Baltimore convention I saw the pattern of Bryan's plan unfold throughout the long hot days and nights spent in that murky armory. It unfolded from the time the delegates were fresh and their partisanship had polished teeth to the days when Senator Gore said the delegates were like the small boy who went to the church picnic, fell in the brook, was slapped by a little girl, stung by wasps, and when his mother received him at home and asked him whether he had a good time, sighed and answered, "I'm so glad to get back I'm glad I went."

Mr. Bryan Pulls the Strings

DURING all this time Bryan talked to no one. His fight was almost single-handed. He would give no answers to questions. Whenever the convention began to go toward a man who was not Bryan's candidate Bryan would bellow from that hall, not to the convention but through the press to the country. I sat within a few feet of him and was impressed by the fact that a smile on the face of a man who is good can at times be so satanic. He even played with that convention.

Once he introduced a resolution to the effect that the Democratic Party should not be dominated by Ryan, Morgan and Belmont. He had so irritated the convention, as he very well knew, that Alabama had cast its nay to the resolution and several other delegations had followed suit before they saw that to vote nay was in effect to vote in favor of the convention being dominated by three great Wall Street figures. And as those delegations crawfished, Bryan, in a seersucker coat, fanned his bald spot with a palm leaf. He as much as any man was responsible for any wise or unwise delay of America entering the War. In the same indirect way it was Bryan who made possible most of the evils or virtues of the treaties of Versailles and St.-Germain and of the Balkanization of Europe.

Moreover, he nominated Wilson.

Lawson was right; Bryan drew his power at that critical moment in American history from the fact that, whatever his shortcomings may be, he is one of the best single-handed political strategists I have ever known, and—didn't want anything himself.

If I have had unusual opportunity to try political strategy and to observe its effect, if I have found myself in the presence of the unveiled minds of four candidates for the presidency on the eve of defeats or victories, it has been in large part because I have not wanted anything for myself—neither pay nor, even when I have had it, office. This fact has engaged for me the confidence of several historical figures; it has relieved me from any sense of subordination to them; it has preserved my freedom to throw whatever help I could render toward a cause chosen wholly on belief rather than on self-interest; and it has given me an insight into political strategy in American politics in both state and national campaigns, which pleases me and rewards me for one reason only—I love the game.

I am not ready yet to pass judgment upon political strategy in other lands, but I am ready to do so as to American politics. Strategy during the last ten years has been primarily noteworthy by its absence. Science, common sense, correct estimates of voting psychology have been replaced by whole crops of stupidity, blundering, matters over which defeated or victorious candidates for nomination or for the presidency may still laugh or grow bitter with good cause. I have been concerned with some of them and in this confession I will take the cover off.

A textbook of Don'ts for Managers or a volume entitled First Reader in Campaign Tactics ought to be in every honest politician's hands, but I know of only two or three men who could write such books. They are in the position of a stage magician who is reluctant to produce a written work with plates of illustrations showing how the lady disappears from the cabinet or why a kitchen stove with a lighted fire is suddenly brought into being under cover of a silk tablecloth. They need not be. The genius for blundering which afflicts party campaigning, especially in the two great parties, and especially in presidential campaigns, will resist more education than such books would ever give. Even when the tricks are explained, the magician may rest assured that no one will try to follow the principles with much success.

How Wood's Campaign Was Bungled

IN AMERICAN history there may have been many men who have lost an almost certain claim to the presidency by lack of the A. B. C. of political strategic sense. It may be a surprise to many to see the flat statement that Wood did, that Hughes did, and that a man who was said by many of his enemies to be more politically foxy than any other man, but who at times was more easily hoodwinked than any other I have ever known in high place, threw the presidency away.

The Late Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania

For a starter, let us examine the three cases, to draw from them the simple lessons they teach.

I knew almost the day-to-day developments of the Wood opportunity and its willful waste. Wood had three tremendous assets; they were almost irresistible. First, he had the heart of the country with him. Right or wrong, the general public in America regarded Wood as having an almost sanctified place as an administrator who could accomplish, who had genius to gather good crews for all his voyages and whose high ideals and honesty had never been questioned. Add to

this the general opinion, right or wrong, that in the war Wood, as a military officer, had been given a bad ride. Secondly, Wood had the Roosevelt tradition minus any of the anti-Roosevelt bitterness. Third, he had inherited the nucleus of the Roosevelt organization in charge of a man who, whatever his faults, knew at least the simple truth that organization rather than ballyhooing is the winner of political results.

What happened to Wood? What happened to him after the days in November, 1919—when Penrose, who did not want Wood nominated, confessed to those who opposed Wood, "We're too late, boys. He's got it and gone with it. Count the noses! He's got it."?

What happened was that he was taken out of the hands of experience and coddled in the lap of a group of amateurs who had captured him. It was a fine group—fine in character, fine in intentions, full of the earnest crusading spirit. It is a peculiar trait of such men—and I know, because I have been associated with them by inclination and in fact that they, precisely as women, because of unripeness, have an exaggerated idea of the value of publicity.

For an unknown candidate, publicity of the right kind may be essential; for a man like Wood, publicity of the wrong kind may be fatal. Wood was a national figure. Almost all the impressions he or his record could make, and almost all that publicity could hope to make, had been made.

Wood himself must have had his doubts, because before the evil came upon him he spoke to his wiser friends about such doubts. He will have forgotten what was said, perhaps. It was this:

"Whenever there is any question about publicity in politics, don't do it. Don't do it in your own case, because advertising Wood would destroy the conception the country has of a man who needs no introduction. It would give you no dignity; it would take dignity away. It would be cut out of the same impulse which made a foolish campaign manager for Taft send out a booklet entitled Who is Taft? Furthermore, the newspaper campaign costs vast sums of money, and when money is spent in politics just now it will be resented. It can be spent on organization, and there a dollar will do the work of two and never utter a squeak. Spend it in a huge press campaign and it cries 'Squander!' to the skies."

But Wood was in different hands. He was advised by young men who had had no experience in political organization, and some of them, like the usual amateur, felt that somehow organization in politics was in itself a vulgar or corrupt thing, and certainly a thing requiring skill and labor to build. Another reason why amateurs in politics prefer publicity to organization is that organization puts them as political strategists or generals in competition with those more able to carry on, whereas the process of soliciting contributions and spending freely allows the amateur to keep power in his own hands.

Two Ex-Presidents, Wilson and Poincaré

Slips of Mr. Hughes

NOW take Hughes. Wise and detached opinion - and, indeed, even opinion inside the inner circle of the Democratic Party—was fixed; Hughes could win. Why he lost has been explained a dozen ways. He lost, they said, because he was sent into states like California where there were factions within the Republican Party, and where any man was sure to be trapped into lining up with one or the other or appearing to do so. If he had won California he would have won the election. He lost, they said, by a miscellaneous lot of slips by the management, such as the famous Women's Special Train, which west of the Hudson River was as popular as the measles. He lost, they said, because he did not answer Wilson vigorously, or attack Wilson with sufficient clearness and courage. He lost, they said, because he was too just, too aloof from the human mass, too cold.

I will not argue these points. True or untrue, conclusive or not, they were unimportant compared with the real fundamental reason why the Hughes campaign failed. I confess to having told Hughes why it was failing, and I was in a position to do so because I often had laughed and laughed about it with one of the men closest to Wilson; just as a man, whether partner or opponent in a game, can laugh about a funny situation.

The trouble with the Hughes campaign and the Hughes management and with Hughes was that the first and foremost principle of American political campaigning was being broken. That principle is to take the lead and keep it. It is not always easy to do, but it ought to be easy always to see that it ought to be done. And apparently no one in the Hughes camp could see even that. Everyone knew that something was the matter. The air was bad; but I knew no important figure in the Republican management who could say or did say why

All the forces of the Republican Party and its candidate were busy, not in keeping the lead but in casting to the winds all chances to take the lead away from Wilson. A shrewd observer, now in the United States Senate, has said:

"Hughes talked about Wilson. Taft came out and talked about Wilson. Roosevelt came forth and made attacks on Wilson. They were all in a sweat and talked about Wilson and Wilsonism And now and then in calm pauses Wilson would come out onto the porch at Shadow Lawn and talk about Taft and Roosevelt—and Wilson. Nobody talked about Hughes."

Roosevelt's Great Mistake

THIS is fatal. To campaign about your opponent and your opponent's policies while your opponent also campaigns about himself and his policies is the worst error of all in the varied collection of errors. Taking the Lead Away is the first lesson in that unwritten textbook called An Introduction to Common Sense in Campaigns. When on top of this error the candidate is put in competition with campaigning figures of his own party like Taft and Roosevelt, his name on the ballot gives the voter a little start of surprise when he sees it on election morning.

I was curious to know whether Wilson, who at his best was unexcelled in his feel for political psychology, was conscious of this situation; and whether he had purposely given prominence in his speeches to Taft and Roosevelt, as if they jointly were the candidate rather than Hughes; and whether he had seen clearly that he could trust the Republican Party to talk a week more about Wilson whenever he threw to the wolfishness of their eagerness another baby of an idea over the back of his speeding sleigh. A day or two before the election I asked the man then closest to the President.

He gave me a wicked wink.

The result would have been most amusing were it not for the profound effect it has had, perhaps, upon the future welfare or disorganization of the whole world.

Equally profound, now that we can look at it retrospectively, was the greatest mistake that Roosevelt was ever wheedled into. Those who believe on the one hand that he was overeager for personal power, or those who believe that he was a politician so shrewd that he could not be fooled, did not know him. He was hoodwinked by the Taft Administration into sacrificing himself to clean the Republican machine in New York State, and then the Republican national organization left him out on the limb of defeat with his candidate for governor—Stimson. He was fooled by the old guard in Massachusetts after an organization of young and unimportant men in Massachusetts had built up the Progressive nucleus. He was told that it was possible for him to capture the Massachusetts regular machine, and a large luncheon was given to him so that it would appear in the press that he had been disloyal to the Progressive wing and had made a bid for regular support. The next day, as by prearrangement, almost every man at that luncheon declared himself for Taft Roosevelt had been warned. But he believed in friendship and in the straightness of gentlemen. These often tripped him, but he went on in his belief and sometimes was trapped.

It was in this way that he was trapped into the tragic error of 1916. The problem of the Republican Party, then lean and hungry for power, and conscious from its point of view of danger to the country in the reëlection of Wilson, was to reunite its forces and find its strongest man. And the party had no man. The only man it had who was more than 50 per cent efficient to beat Wilson was Roosevelt. The country wanted Roosevelt, the rank and file of the

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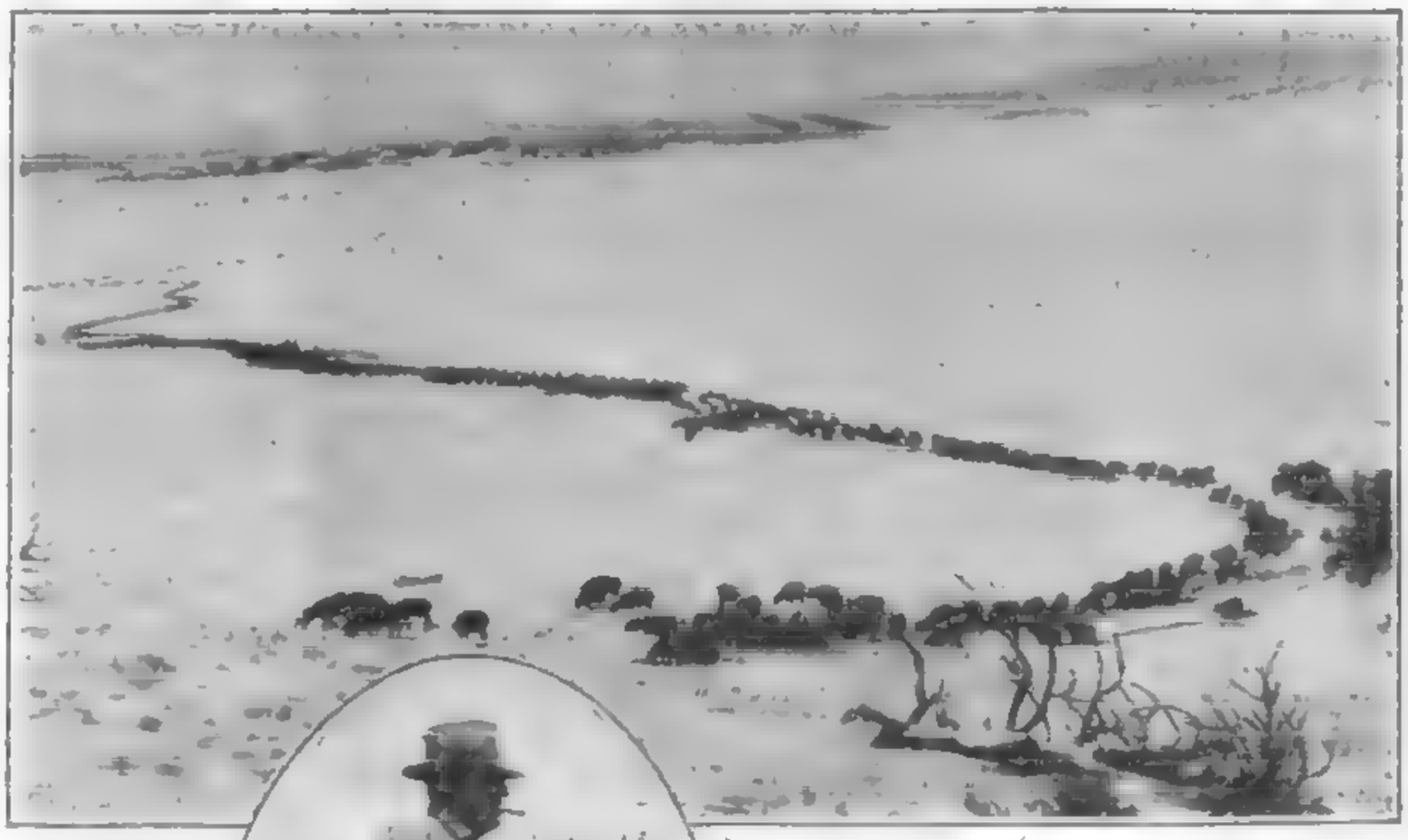
General Leonard Wood Pledging His Support to Senator Warren G. Harding at Marion, Ohio, When the President Was a Nominee

TIMBER-LINE CLOVER

By WILL IRWIN



I FIRST met the boss before the garage at Fairplay. We were putting spare lugs on a somewhat defective wheel; he was directing the loading of a chuck wagon. He had driven up in one of those light, agile, mountain-geared cars which, for the personal uses of boss sheepmen and cattlemen, have so largely supplanted the bronco. Indeed, one look at the boss convinced the beholder that in trading horseflesh and blood for steel and gasoline he had special and personal reasons. He seemed to be packed into the front seat; you wondered how he found room to get at the control lever. A bronco! It would be a job for a Percheron. For between his large, solid feet and the crown of his sun-faded brown hair stretch six feet four inches of sheer man. His waistline measures a trifle more than it did when he played guard at Colorado College; but in the main his two hundred and thirty pounds are still all action and efficiency. He is one of those big men who step with the lightness of a dancer.

At the next curb a young man in parts of an old uniform, his gray sombrero pinned back Australian fashion with a Canadian maple-leaf badge, was heaving sacks of salt into a two-ton truck. As the boss gave a word or two of direction I noted a firm, positive, aquiline nose, a clean bright-blue eye which seemed always to look far away, an expression compounded of good nature and authority.

As I approached to be introduced the county official with whom I was driving that day summarized in a whisper.

"Old cattle and sheep man," he said; "superintendent of the biggest sheep ranch here abouts. Runs more than thirty thousand sheep for his company and six thousand more in partnership with his son. Pastures 'em winters on the floor of South Park and summers on our backwick up yonder." He indicated the towering heights of the Mosquito range to the west.

Above—The First Snowstorm. The Flock Comes Home From the Mountains. At the Left—The Boss on the Job, Looking for a Flock From Above Weston Pass

At the Right—The Young Rancher and a Traveling Companion

Over the Mountains

THE boss enveloped my hand, ascertained that I was a product of Leadville, across the Mosquito, learned why I was visiting South Park, and, "Why don't you come over and stop with me a while on the home ranch?" he asked. "Stop as long as we interest you. Any time. Plenty of room always." Which, on very sight of the man, I wanted mightily to do; but I had wandered long and far from the offhand manners of mountains and learned more hesitant ways with invitations. Then a *cholo* slouched across the street, addressed the boss in Spanish. Before their conversation was finished my host, the wheel now repaired, felt it necessary to be getting on, and the invitation was left dangling in air.

Two hours later we were approaching the climb to that point where the Mosquito springs from the divide, where the waters of the continent separate—this dewdrop to the Atlantic, that to the Pacific. Our steep upgrade ran so close to gigantic Mount Bross that its bulk seemed to fill half the heavens. At our altitude the forests had not yet begun; all about lay a soft gray-green carpet of dwarf sage. Above the beat of our engine, toiling at low speed, I was aware of some strange, staccato noise. We stopped. It was the syncopated bleating of sheep. Yet I looked twice before I distinguished the flock at the roadside, so perfectly did the gray fleeces blend with the gray sage. Our noisy entrance had disturbed their feeding. The ewes, most nervously solicitous of all mothers, were calling reassurances to their half-grown lambs. The lambs were crying for no special reason except that our unexpected intrusion made them unhappy. Two of them, standing beside the road, bawled from their black mouths at us like babies in a tantrum. The anxious mothers rushed about until each had her precious offspring at her side, drawing comfort from the maternal font; ensued comparative silence. I was aware then of the boss, standing on a crown of rock. Beyond him was his own little car and an automobile truck which now resumed its noisy effort to climb the impossible grade of an old mining road.

Alpine Sheep Pastures

"WE'RE packing supplies up to the tender station," said the boss. "Using an abandoned mining camp up there. Don't know what camp it was, but there's the remains of a stamp mill."

"Getting them pretty high up," I remarked, indicating the sheep.

"Oh, we're only starting this bunch," he said. "We're still on cow pasture. Their range is up there, beyond timber line."

A dizzy height above us, that definite barrier to tree growth streaked the side of Mount Bross. Above that was a perpendicular expanse of green, toned with violet or blue, spotted here and there with fields of perpetual snow; topping everything peeped the gray-and-white fourteen-thousand-foot summit of Bross—pointed, precipitous, its runways streaked with cocked and loaded avalanches.

"Up to the summit?" I inquired jocularly.

"No," said the boss, ignoring my banter; "but pretty near before we're through. We'll work them along that shoulder there until we get to the limit of growth."

"Rather poor pickings, I should guess," I commented.

"And there's where you'd guess wrong," replied the boss, not unkindly. "That range is all timber clover. It's so rich that we can't keep one band on it more than two or three days or they'll bloat."

With a final cough the noisy truck made the grade, disappeared into the timber. The boss turned back toward his own car.

"Coming to see me?" he called back over his shoulder. "Any time—just telephone from Leadville." That time I accepted.

"Timber-line clover"—I had never heard that term before. I remembered, though, how as a boy in Leadville I had often noticed that close-growing dwarf herb, in miniature exactly like the white farm clover of lower levels. Just above the point on

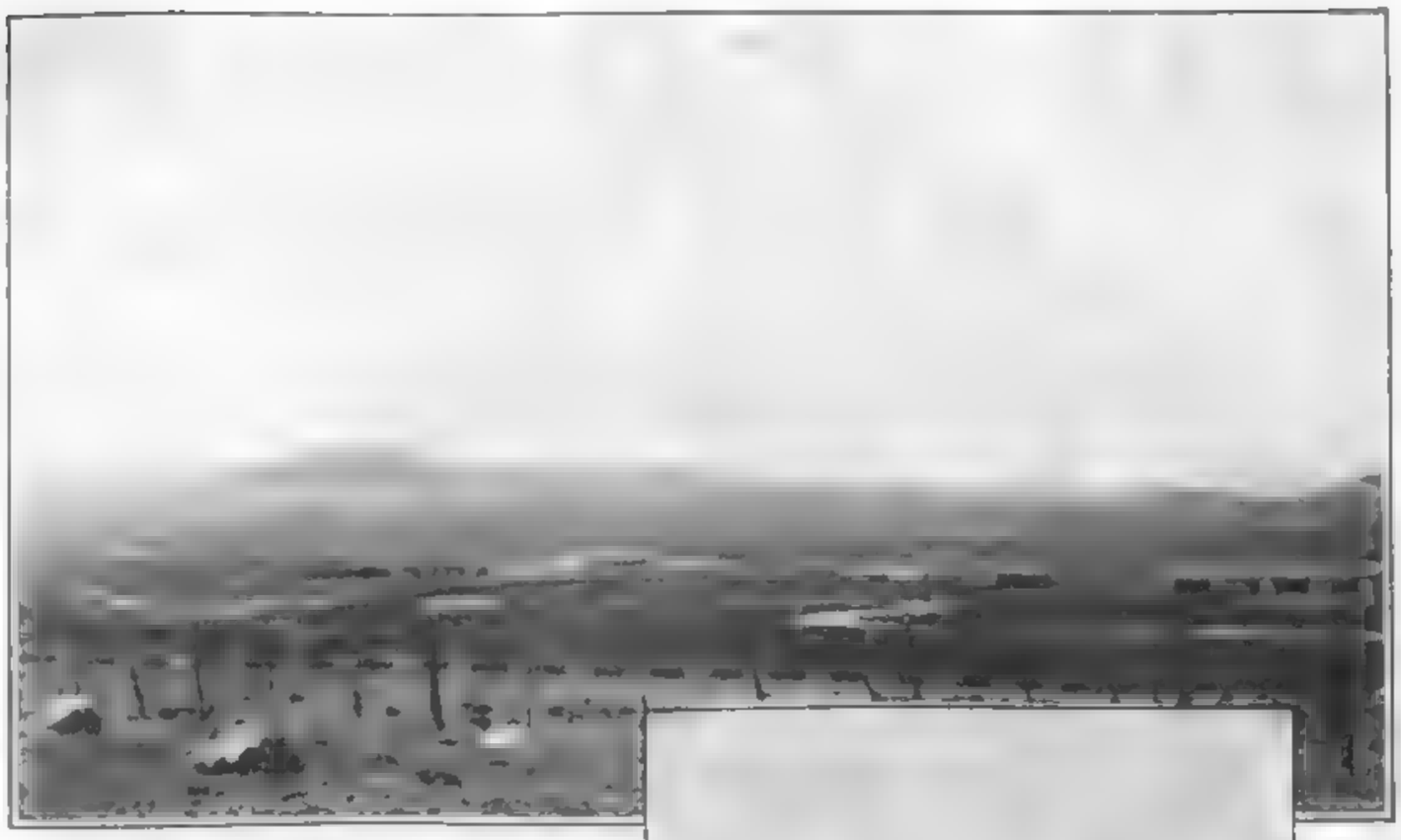
Grazing on the Higher Slopes of Mount Weston, Colorado

the mountainside where tree growth stops, it often makes, with the dark, dwarf bushes, a pattern like that of a formal park. For twenty years the miners of California Gulch walked unknowing over the bonanza silver deposits of Leadville; and in noting this growth for its beauty alone I myself had walked past another source of human wealth, less spectacular but more enduring. The crest of our continent, as the mines work out, is becoming all one great pasture for climbing, close-cropping sheep, whereof the staple summer diet is this timber-line clover.

Before I take you to the home ranch of the boss, let me describe once and for all the setting of his extraordinary commercial enterprise—if you will, his plant And first let me explain to you that a park in the Rockies means simply a plateau surrounded by mountains.

For the tourist on the ocean-to-ocean highway, Ute Pass, curving over the old buffalo trail about Pike's Peak, is the gateway to the Rockies. From the six-thousand-foot altitude of Colorado Springs the automobile climbs to some eight thousand feet and is edging between foothills. Ten miles or so of this—and then the tourist has the soul of a clodhopper does he not jam on all brakes and stop to look. Before him lies what seems like a vast level plain, edged fifty miles away with mountains whose glinting snows proclaim their heights. Only it is a plain curious in its coloring, its contours and its beauty. The prevailing tint is a soft gray, toned with violet in some lights, with faint green in some others. Ranges of low, treeless hills break it here and there. Always they have soft contours, as though Time had worn away all their edges. Over the plain, over these hills, lies the covering of gray dwarf sage. Commonly enough, we speak with a somewhat stretched metaphor of a grassy plain as carpeted. In this case the metaphor fits. It seems as though one great mantle had been thrown over South Park. Here and there the spotted soul of a hill permits growths of quaking aspen or of dark shrubs. They make involuted patterns, and in these areas the mantle appears to be a Turkish rug.

On every side mountains rim South Park. That range far beyond, a dazzling, thrilling electric blue in the full sunlight, is the Mosquito, highest offshoot of the continental divide. On the farther side of the Mosquito, where Leadville sits among her treasure houses, the range breaks into bare cliffs with a metallic glitter. On this side the slopes are longer and more varied in color and contour.



Above—The Home Ranch, South Park. At the Right—Two Apprentices, Ismael, Young Mexican Sheep Herder, and Bob, His Dog. Below, in the Circle—Old Amigo, the Three-Pawed Dog, Who Faced the Camera (He Thinks It Shoots) With the Air of a Dog Resolved to Die Like a Man

A Great Lady Among Peaks

A MAJOR peak in the Rockies is by common consent one which rises above fourteen thousand feet; of these, according to the latest calculation, Colorado has forty-four. In its comparatively short course the Mosquito comprises five or six major peaks. Here, also, the tourist misses a trick if he does not look backward.

Pike's Peak owes part of its fame to the fact that it alone, among the major Colorado peaks, lies on the edge of the great mountain tangle. To its very foot one travels across the great plateaus by level, easy roads; whereas Massive and Evans and Uncompahgre and Princeton are guarded by many a toilsome league of pass and precipice. Seen from the Colorado Springs side, Pike's Peak is in all conscience majestic and glorious enough; yet perhaps the expert on mountains who has seen first some of the other major Colorado peaks may feel a trifle disappointed. He will dwell longer on the strange colors and patterns of Cherokee Peaks to the south, on the incomparable, indescribable beauties of the Garden of the Gods. Then he sees the peak from the other and less inhabited side—this rim of South Park—and he feels like descending from his automobile and bowing his apologies. For it is a great lady among peaks. From this quarter the approaches to the summit, heaving themselves misty fold on misty fold upward and ever upward, seem to cover the whole visible stretch of horizon. And seen on a clear summer afternoon when the sun is near the knife edge of the Mosquito range opposite, the summit becomes a princess of Orient, filmed in four gauzy veils—the first deep blue, the second evanescent purple, the third transparent mauve and the fourth, covering all the rest, rosy pink. Sometimes the sinking sun catches the windows of the observatory at the summit; then the princess seems to wear a great diamond at her forehead.

The park itself, as I have said, is a soft carpet of gray, with green-and-violet undertones. However, the Mosquito range and its foothills are noted for their variety of metals and of geological structure. So when, about the edge, earth or rock breaks through the carpet, the gray is varied with delicate, dull tints of carnelian-red, salmon-pink, violet, orange, blue. In certain states of the light the eye seems to pick up here and there every tint of every color except only green, that orthodox pigment of Nature at lower levels. But look along the floor of the park, and green appears as a vivid ribbon. This is the river bed of the South Platte, which breaks out of the mountains through the cleft below Western Peak.

Sam Hartzell

ON THAT ribbon of green, and about midway of the passage across South Park, stands the home ranch of the boss. From the hills, indeed, it looks more like a town than a mere ranch, what with its barns, its wide-spreading lambing and shearing sheds, its bunk houses, its blacksmith shops, its garages and its fringe of corrals. Centering everything stands the ranch house. Without a low, wide, white, dormer-windowed structure, a little resembling some New England farmhouses that I know, it is within a pleasant, hospitable house, presenting the charming irregularities of a building which has grown to meet human needs. In the comfortable living room, with its broad windows, the boss shows visitors behind the stucco a kind of bulge, by which you can make out the outlines of a fireplace. From this and other tokens you perceive that the living room is just a log cabin, ceiled over without, plastered over within. It deserves a tablet, really, for it was the first white man's house on the floor of South Park and has made history.

When, just before the Civil War, the Pike's Peak discovery brought white men to this part of the Rockies, Sam Hartzell, a stripling of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, came with the rush. Farm-reared, he knew horses and cattle. In a gold camp above the northern edge of the park he found employment as stock tender. In those times the heavy trucking was done by oxen. The pioneers had many quaint ideas about the effect of altitude on flora and fauna. In Leadville they used to think that you could not

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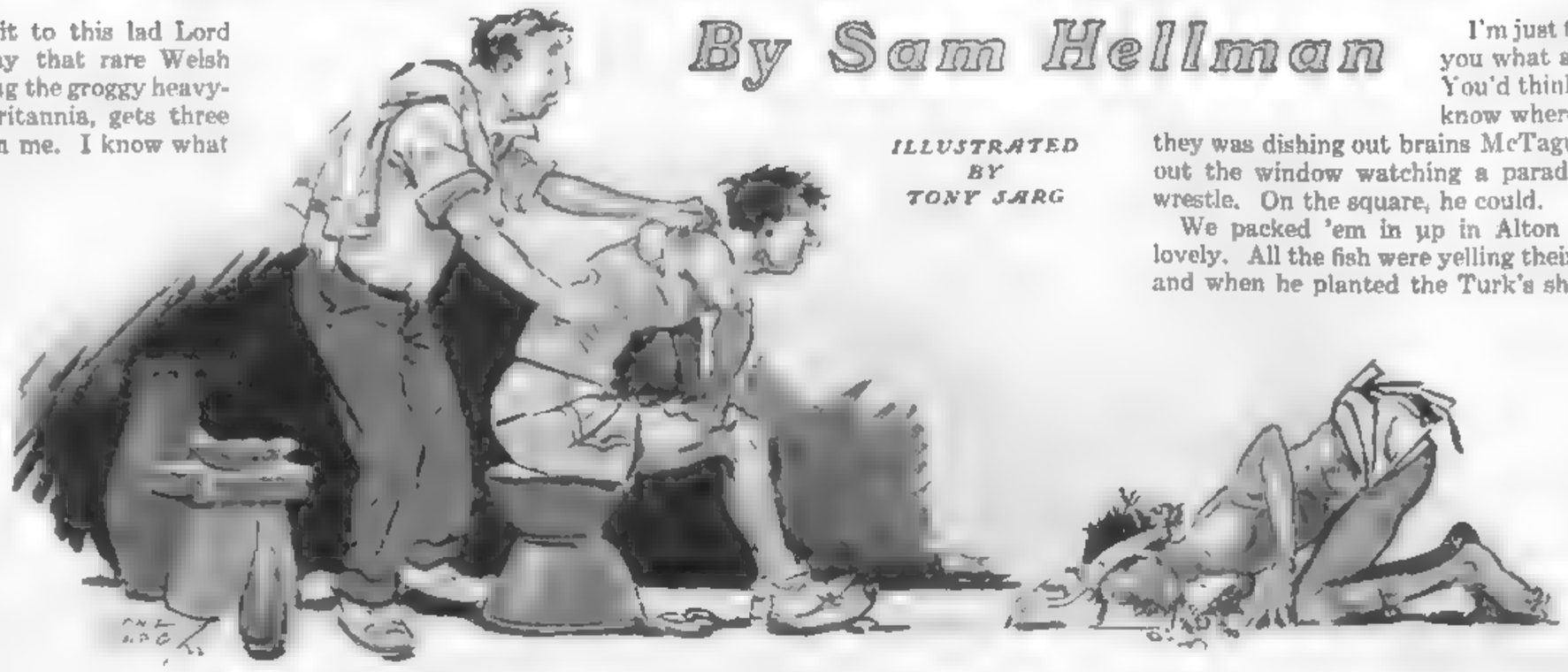
Oregon Sheep on the March Across Tennessee Pass. Observe the Black Sheep Used as a "Marker"

YO-HO FOR YOLO

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



He Gets Up on His Knees and Hits the Ground With His Snout Again. Three Times He Pulls This Stuff

YOU gotta hand it to this lad Lord George. The way that rare Welsh bit's been handling the groggy heavyweight champ, Kid Britannia, gets three tigers and a cheer from me. I know what he's been up against. I ain't never been no prime minister myself, but I managed one oncet. On the level. I guess I ain't told you fellers about me and Eel McTague and the Sultan of Yolo, has I?

You boys isn't old enough to remember that far back but before I busted into the fight game I played around a while with the wrestling gag. In them days the only thing square about the pastime was the ring and the heads of the hicks that forked up good corn-fed smackers to see a coupla switchmen outta jobs and parading as Terrible Timbucktoos and Armenian Assassins working up a lotta sweat and return matches.

Me and Harry Simms was promoting running races out in Iowa to a good business among the lads that still believed the eye was quicker than the hand, when the wrestling craze gets going good and I see our come-ons thinning out. So they ain't nothing for me to do but to take my spoon where the soup is.

I beats it to St. Louis, which was the hangout for the catch-as-catch-cans and rightaway I runs into a piece of luck. Anyhow it looked like it then.

In the old Planters House bar I pipes McTague over in a corner having an argument with another guy. I don't hear all that's going on but The Eel finally yells "Get out. You ain't my manager no more." The other bird just shrugs his shoulders and breezes.

I walks up to McTague and invites him to have a drink.

"Who are you?" says he, grouchy like.

"Your new manager," I comes back. "I seen you give old Baldy the air, and I figured I'd save you the expense of running a want ad in the papers. I've seen you wrestle a coupla times and I'm willing to take you in hand. I'm Twin Higgins. Ever hear of me?"

"The face sounds familiar," says he. "Know anything about wrestling?"

"What for?" I asks. "Don't you know enough? I'm wise, though, to the pocket habits of the pro bonehead publico, and I can smoke up anything from a dog fight to a spelling bee. When you ready to work again?"

"Right now," says he. "Fix me up a match with Abdul, the Mohammedan Murderer."

"All right," I tells him. "Can you throw him?"

"Sure," says he with a kinda disgusted look. "Ain't it my turn?"

I beg his pardon for pulling a social fox pass and get right out on the job. From the newspaper lads I get a line on Abdul's manager and in no time at all we got everything set for a go at Alton, a town on the other side of the river. We even got it fixed how long the performance is going to last and what kind of a hold is going to slap the Turk on his back for the count. That being done I take out my pipe and begin to smoke.

In the newspapers I read where they has been a lotta Armenians massacreed by the Turks, and I see a chance to work up a mess of grudge hop, and besides make my boy's win popular. I don't worry none about where Abdul gets off. His manager's a flathead and ain't got no more brains than the Turk, which is minus six, so he falls for the scheme.

The wrestlers meet in the Planters bar about the time the sporting writers are taking their cocktails. McTague waves a paper in Abdul's face and makes some mean cracks about Turkey, finishing up with a threat to kill that bozo in revenge for the slaughtered Armenians. The other baby rattles off a lot of wild stuff and ends up by making a pass at The Eel. Me and the Turk's manager try to stop 'em by getting in each other's way. McTague finally lands a light one on Abdul's chin and he takes a flop. I gotta hand it to the lads. The act was well done and I could see the newspaper boys eating it up. You fellers must remember that the grudge stunt was kinda new in them days.

The next day the sheets was full of how McTague, made sore by the atterocities in Armenis, had lost his temper and taken a fall outta Abdul, whose uncle was supposed to be responsible for the murders. The uncle was one of my touches. I read in the paper where some bird by the name of Abdul was mixed up in the ruckus some way or other, and I figure he must be a relative of the wrestler, being they have the same name, me not knowing then that Abduls in Turkey is as thick as Mikes in Ireland.

"Where's Armenia?" says McTague to me.

"Some place in Africa," I tells him. "For Pete's sake, don't you go talking to the reporters or you'll ball everything up with your ignorance."

When He Gets Near Us He Takes a Long Look at The Eel and Busts Out Laughing

I'm just telling you this to show you what a flat tire this baby is. You'd think any school kid would know where Armenia was. When they was dishing out brains McTague musta been leaning out the window watching a parade, but the boy could wrestle. On the square, he could.

We packed 'em in up in Alton and everything went lovely. All the fish were yelling their heads off for my man and when he planted the Turk's shoulders to the mat at 10:14, scheduled time, the mob goes plumb nuts and ain't satisfied until they carry The Eel to his dressing room. I forgot to tell you the bout was smoked up as a winner-take-all proposition, so the next day after we gives Abdul his fifty split of the gate, we starts the works going for a return row in St. Louis.

In the next week the newspapers finds out they was all wrong about Abdul. He ain't no Turk a-tall but is a Armenian, and lots of his folks has been bumped off and just as soon as he gets his honor back by flopping McTague he's going home to fight for his country. In behalf of McTague I apologizes and everything is sitting pretty for another meeting with Abdul's turn to win.

The debate calls for two throws outta three. As per agreement The Eel wins the first fall with a half Nelson in about thirty minutes and gets a big hand from the sardines. Abdul cops the second, and by this time he's in so good on account of being a Armenian that the crowd whoops it up for him.

According to the dope sheet we is going to give the boys a run for their money on the last tussle, which is to go nearly a hour before The Eel takes the count. Well, they wrestle around for a while pulling a lotta pretty stuff that don't mean nothing. Then the row gets warm and I gotta slip it to The Eel for his grand imitation. He slams the Turk all around the ring and you can see Abdul's getting tired and worried. His manager, too, gives me the eye with a question mark in it. The act don't call for no real rough stuff so early in the proceedings and I try to flag McTague for a tip-off to slow up. He pipes my signals but don't pay no attention. All of a sudden The Eel gets a strangle hold on Abdul. They wasn't barred in them days. Boy, I never knew that a guy's tongue was more than a foot long, but they must grow a lot bigger in Turkey.

Some suspicions that I got a few days before comes back to me. I seen McTague slip a bale of jack to the cigar man at the hotel, and like a sucker I didn't get wise. I'm hep now, though. So is Abdul's handler.

"Double-crosser!" he yelps at me, not figuring where he is at.

The Turk is near dead by this time and The Eel just squeezes harder. Well, in a few minutes Abdul passes out. McTague don't wait for no congratulations or nothing, but beats it to his dressing room. Most of the gang is satisfied with the result, but the sports that was supposed to be in on the know yells murder. The Turk's manager starts toward me, but I ain't waiting for no argument, so I take a quiet sneak outta the building and hotfoots it to the hotel. The Eel's up in his room. He greets me with a grin.

"You played hell," says I.

"How come?" says he. "Ten grand ain't to be kicked downstairs."

"You bet that?" I asks. "Why didn't you let me in, you double-crosser?"

"Can them rough words," growls McTague. "A guy don't have to be on the square with a bozo whose folks bumped off a lotta babies in Africa, does he?"

The door slams open and in busts a bell-hop, all excited.

"Beat it quick," he hisses. "They is a gang on the way upstairs to knock your blocks off. Bad Jack Wilson is with 'em."

That's enough for me. Bad Jack'd just as soon shoot as eat, and I knows he got a hefty trimming on the double-cross. They ain't no fire escape, but they is a rope tied to the floor near the window. I heaves it out. "Come on, kid," I shouts. "Let's beat it while we're all in one piece."

McTague don't need no urgings and his dogs is fanning my face while we slides down to the street. Lucky for us they ain't no one there and we runs around to a dark alley.

"How do I collect my jack?" asks The Eel

"That's easy," says I. "You don't. You'r lucky your skin's air tight right now."

He don't say nothing for a while

"Where do we go from here?" he asks finally.

"To Armenia," I comes back, sarcastic, "to save them babies you is so cuckoo about."

II

I'M SORE as a goat about getting a reputation as a double-crosser hung onto me without no fault of mine and without no jack to kill the sting, but I sees a chance of cashing in on The Eel, and decides to stick. He promises to be on the square with me from now on for a fifty-fifty divy on all take-downs, me handling the roll.

As I told you before, McTague is a real snappy wrestler and I figures he can flop anybody around his weight, which is about a hundred and sixty pounds, and we can even make a little money honest, which, after all, is as good as any other kind of money.

Well, that night we beats it across the river and hop a rattler for Chicago. I got enough smackers in my jeans for the cushions, so we hit the Big Wind in style. But we ain't in the burg ten minutes before I sees we ain't gonna linger long. On the sport page of one of the rags I read a wild yarn about the double-cross in St. Louis and the mob around the hotel. I slip the sheet to The Eel without no comment.

"That's a rotten picture of me," says he, handing it back.

"Read the yarn," I tells him.

Then I finds out that he can't, having quit school when he got his diploma from the kindergarten. So I spills the article to him and he looks kinda pleased, figuring it's grand publicity and something to write home about. On the same sheet with the St. Louis yarn is a item about a wrestling tournament to be pulled in a couple of weeks, and I'm tickled pink to see that my old pal, Jerry Slavens, is the grand chief Hottentot of the layout.

After breakfast I breezes over to see him.

"Jerry," says I, "have you got room in that fuss you're going to pull off for the classiest hundred-and-sixty-pound strangler in the profesh?"

"Name, please," invites Slavens.

"Well," I replies, kinda hesitating, "it was Eel McTague, but ——"

Jerry grabs a newspaper off his desk.

"Nix, no, not, never," says he. "What are you trying to do—crab an honest graft? We run the game on the square up here. Outta my house."

"Yeh," I jeers, "I suppose that chunk of ice on your necktie was earned by the sweat of your eyebrows. Who you kidding? I been bulled by bull fighters."

"Listen here," says he, kinda sore. "We don't pull any double-crosses around here anyhow. When a cuckoo says he will do so and so he does just so and so."

"How about the public?" I asks.

All of a Sudden The Eel Gets a Strangle Hold on Abdul. They Wasn't Barred in Them Days

"Where do they come in?" he comes back, surprised. "They just beg to be frisked, and I ain't got the heart to turn 'em down."

Then I tells him that me and The Eel are down to the cloth and need a stake quick. I offer to change McTague's name, dye his hair black, and break his nose if necessary to disguise him, but Slavens don't budge.

"Not a chance, Twin," says he. "The game here's a little shaky as it is, and a stunt like you babies pulled in St. Louis would just about cave in the doll house. McTague has wrestled around here and the sports would tin-can me out of the pastime and just when the gravy is being passed around. Why don't you grab yourself a boat and take a shot at Australia and Honolulu and them places? Manila, too. They tell me the stuff's going big in them parts. In a few months the St. Louis racket will blow over and you can breeze back into the game here."

"Sounds all right," says I, "but ——"

"Here," cuts in Jerry, digging into his pocket and pulling a roll that would gag an alligator. "I ain't forgot how you staked me out in Frisco." He peels off twenty hundred-case notes and slips 'em to me. "Pay me back when you get your first million."

The Eel's kinda glad to take the trip. He ain't got no more idea where Manila is than I got about Einstein's law of relations, but somebody told him once that travel was broadening and he figures he'd like to put a little more weight in his shoulders.

"Is Manila any place near Armenia?" he asks me.

"Sure," I tells him. "We'll run over there some morning before breakfast." The poor cuckoo don't know that the two dumps is at the least a hundred miles apart. I don't kid him no more, figuring it's a shame for a educated guy like me to hop on a bird that can't even read no sport news.

Well, they don't nothing happen on the trip until we gets to Honolulu, and then nothing don't happen. Whoever slipped Slavens the dope that the Pacific Ocean was crazy about wrestling musta been crazy with hooch. They ain't even heard of the sport. We hung around a few days trying to get the American Club to put on a match, but they ain't nothing stirring. They is willing to get excited about boxing, so I tells 'em I'm a fighter, which was the truth oncet, and they frame a milly for me. The bozo they shove against me is just about as rotten as me, but we manages to get through five rounds before our wind gives out. For the battle I get a hundred smackers, about one smacker for every smack in the jaw I took. It ain't much money, but the roll's getting so poor it don't care who comes calling.

From Honolulu we goes to New Zealand, where we gets our first match, a catch-as-catch-can argument with a fathead called Bombardier McGinnis. If he's a wrestler I'm a boy soprano. The Eel makes a sucker outta him in no time a-tall, but they ain't enough money in the house to buy a pound of ice from an Eskimo. Them sports down in Auckland is got one-way pockets lined with fishhooks and the national pastime must be put and take with the put feature cut out. I tells an American living down there—on a bet, I guess—that we only got two hundred fish outta the fuss and he says to keep still or we'll start a run on the banks.

The further we goes the sadder it gets. In Australia we stuck around for a couple of months and snag four or five matches, but they get bigger gates in America for pingpong games. A lad tips us off that Manila is the place where they give twenty-dollar-bill showers for wrestlers. We never has a chance to find out.

When we gets to the island they is a smallpox scare working overtime and everything is closed tight. By this time the roll is down to a whisper and we ain't got enough jack to stick around until things open up again or enough for a couple of tickets home. I'm figuring what to do next when I run into Jim Tanner, a feller I used to know in my old fight days. He's running a saloon in Manila and with my foot on the rail I spills my hard-luck story.

"Can this baby of yours really wrestle?" asks Tanner.

"He can throw his weight in wildcats," I tells him.

"How many wildcats is that?" Jim asks.

"A hundred and sixty pounds' worth."

Tanner shakes his head.

"A little light," says he.

"Listen here," I comes back; "if you knows where we can get a match don't let the weight worry you. The bigger they are the easier they strangle. What you got under them bangs of yourn?"

"Ever hear of Yolo?" asks Tanner.

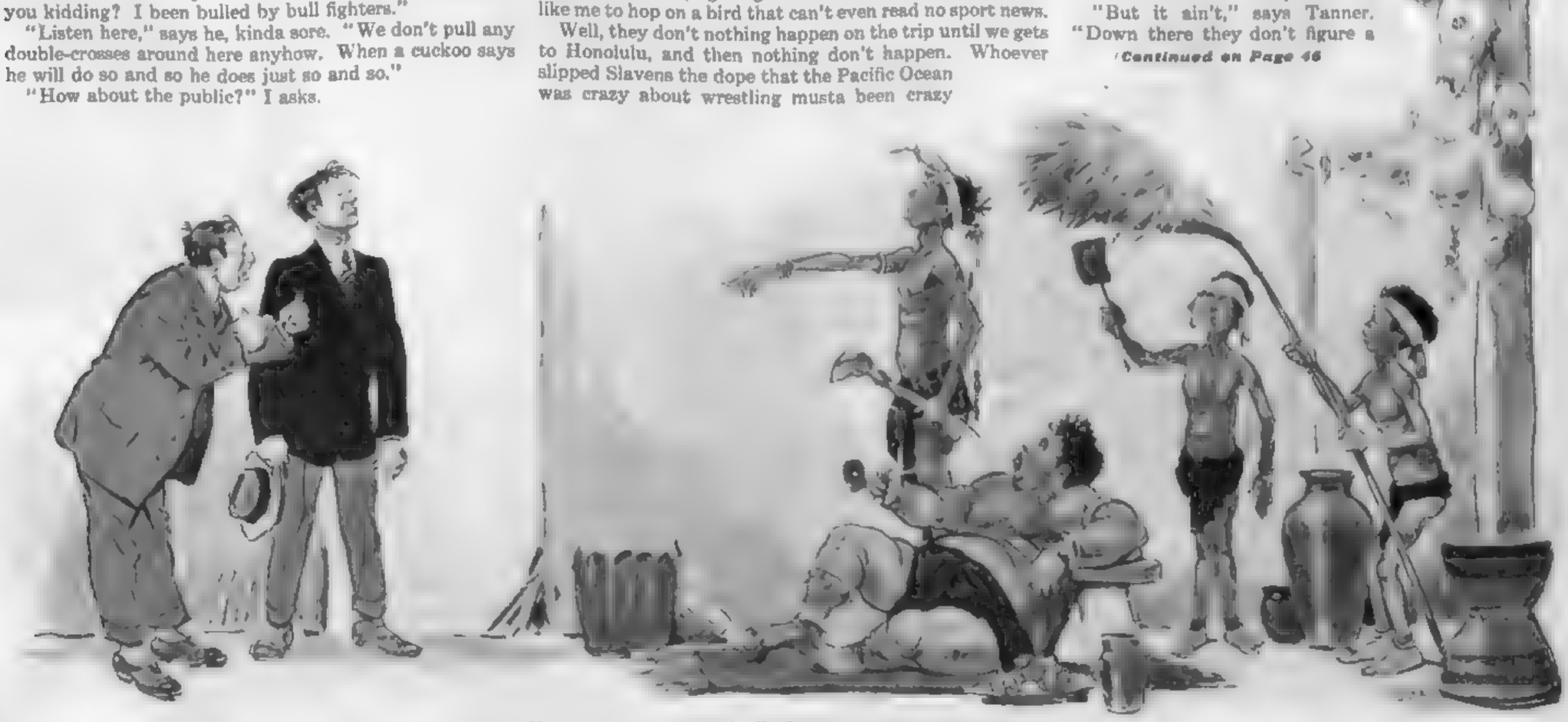
"No," I admits. "What is it—a game or a drink?"

"It's a island," Jim explains, "about three hundred miles west of here. It's run by a Sultan who's nutty on wrestling and he don't care none how much jack he dissipates on it. If your boy's real good you can make a prominent piece of change."

"Tell me some more," I urges. "It sounds like a soft spot."

"But it ain't," says Tanner. "Down there they don't figure a

(Continued on Page 46



"He Say Him Weak Girl. No Can Wrestle With Strong Mans"

THE CHANGING EAST

Sun Yat-sen and South China

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

Wu Ting-fang

WHEN you try to solve the puzzle of Chinese politics you soon discover that you are dealing with a proposition about as stable as quicksilver. The program of today is almost invariably the wreck of tomorrow. With the human element it is no less baffling, because corrupt intrigue undermines most leaders almost before they have time to proclaim their newborn authority. One reason why stabilization halts is that selfish individualism usually overcomes national loyalty.

The Plaything of Destiny

WHEN a patriot does arise he must develop extraordinary qualities of resiliency and become a sort of human rubber ball that can rebound with every blow. Such is the type of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who has been the prize pawn in the shifting game of Chinese government. Father of the republic, twice president, and generally regarded as the Mazzini of the nation, he is, with the possible exception of Wu Pei-fu, hero of the latest civil war, the one consistent idealist in a public life that has been a continuous exemplification of the fine art of the double cross. Likewise he is the one living Celestial whose name is really known to Americans. Li Hung-chang and Wu Ting-fang were fairly familiar to us, the former mainly because of an insatiate curiosity that has become almost historic, and the other by virtue of his service as Minister to Washington. When you mention Sun Yat-sen's name, therefore, people at once realize that it is that of a man who, for a decade at least, has loomed large in China news and action.

Dr. and Mrs. Sun Yat-sen

If ever a human being was the plaything of destiny that person is Sun Yat-sen. Most conspicuous Chinese have their brief hour and succumb, seldom to rise again. Sun Yat-sen seems to thrive on hardship. When I left China early in June he was President of the Southern Government and leading an expedition against the North. While I was at sea he was deposed by a counter-revolution, instigated by his former lieutenant, Gen. Chen Chung-ming, and forced to flee to one of his warships. Hemmed in by enemies on all sides, he sought sanctuary on a British gunboat and was conveyed to Hong-Kong. A week later he turned up at Shanghai, still proclaiming himself head of the only constitutional government in China. In less than a month what seemed to be a forlorn hope turned almost overnight into an actuality. At the time I write this article, which is at the end of August, Sun Yat-sen has not only received the indorsement of Wu Pei-fu, who holds the balance of power at Peking, but may become the first president of an actually united China. Li Yuan-hung has announced that he is willing to abdicate in his favor.

Sun Fo, Mayor of Canton

No other Oriental of his day has had a career so packed with political and other vicissitudes as Sun Yat-sen. Romance, adventure and the thrill of almost incessant physical hazard mingle in it. He has been a fugitive with a price upon his head. On one occasion he was kidnaped in the heart of London and held captive for weeks.

Devoted to his purpose with a tenacity more Western than Eastern, he has been able to survive because of the astonishing loyalty that he seems to inspire among his followers. Whatever happens—and everything is possible in China—Doctor Sun, if he lives, will continue to be a vital factor. One thing is certain—there can be no unification without his assent.

A Close-Up of Doctor Sun

I HAD the good fortune to see this unusual personality at close range and in dramatic circumstances. Far up in the north of Kwang-tung, at the headquarters of his military expedition, I sat with him for hours on a stifling night in an ancient yamen, which is a palace used by high officials. Troops literally armed to the teeth surrounded us, for his life, as always, was in danger. The only other person present was his wife, who has been the constant comrade of all his troubles and triumphs. Already a fresh civil war had marked him for a victim. Within a fortnight he was a fugitive. In an environment that had the atmosphere of feudal days he told me of his aspirations for a peaceful, pacified and developed China. It was like a scene out of a story, and one of the most memorable experiences of a trip crammed with unforgetable contacts.

Aside from Doctor Sun's swift emergence from near collapse to commanding national authority again, there are many reasons why this is an opportune moment to

Chinese Passage Boats on the Pearl River

project the man and his cause. The so-called Southern Government, organized by Doctor Sun as a protest against the Northern militarists who made a joke of the constitution, was made possible by the Cantonese, who populate the rich province of Kwang-tung, the capital of which is Canton. Ninety-five per cent of the Chinese in America—and the same proportion holds good the world over—are Cantonese. They are the merchant adventurers of the nation and the best equipped, mentally and physically, to deal with their own kind and with the alien. Canton was the first Chinese port to be opened to the foreigner, and the residents of the city, which is one of the most picturesque in the world, early broadened their vision and sharpened their business sense.

Wherever you find an outstanding Chinese merchant you can set him down as a Cantonese, and rarely go wrong. They dominate the internal and the external trade of the country.

Then, too, there is a bigger fact of peculiar interest to Americans. After Shanghai and Tientsin, Canton offers the largest economic possibility for our trade. Since it is located only eighty miles from Hong-Kong, one of the British commercial strongholds in the Far East, American business men must buck John Bull at every turn. At the present time practically all our goods for Canton must be transshipped at Hong-Kong under his authority.

The Pearl River connects the two ports, but it is not navigable for big cargo ships all the way. Doctor Sun's plan to dredge the only shallow part has been frowned upon by the British because it will sidetrack Hong-Kong. They have made the same objection to the completion of the Hankow-Canton Railway, which would also give Canton a new economic prestige. As a result, it costs three-quarters as much to ship merchandise from Hong-Kong to Canton as it does from the Pacific Coast to Hong-Kong. These facts, however, will be dealt with later on in this article. The point I want to emphasize here is that Canton—and this has come to mean the Sun Yat-sen cause—has a definite practical interest for us aside from the political ramifications.

Sun's Adventure in London

YOU cannot measure Sun Yat-sen's new importance or appreciate what he said to me without getting a bird's-eye view of his crowded career up to the time that destiny once more set him in the path to power. It will also enable you to follow subsequent events in China, because he not only set up the original constitutional structure upon which unification must be reared but remains the key to the tangle. Besides, in writing about China politics you must bring each installment up to date, for history is made in the interval between articles. The country is plastic as never before.

With conventional biographical details we are not concerned, save that Sun is fifty-six years old, a native of Kwang-tung, and a medical doctor by profession, having studied at Canton and Hong-Kong. He told me that as a boy he was thrilled by the accounts of the life of the great Emperor Yu, one of the three elected many centuries ago by the people, and who were the first apostles of Chinese democracy. One of his tutors was a veteran of the Taiping Rebellion, and the youngster played at patriot soldiering. With early manhood he decided to dedicate himself to the emancipation of China from Manchu rule. He therefore formed a secret revolutionary society—a sort of Chinese Freemasonry—called Tung Meng Hui, which, freely translated, means the Sworn Allies.

When the government discovered the plot many of the Sun adherents were arrested and beheaded. Sun escaped to England by way of the United States. It was while in London in the late '90's that he had the adventure that might have been taken from the pages of a thriller. Because the real facts are so little known I shall tell the story in detail.

One of Canton's Busy Old Streets

One Sunday morning Sun Yat-sen was on his way to church—some years previously he had become a Christian—when he was accosted in Portland Square by a fellow countryman, who asked him if he would like to have a cup of tea. He acquiesced and was led into what looked to him to be an ordinary London residence. As soon as he started to leave he was told that he was in the Chinese Legation, and a prisoner. Without further ado he was locked in the garret. Fortunately, he was allowed to keep his fountain pen and money.

One window of the room overlooked the street. Sun at once wrote notes on scraps of paper telling of his incarceration and threw them out, hoping that some passer-by would pick them up. After two weeks had passed without response he said to himself, "If people overlook scraps of paper they will not overlook money." He therefore wrote a message on a five-pound note and cast it out. Still there was no action. When he had used up the last of his money he became desperate. He had ascertained that the Chinese who brought him food was a Christian. Finally he said to the man, "We are both Christians and we both believe in the Golden Rule. I want you to take a note for me to my friend Doctor Cantlie"—his preceptor at Hong-Kong—"and he will effect my release." Touched by the appeal, the servant conveyed the note that night to Cantlie, who requested the British Foreign Office to demand the prisoner's release. After much parleying he was liberated in the proverbial nick of time, since it developed that the Chinese Legation had booked passage for him back to China on a Chinese ship, as a dangerous lunatic. He would never have got home alive.

The Revolt Against Peking

SUN YAT-SEN now traveled throughout the world, welding the antidynastic movement into a working organization. In 1911, while he was in America, the discovery of one of his bomb factories at Wuchang uncovered the scheme, and the revolution was precipitated prematurely. With the conversion and aid of Li Yuan-hung, now President of China, who was then a brigadier general in the regular army, the imperial troops were defeated, and the Chinese republic came into being, for a provisional government was established at Nanking. On January 1, 1912, Sun Yat-sen, who had returned to China, was elected president by a national assembly composed of delegates from all parts of China, which convened at Nanking. This body drew up the skeleton of a constitution for the country

With the abdication of the Manchus in 1912, Sun Yat-sen abdicated in favor of Yuan Shih-kai, who was at heart an imperialist. During the same year the first Chinese parliament was elected and in 1913 made further progress with the constitution. I refer to this body because it is today the storm center of the whole muddled Chinese situation. When Yuan Shih-kai wanted to jam through the Reorganization Loan of 1913 he dissolved this parliament so as to have a free hand. He got the money and, as I indicated in the previous article, used it to advance his own interests. Upon Li Yuan-hung's accession to the presidency after Yuan Shih-kai's death in 1916, he recalled parliament, but soon afterwards dismissed it.

It was this dismissal, coupled with the election of a new parliament named and dominated by the Northern militarists, that led Sun Yat-sen to revolt against Peking. There were two causes: Then, as now, he regarded the parliament elected in 1912 as the only legal legislative body; the other cause was that the militarist parliament named Hsu Shih-chang president. Up to Hsu's retirement last June, Sun insisted that he was a bogus executive, since he had been named by an illegal assembly.

When Sun's second revolution failed, in 1917, he formed the Kuomintang, or Nationalist Party, which set up shop at Canton, and the Southern Provisional Government was the result. Sun invited the dismissed parliament to gather about him, and many flocked to his standard. At first the Southern Government was administered by seven men, including Sun Yat-sen and Wu Ting-fang. In 1919 one

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Boat Population and the Water Front at Canton

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The Surplus Labor Fallacy

THERE seems to be a rather numerous company of employers and influential corporation managers who are at no pains to conceal their belief that industrial conditions are never really satisfactory except when there is a considerable supply of surplus labor that may be drawn upon to increase working forces without much competitive bidding for its services.

If high return on invested capital over a comparatively short span of years were the only consideration involved the exponents of this theory might make out a fairly good case, always supposing it possible to ignore the hardships of the unemployed during periods of industrial depression and the reaction of those hardships upon society in general. But the world has learned by bitter experience that widespread unemployment cannot be ignored, or even willfully tolerated, for the sake of some supposed advantage it may bring to the few. Slowly but rather definitely we have come to realize that what we call the economics of our national life is not a group of unrelated problems laid out in neat and orderly rows, but a hodgepodge pile of jackstraws, so crisscrossed and interlaced and upended that it is impossible to hook out a given unit for individual solution without causing an earthquake that would jar apart the whole fabric. That is the reason why we find the rectification of economic injustices such a slow and painful process. We cannot attack them directly and immediately. We must first struggle through long periods of uphill work that consists in the abandonment of our inherited conceptions of the nature and rights of common labor and the working out and acceptance of a new set of principles more in harmony with the new standards and the new conscience of a changed world.

Some three years ago the dock labor of Great Britain was performed under very much the same conditions that the reactionaries would like to see prevalent in American industry. That is to say, there were, under normal conditions, plenty of idle hands, unemployed workmen so near starvation that the transport interests could hire them at a pitifully low wage and lay them off at will. The supply of dock labor was so much greater than the normal demand that the smallest sum which would buy enough victuals and drink to keep the human machine in motion was the measure of the wage offered and, perforce, accepted. These conditions culminated in the great dockyards strike of 1919. For weeks British shipping was hamstrung, and it was not until the early part of 1920, when a general tie-up was threatened, that the government, at the request of the transport workers, appointed a commission of inquiry upon which employers and employed were equally represented. The venerable Lord Shaw, of Dunfermline, the great Scotch jurist, was made president of that body.

The majority report of Lord Shaw's commission received some passing comment upon this side of the water; but its notable value as a clear and high-minded analysis of certain industrial principles and relationships was not, perhaps, made fully apparent. Certain significant paragraphs discussing the effects of the permanent existence of large bodies of unemployed labor are peculiarly worthy of quotation at this time:

The Court is of opinion that labor frequently or constantly unemployed is injurious to the interests of the workers, the ports, and the public, and that it is discreditable to society. It undermines all security, and is apt to undermine all self-respect upon the workers' part. It is only among those who have sunk very far and whom the system itself may have demoralized that it can be accepted as a working substitute for steady and assured employment. In one sense it is a convenience to authorities and employers, whose requirements are at the mercy of unemployment which can be readily tapped as the need emerges for a labor supply. If men were merely the spare parts of an industrial machine, this callous reckoning might be appropriate; but society will not tolerate much longer the continuance of the employment of human beings on those lines.

The system of casualization must, if possible, be torn up by the roots. It is wrong. And the one issue is as to what practical means can be adopted of readily providing labor while avoiding cruel and unsocial conditions.

Equally forthright and unequivocal is the language of the commission giving its views of what constitutes a proper standard of living:

The true and substantial case presented by the dockers was based upon a broad appeal for a better standard of living. What is a better standard of living? By this is not meant a right to have merely a subsistence allowance, in the sense of keeping the soul and body of the worker together, but a right to have life ordered upon a higher standard, with full regard to those comforts and decencies which are promotive of better habits, which give a chance for the development of a greater sense of self-respect, and which betoken a higher regard for the place occupied by these workers in the scheme of citizenship. The Court did not discourage this view; on the contrary, it approved of it; and it is fair to the Port Authorities and employers to say that its soundness was not questioned. In the opinion of the Court the time has gone past for assessing the value of human labor at the poverty line.

Though these utterances bear upon the principles involved in a particular labor war, they are general in their application. Their frank recognition of facts that the reactionaries of all countries would prefer to deny or to ignore makes them to a high degree courageous and commendable.

Government Trading Monopolies

A HUNDRED years ago all good democrats, or democratic republicans, as they were called in the United States, all good philosophical radicals, as the reformers of the same type were called in England, had unlimited confidence in the common people. Once they were educated and knowledge placed within the reach of all, no limit could be set to the moral perfectibility of mankind or to its capacity for self-government. We have been disillusioned, but there is no need to despair. At its worst a genuine democracy is better than tyranny or oligarchy. If things go wrong they can be righted without violence by the ballot box.

But the hopes of a rapid improvement in the art of government, it must be confessed, entertained by statesmen and political thinkers like Jefferson, Kant, Bentham, Madison or John Stuart Mill—to say nothing of the French Encyclopedists—have been disappointed. Lord Bryce's last work on democracy is not altogether cheerful. When you have made the world safe for democracy by extinguishing hereditary rule the devil you had thought to exorcise reappears in representative institutions. In many cases all the worst features of the old tyranny—bureaucracy, militarism, corruption—are found to have survived. Only a new face has been put on the old building, and the cynic is constrained to repeat Pope's famous couplet:

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.

Yet there is much wisdom in the saying that self-government, if accompanied by publicity and a free press, is better than good government. For men must learn to be citizens. Citizenship is a part, perhaps the best part, of education. To overthrow a tyrant is comparatively easy. To protect individual freedom from the tyranny of majorities, to protect property from pillage by ignorant demagogues, or business from a meddlesome and omniscient bureaucracy, is a far more difficult task, requiring an ever-vigilant public spirit, not merely an occasional effervescence at elections.

Government trading offers a good example of one of the imminent dangers that beset a modern democracy. Almost every state in Europe is overgoverned. The same is becoming true of America. When there is so much misery what can be more natural than that kind people, whose hearts are bigger than their heads, should forget the virtues of independence and thrift and cry out for state assistance whenever they see poverty and suffering? What more natural than that the multitude should listen and that able-bodied men, instead of seeking employment, should prefer to live upon public charity and doles?

Nor can we be surprised that state officials like to see more and more money drawn from the pockets of taxpayers into the public exchequer. The salaries of the chief bureaucrats are apt to rise as a department grows and there is a good deal of quiet patronage for friends and poor relations. A minister who enlarges his department is always popular with the civil service. So by degrees taxation reaches its limit. Then comes borrowing. At last the credit of the state is exhausted. The paper mint is set to work, and society is ruined.

The argument for state trading advanced by socialists is familiar to everybody—the cruelty of competition, the unequal distribution of wealth, the unfairness of the market price, the absurdity of paying an artist whose work is light and enjoyable so much more than a street cleaner, a bricklayer, a miner or a mill hand. But many over whom the doctrines of Marx exercise no influence used to be impressed by the profits of post offices, state tobacco factories, state railways, and the like. In England this sort of argument was skillfully presented by the Fabian leader, Mr. Sidney Webb, who professed to be able to show in a pamphlet issued not long ago how enormous funds could be provided for the public purse without any loss or injustice to individuals by the nationalization of all sorts of undertakings. He pointed to the wonderful success of shipping control, food control, and all manner of other things, hitherto pertaining to private enterprise, which had been taken over by the state during the war. For a year or so after the Armistice this theory seemed to be capturing a large minority, if not a majority of the people.

Then suddenly the British nation began to awake from its dreams. The socialist Utopia that was to follow the war began to dissolve. The prosperity bubble burst. High taxes remained. Discontent spread. As the public accounts came to be examined and criticized the man in the street began to discover that government trading is a fraud and a delusion. Some of the government controls established during the war may have been political or economic necessities, but British business men were unanimous against their continuance; and blunders are still being uncovered.

In practice government officials and government servants are unfitted to manage business. They have never had to earn their livelihood by results. It has been calculated that letters could easily be transmitted at half the cost by private enterprise. The state service succeeds by prohibiting competition. All the state railways of Europe are now adding to the public deficits. The industrial experiments of Russian Communists have been so disastrous that Lenine himself is said to have restored Karl Marx to the shelf.

Between Kaiser and Democracy

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

I WAS sitting in the chancery of the German Embassy in Paris the other day, asking some questions of one of the secretaries.

"No, we give letters to no one to pass our customs officials—that is, since the war. But you will have no trouble. No one who goes merely traveling has difficulties in Germany; only, of course, no exceptions can be made. Yes, your passport is all right; nothing else needed unless you have jewelry that must be shown and registered. We will gladly attend to that for you if you will bring it here."

I thanked the speaker, said I was taking no jewelry to Germany, as of course registering was a great bother; so I was leaving all I had in a Paris bank. I heard traveling was made troublesome, as Germany now did not care for foreigners; so I was only going for a short time and to write.

"Oh, there are so many fairy tales circulated about us one can't believe oneself any more. *Ja wohl!* You will have no trouble whatsoever, and the passport needs no further visa."

Reparations

AGAIN I expressed thanks to the big clumsy young secretary, who clicked his heels together, and the interview was over. I had escaped the vast crowds and long waiting in the passport room downstairs, and for that I was grateful; but I knew traveling in Germany was as complicated as everywhere else.

As one advances into Europe one necessarily grows more and more depressed. Grave conditions everywhere, economic and political; distress of all the nations, who face their difficulties generally with a sort of desperate patience, efforts of the various governments zigzagging from one policy to another—all these weigh on one's mind.

American travelers look at all this turmoil for a few weeks, and sympathy is the feeling of which they are chiefly conscious, whether the victims they observe are of the Allied or the enemy nations.

France, working as she does over her reconstruction, wins my deep esteem, and all who go through her devastated zone feel Germany must pay for the damage done there. No doubt of that at all. But when and how and to what figure must Germany pay, and what must she live through to create resources from which to pay are terribly vital questions. What are her government and people doing? All I had heard of these matters in France had roused my curiosity, and I was glad to have an opportunity to see for myself what was happening in Germany and how the people lived; to hear what they thought of the world outside and of their own plight, and how they were facing the painful period of reconstruction which is so far from over yet.

It isn't difficult to take a fair point of view towards people who are suffering keenly, and I felt I could listen to the Germans' troubles with due sympathy. I had had a few real friends among them in old days, and I have traveled in Germany a good deal; and though as a race they never to my mind had the charm of the Latins and Slavs, they had shown certain fine qualities—discipline, organization, thrift and cleanliness, the love of law and order, industry and patience, honesty and patriotism—which compelled sincere esteem. I was curious to see if they had kept these through the years, and I knew I could admire such things, whatever I might feel about what they have done to us in Russia. I started out towards Berlin, after ten long years, with some trepidation.

Frontier Formalities

ANYONE crossing from France into Germany who wishes to do it easily and comfortably should avoid the trip I took. I felt well repaid, however, for my extra trouble by the glimpse this path gave me of the ordinary native traveler. It was a clean little frontier town I went through, with a rough station. Our passports and baggage had to be examined, of course; but we were only a few people and I think I was the only foreign citizen. My passport created a sensation, as it always does. I had to make the usual explanations about being a Russian subject, yet being born in America, and about the double name which figures on

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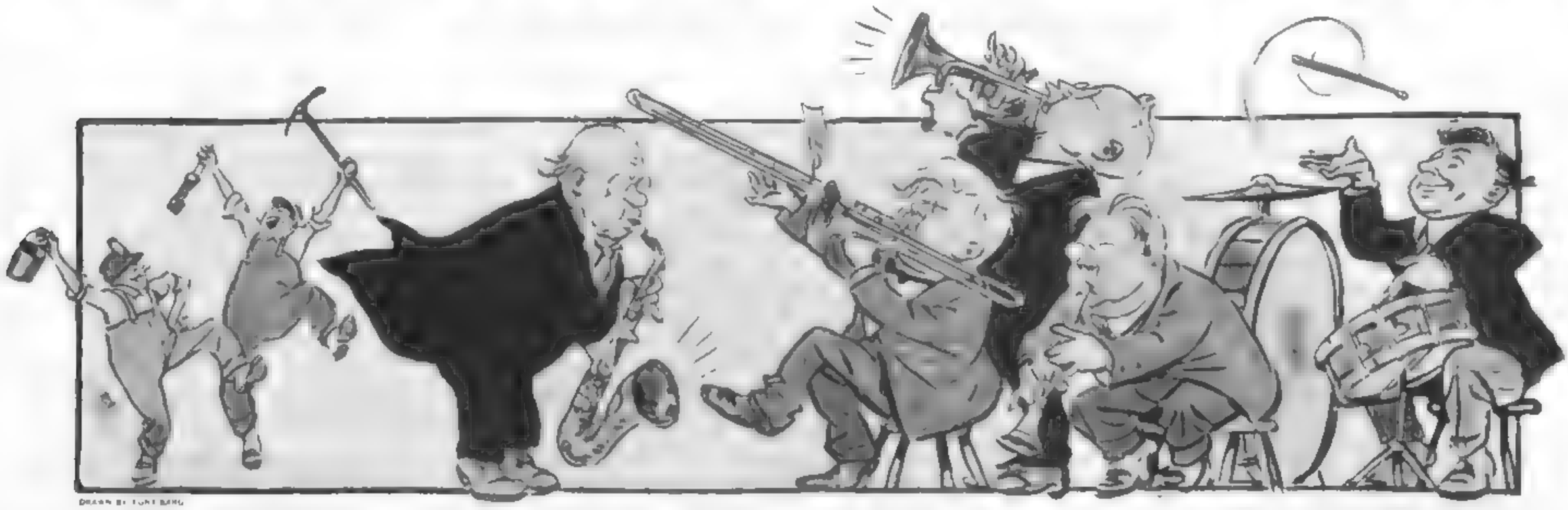
THEORY VERSUS FACT

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



SUPPOSING—That Jam Gompers, Assisted by Frank Morrison, James Duncan, Daniel J. Tobin and Matthew Woll, Decided to "Say It With Music"

Song of the Skirt

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With her face in a fearful frown,
A woman sat with some womanly rags,
Letting her dresses down.
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Though her pride it deeply hurts,
She can't buy all new clothes at once
So she has to lengthen her skirts.

Work, work, work,
On the skirts that are too short;
Work, work, work,
On Trotteur and Tailleur and Sport;
And it's oh, to be a Turk
Or a Fiji or Eskimo,
Where never skirts can go up or down,
For there are no skirts to go.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
With neither art nor skill;
Press, press, press,
But the fold shows plainly still!
Hem, ruffle and band—
Band, ruffle and hem
But you can't put on a Spanish flounce,
For nobody uses them!

Oh, man, who made the styles
With silhouettes and curves,
It isn't satin you're wearing out,
But weary women's nerves.
Plait, ruffle and tuck,
Fringe, facing and braid;
If only skirts would jerk up and down
Like a patent roller shade!

Stitch, stretch, snip,
My effort never flags.
And what are its wages? A last year's style
Or a lot of made-over rags!
A pieced-out drop or a let-down top
Too short, too scant, too spare;
And it shows my shank till a shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

Oh, but to wear the gowns
That left my ankles free!
My legs dolled up in silken hose,
And my skirts up to my knee.
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel
Before I knew the woes of a skirt
That tangles round my heel!

With fingers weary and worn,
With countenance angry and red,
A woman sat by her womanly rags
Plying her needle and thread.
Snip, stitch, press—
She sewed with an angry spurt;
On her cheek a flush, in her eye a glint,
And in language really unfit to print,
She sang of her short old skirt!

—Carolyn Wells.

Have You Ever Made Anything Hum?

C. Wilbur Stemp's Virile Story of How He Found a Way to Make the Tooth Powder That Doesn't Fall on the Brush Work for Him

WELL, sir, I can't remember the time when I wasn't making something hum! I was always a bright little fellow, and a noticing one, so it didn't take me long to realize that one of the greatest wastes of modern civilization was the amount of tooth powder lost daily down the drains of the American home. Did you, Mr. Yankee Magazine Reader, ever stop to think what the tooth powder that misses your brush twice every day—I hope—could do if you gave it a chance? No, sir, I bet you didn't! But I did! And that's the reason why today I am writing this article in the Yankee Magazine, and you, stuck in the mud on life's highway, are only reading it! If you are.

Make things hum! That's the way I began. And another thing I did was to hit nails on the head. Yes, sir, I hit every nail I saw right spang on the head! And I got out of ruts. Every time I felt I was in a rut I got out of it, even if it meant getting into another. And today, at forty-two, I am the owner of a chain of grocery stores from here to the coast. But this I will say -if it had not been for tooth powder and my dear old mother's faith in me I should not be where I am today. Wherever that may be.

—*Katharine Dayton.*

"Now I Want You to Come Down Off Your High Horse. Ever Since That City Girl Boarder Called You a Quaint Character You Ain't Been Fit to Live With"

Alice in Normalcy

AS ALICE approached the stately white colonial mansion she saw her old friend, the White Knight, standing on the porch. He no longer had on his fantastic armor, but wore instead a sedate black frock coat and a pair of pearl gray trousers.

His silver hair and his bushy black eyebrows gave him a most distinguished appearance.

"If you have the proper make-up," Alice reflected, "the part plays itself."

Alice ascended the steps and then stopped in amazement, for the White Knight was certainly acting most queerly. On each shoulder he had placed a large bucket filled to the brim with water, and he was trying to balance them as he strode in a dignified manner up and down the long white porch. Of course he spilled quantities of water at each step, and his handsome kindly face wore a sad and puzzled expression.

As the White Knight turned at the far end of the porch he saw Alice, and dropping both buckets, and spilling all the water, he came forward and greeted her warmly.

"It's so good to see you!" he said, grasping her hand.

"We're just home folks here, you know—just home folks."

"What in the world were you doing with those buckets?" Alice asked.

The White Knight sighed.

"Somehow I just can't learn to do that trick," he answered rather wistfully.

"But what good is it after you've learned it?" Alice asked.

The White Knight looked at her in surprise.

"Why, as soon as I've learned how to do it," he said, "they'll let me keep on doing it for four years more."

"And do you want to keep on doing it?" she asked.

The White Knight did not answer her question, because at this point a delegation from the National Association of Postage Stamp and Cigar Coupon Collectors came up the steps and he rushed forward to welcome them.

"I'm so glad to see you!" he exclaimed as he shook hands with each of the

(Continued on Page 65)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

What makes them so different?

Why do people find Campbell's Beans so remarkably wholesome and easy to digest? Because they are slow-cooked. Beans cooked by the special Campbell's method have an unusually delicious flavor that you notice at once and they are so easily digested that they agree with everybody. Just wait till you taste their wonderful tomato sauce!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

A MARBLE ELEPHANT

(Continued from Page 11)

woman." And then, rather plaintively: "You understand?"

And finally by way of chorus, their names rattling past his head too fast for Jeff to catch them, were those old types, those old familiar faces that are found in nearly every boarding house of any size—the thin man with the long reach, the fat man with the mechanical ears, the young man with the wet hair, the woman who dines in her hat, the woman who doesn't approve of it, the strong silent man, the dieting man, and the proper woman who wears her glasses in such a manner that they pucker her nose and make her look as though she had just smelled fish.

Jeff didn't talk much. Instead he ate and listened, and tried to follow the others, though some of it was in a language that was hard to understand.

"On a visit here, Mr. Williams?" asked Mr. Higgins once in his peevish manner.

"No, sir," said Jeff. "I was thinking of staying."

"Going into business for yourself?"

"I hardly know myself, yet. I thought I might be able to do a little trading," he added after a thoughtful pause.

"Trading? What do you mean, trading?"

Aunt Hattie was still possibly smarting a little because Jeff hadn't told her more. "Back home, Mr. Williams has been very successful in trading in cows," said she.

They were all amused at this.

"You won't find many cows around here," said Mr. Higgins.

"No, sir," said Jeff, blushing a little.

"I heard a funny one today," said Mr. Rundle, of the undertaking establishment. "Of course you've all heard of Ruby Ransome?"

Apparently they had. "Why-y-y-y-y do they call her Ruby, though?" asked little Miss McGuinness from behind her pineapple tree. "Is that her right name re-e-e-e-e-ally?"

"No, no, my dear," said Mr. Rundle, smiling at the parrots. "It's a name, like Diamond Brady. Pf! They call her Ruby because she always wears 'em. Wears 'em on her fingers, in her ears, on her bracelet. Pf! Why, some folks say they've even seen 'em on her ——"

A cough from the proper woman caught him in time.

"Pf! On her shoe buckles," he continued with a solemn wink across the table. "Well, anyhow, about five years ago she took it into her head that the Ransome family ought to have just about the finest tombstone ever seen around New York. Posthumous pride. She isn't the first one who has suffered with it, and I guess won't be the last. Pf! She lives around the corner from our place, and I suppose that's how she happened to drop in and tell us what she wanted. She had a picture of an old Italian tomb and she wanted one like it—marble base as big as a garage, group of statuary on top. You know the kind I mean. We shopped around and got estimates and sketches and wash drawings; and finally Ruby picked out one that set her back nearly fifty thousand dollars for the carving alone. You can guess what the rest cost."

"Tt-tt-tt-tt!" said the business woman.

"We handled the whole business for her," continued Mr. Rundle. "Bought one of the finest sites in Brooklawn. Two headstones that cost a thousand each. White-tiled vault. Everything. Pf! Not a bad old girl, you understand, but emotional. Very emotional. I can't begin to tell you. You ought to have seen the inscriptions that she had upon that tombstone. Ransome. Ransome all over it in raised letters. Faithful husband—true friend—soul of honor—all that sort of thing. And now what do you think? Well, sir, I heard this morning that this faithful husband of hers, this true friend, this soul of honor, had just got a divorce in Paris; and if he's as wise as they say he is he's going to stay away from little Ruby till she gets over the shock—emotional! I can't begin to tell you!—or he's going to need that wonderful tombstone a whole lot sooner than he thinks he is!"

To Jeff, listening to this story of one of the modern Babylonians, it seemed as breathless a thing as he had ever heard, but the others merely listened to it as though their ears had long ago grown dull to such recitals. A few gave expression to polite little snorts of glee, proving at least that they belonged to the so-called human race, and then the talk turned to something more important.

"I see that Hornsby hit another home run today," said the fat man with the mechanical ears.

"That's all right," said the dietitian. "Babe Ruth'll beat him yet."

This lasted till the dessert was over and then Jeff went to the phone, which he had noticed in the hall. He had trouble at first in finding his number, but Mr. Rundle happened along and helped him.

"Don't go yet," said Jeff, when he had found his number. "I want you to tell me something else, if you will." Hastily turning to the transmitter he continued, "Hello, Miss Ballard? . . . . Miss Adele Ballard? . . . Well, this is Jeff Williams . . . Yes, Jeff Williams—you remember this summer? . . Yes, yes, from Beach Pond, that's right. . . . You expect to be in this evening? . . . Say! Can I—can I come over and see you for a little while? . . . All right! Fine! . . . At a quarter past eight! . . . You bet!"

He was smiling when he hung up the receiver, but when he turned to the waiting Mr. Rundle he was serious enough.

"That story you told us about the tombstone," he began, "was it—was it really true?"

"True?" repeated the other. "Pf! You bet your life it's true! Why, I've got a picture of the whole thing somewhere up in my room if you'd like to see it."

If you had been there then you might have noticed a subtle change come over Jeff, a slight quickening of the breath, an almost imperceptible drooping of the eyelids—the air of one who after many turns is on his native heath again and knows every twist of the road.

"Do you know—I think you're trying to fool me—just because I come from the country," said he.

"Fool you?" puffed Mr. Rundle. "Ha! You come upstairs and see!"

IV

BACK at Beach Pond, Jeff had more than once vaguely disturbed himself with the thought that when he arrived in New York the people there would overshadow him; and if upon reaching Broadway he had found that every woman was young and beautiful, and every man blasé and clever, it wouldn't have greatly surprised him. Yes, blasé and clever he had more than half expected the men to be, with manners that a Chesterfield might have envied and that graceful assurance which comes only from unconscious superiority; and every so often, preceded by a stir of excitement and followed by whispers of "There he is!" he had dimly thought to himself that he might see some international figure strolling along and looking in the shop windows—General Pershing, perhaps; or Marshal Foch; or even Charlie Chaplin or the Prince of Wales.

But was there any of this?

To tell the truth, there wasn't much.

For one thing the people were shorter than he had expected—no giants raised transcendent heads above a mighty throng—and when Jeff became accustomed to the lights and the crowds it began to strike him that here and there was a figure that didn't fit into the picture at all—a figure that didn't look intellectual or courtly or even particularly clean.

"Don't know much—some of them," he told himself that evening on his way to the Ballards', his confidence rising with every block that he put behind him. "Funny to me if I can't get along here somehow."

He was early for his appointment, and finding a photographer's doorway near Times Square, he stopped as though to study art—but in reality to look more closely at the people.

"You'd wonder where they all come from," he told himself, voicing a very old thought. "You'd wonder how they all make a living." His mind went back for a moment to the old-timers around Beach Pond who worked from before sunrise till after sunset, fourteen and sixteen hours a day, doing their infinitesimal bit to provide food for these Broadway beaus and belles so they could bob their hair and stroll beneath these incredible electric signs behind their cigarettes and powdered noses, and between their hidden ears. "Yes, sir," continued Jeff, voicing another thought almost as old as the first, "you'd wonder what they give for what they get."

But if some of the Babylonians seemed diminutive, unreal, at least the buildings of their city were substantial enough, and looking at the evidences of wealth around him Jeff had a growing feeling of certainty that, whether by accident or design, his feet had surely found a place upon the rocks.

"'Everything that's made,'" he thought, repeating another old saying of his father's—"'everything that's made is going to be traded in, some time or other'—houses, stores, office buildings, hotels, cars—yes, sir, everything that ever was, I guess, from palaces and crown jewels down to old bones and paper. And that's where I've got to come in—knowing where to buy and where to sell. Yes, and it's bigger than that too," he told himself, a feeling like awe beginning to steal over him. "People trade their time for wages, and old Whoppy Tillotson traded his eyesight for a drink of bad whisky, and Ed Moffat traded his whole family for a chance to get over Bishop's Crossing ahead of the mail train—and a pretty bad trade he made of it too. Yes, sir, just as sure as you live, most everything that goes on in this world is a sort of trading, if you only look at it that way."

The more he thought about it the stronger he felt, standing with his feet apart, a budding Colossus of Swap, and seeing the whole world passing beneath him. A handsome new car went gliding by.

"You'll trade it yet," thought Jeff. A pale young Babylonian with rounded shoulders caught his eye. "What did you trade your color for?" asked Jeff. "Was it worth it?" He saw then that the pallid one was walking with a fine-looking girl who didn't pay much attention to her escort. "Better be careful how you trade, young lady," Jeff mentally warned her. "Or is it too late now to back out?"

But for all this, ten minutes later, when he reached the house where the Ballards lived, a cornucopia of flowers in his hand, roses and maidenhair fern covered with a wealth of silver tissue, Jeff himself was overstocked with a commodity that he would have sold for a bargain—a feeling of nervousness that seemed to be playing tricks with his Adam's apple and making his forehead damp. For one thing, he found that the Ballards lived in an apartment house on Park Avenue, where apparently no provision had been made for those inconsequential ones who have to use their feet. There was an entrance for automobiles, of course, and on the roof there was possibly a landing stage for aëroplanes. You could ride in, or it might be that you could fly in, but for anything so common as walking in ——

Feeling smaller every moment he followed a taxi around a curved drive and presently arrived at an entrance hall that made him mop his forehead for fair, but that was nothing to how he felt when he finally reached Apartment 2021 and a superior-looking butler let him in and looked him over and took him to the room where Adele was, walking more than upright—the butler—and looking as though he would resign his position before he would ever demean himself by letting Jeff in again.

"Mr. Wee-Wee," announced the butler and washed his hands of the whole affair.

"Is it old Jeff Williams himself?" demanded Adele, making a shade of her hands and holding it against her forehead.

It nearly strangled him to say so, but Jeff admitted it, turning as red as one of Mr. Crosby's Early Egyptians, and mutely holding out the flowers.

"Oo-hoo, dad!" shouted Dell. "It's Jeff! With flowers and everything! I told you it was!"

Through the doorway of the next room a handsome old boy appeared with a combination of three items that are seldom witnessed together, namely: gray hair and side whiskers, a fresh complexion, and—*nota bene*, if you please—a waistline that didn't look as though it had been blown up with a pair of bellows to make the children laugh. He was in a tuxedo—the first that Jeff had seen—and had evidently been reading the evening paper when Dell had sounded her alarm.

"Where's your bag?" asked Mr. Ballard, looking over Jeff's shoulder as he shook hands with him. "Did Rogers bring it in? Of course you're going to stay here as long as you're in town. No need to tell you that."

Jeff warmed with pleasure.

"You're mighty good to me, Mr. Ballard," he said. "If I was only here for a day or two it might be different, but, you see, I'm here for good."

Dell was in a corner putting the flowers in a vase; and when she turned one of the roses had somehow become fastened in the lace of her dress. It was a stunning little dress—and again the first of its kind that Jeff had seen—ebony lace and sequins over a red silk slip, and out of these blushing black billows disconcertingly appeared a pair of arms and shoulders that made Jeff uncertain at moments whether he should look or turn his head away. Indeed if you had been there and had watched Mademoiselle Dell for the next few minutes you could very well have understood the question her father sometimes put to her on the mornings after the Junior dances, "Well, young lady, and how many scalps did you hang on your belt last night?"

"There!" she said, after unmistakably indicating to father that he could either read his paper or roll his hoop more comfortably in the next room. "Now what are we going to talk about—Beach Pond or New York?"

Whether or not it was merely to keep her little tomahawk in practice, she had led Sir Jeffrey to a dimly lighted sofa that overlooked the East River. At the left, outlined with a string of lighted pearls, was the Queensboro Bridge, the lamps of its passing traffic vaguely reflected in the water below. At the right, marking mysterious boats and bulkheads, were splashes of green and red, emeralds and rubies that were always dissolving but never growing less. And below them, unbelievable, inconceivable, was the great Babylon itself, stretching out on every side as though it covered the earth, a city of hanging gardens and temples, bazaars and caravansaries, pride and pushcarts—and by whose waters many a daughter had hung her harp and wept.

They talked for a while, or at least Dell did. Jeff seemed to have something on his mind.

"You know," he said at last, "I didn't know—I didn't know you were rich like this."

"Rich—nothing," she whispered, and cautiously looking around her she gravely added, "You ought to have heard dad tonight when he was making out the checks. We're really poor. You've no idea."

"Poor!" he scoffed, looking around him. "Looks it!"

"You mustn't judge by appearances in New York," she warned him, still with her fine air of gravity. "Everybody's trying to make a showing. Even this dress I'm wearing—it isn't paid for yet. And you can see for yourself how Rogers acts—his nose in the air all the time."

Of course Jeff didn't believe it, but at least it gave him a chance to do a little trading.

"Then you won't mind if I come and see you once in a while?"

"Mind?" she cried. "I'd love it! Only you'll have to tell me everything that happens, and try to cheer me up and make me forget my troubles." At that she readjusted the bodice of her dress and looked at him through her eyelashes as though she were saying, "I think it's pretty, though—don't you?—even if it isn't paid for yet."

And aloud she added, in that confidential, appealing tone which has done more damage in the world than all the battleships put together, "Now take today, for instance. I'd like to know just what you've done since the minute you reached New York. Remember now! You've got to tell me everything!"

At that she plumped herself up and down on the sofa a time or two and Jeff started to tell her everything. And as he talked he naturally looked at her; and the more he looked at her the more deeply he became convinced of a conclusion he had reached the previous summer at Beach Pond—namely, that of all the works of creation from star dust to apple blossoms, there wasn't one that could touch Miss Adele Ballard, either for color, form or the tug she could give to his heart—that angels

(Continued on Page 28)

SALES records again show how strongly the public is predisposed in favor of the Hupmobile.

Our plans called for doubling our largest previous year by the end of this December. Instead—almost three months in advance of our plans—our market has doubled itself.

Between January 1 and October 17, when this is written, Hupmobile domestic sales reached a figure 100 per cent higher than the highest heretofore recorded for an entire year.

Tremendous as this growth has been, it is still short of satisfying the buying demand built up by 14 years of the faithful, saving service universally associated with the Hupmobile.

(Continued from Page 26

would be dull without her, and heaven an empty name

And was Dell aware of the way he felt?

Ask any girl. She'll tell you.

"He's really handsome, too," she told herself with satisfaction. "Just about the handsomest thing I've ever seen; and he looks oh, I don't know—he looks as though he could do things—the way I imagine dad used to look. And I do believe that he's come to New York—well—at least partly—because I live here, too—and if he has, of course ——"

No; no girl yet, whether rich or poor, ever hated a man for honest admiration, and Jeff was beginning to feel warm around the cockles of his heart when the butler appeared with another of his cryptic sayings.

"Mr. Bleh-Bleh's calling," said he.

"Oh, dear, I'd forgotten!" said Dell. "All right, Rogers. Send him up, please."

Jeff didn't like that, but he liked it still less when Bleh-Bleh appeared, wearing a tuxedo like Mr. Ballard's a plump pale young Babylonian with such an air of culture that he looked at times as though he were suffering. Dell called him Pemberton, sometimes Pem. He was very patronizing to Jeff when he heard that he had come from the country, spoke in superior monosyllables and kept looking as though he were thinking, "Well, why don't you beat it, Silas, now that a gentleman has arrived? Are your felt boots nailed to the floor?"

But Jeff was too good a trader for that. He had a comfortable seat, not far away from the most wonderful act of creation that ever was, and without good reason he wasn't going to swap it for a chance to walk on a sidewalk among a lot of funny little Babylonians that he didn't know from Adam. Of course, though, if Dell wanted him to go——

He gave her an inquiring glance, and the smile with which she answered it might have been composed of equal parts of honey, cement and glue. It poured over him in a wave that warmed his heart more than ever, and after that you couldn't have pried him loose with a pinch bar.

He and Pem began to clash, from which you can form some slight idea of the *nerve* of this young man from Beach Pond.

PEM *(to* DELL*)*: Have you tried the Petit Trianon yet?

DELL: No. *(To* JEFF*)*: You'll have to see that.

PEMBERTON: Don't tease him. He probably thinks it's the name of a cattle food.

JEFF *(to* PEM, *speaking politely but looking at the other's rounded front)*: Why? Have you tried it?

Dong! End of Round One. Little Jeff's round. It was country wit, as you can see, but none the less disconcerting on that account. Dell coughed and went for a drink of water, and on her way back she stopped in the library and presently the old boy there started coughing, and apparently he, too, had to have a drink of water. But Jeff wasn't fooling himself.

"He's got a lot of things on me," he thought, moodily watching Master Pem. "Looks as though he belongs to the crowd somehow. Looks as though he's got a lot of money, too—the way he talks. No use talking, I'll have to get a suit like that, and I'll have to make a lot of money, too—more than anybody else that Dell knows, if that would please her any. If I had stayed in Beach Pond I think I could have made more money than anybody else there; and if I can do it in Beach Pond I guess I can do it in New York—the way they pinch the pennies back home—and the way they look around here."

Later Mr. Ballard came in and the conversation became safer.

"You say that you are going to stay in New York, Jeff?" he asked once.

"Yes, sir!"

"Have you any plans about what you expect to do?"

Jeff did it on purpose.

"I'm going to look at a tombstone in the morning," he said, "but that's as far as I've got yet."

You ought to have seen how they stared at him then. But he wouldn't tell them any more. He could see that he had their interest and he wasn't going to swap that off for nothing.

"Young Man, You Can Thank God Daily That You Aren't a Woman—Depending for Your Happiness on Some Vile S-S-S-S-Snake in Whom You Have Put Your Trust!"

As his father had said on more than one occasion, Jeff wasn't such a bad little trader. He knew how many beans made five.

▼

IF ANYTHING, the cheerful Mr. Rundle had been too modest in his statements about the Ransome monument. As soon as Jeff entered the gates of Brooklawn the next afternoon he saw it, dominating lesser marbles and granites like a sunflower putting it over the pansies—and Brooklawn wasn't exactly destitute in testimonials to posthumous pride. Yes, there it stood, dwarfing obelisks and polished shafts, its base nearly as big as the house where Lincoln was born, and on the top a sculptured group showing a handsome warrior with shield and sword, a prostrate foe at his feet, and an angel behind him with her hand on his back, as though she were rubbing his shoulder blades for luck.

If an old gossip of New York society had been there he might have been able to tell Jeff a thing or two about that sculptured group.

"Ransome had to be divorced before Ruby could marry him," you could imagine him saying. "See now? Up there with the sword? That's Ransome. The angel—that's Ruby, of course. And the one under Ransome's feet—well, if you like, you can call that Scandal, or Public Opinion, or something like that. I know there was a lot of talk going around at the time."

It was the carving that interested Jeff as much as anything. Ransome—Ransome—in raised letters covered with myrtle leaves—symbols of immortality. And on each side of the base, deeply chiseled into the granite as though to defy the hand of Time, was an inscription which had evidently been composed by a bulging-browed artist in words:

Stranger, passer-by, whoever you be.
Pause here for a moment and contemplate
The resting place of one of Nature's noblemen,
Thaddeus Ewing Ransome (Ætat)
A loyal friend; a loving husband;
The soul of honor; just in all things;
Faithful unto death.
If thou art honest
Admire him for his integrity.
If thou art virtuous ——

There was a lot of this, and Jeff read it over slowly.

"Been expecting it for some little time, I wouldn't wonder," he thought, noting that the lot had lately been neglected; and taking another walk around the monument he added with a sigh of regret, "Too big for me to swing, I'm afraid, but there's nothing like trying."

He got Mrs. Ransome's address from the office, and made sure that everything stood in her own name on the books.

"And now for the lady," he thought, and confidence returning to him he cheerfully told himself, "It seems to me, if I was her, I'd sell that pretty cheap."

Which was dreadful grammar—of course it was—but at least his meaning was clear

At first Mrs. Ransome wouldn't see him She lived in an apartment on Riverside Drive, and when Jeff sent his name up the answer was a most emphatic announcement that Mrs. Ransome wasn't at home.

"Been pestered by you repohters all mawning," said the Senegambian Cerberus. "Ah told you there was nothing doing when you first come in."

Jeff wrote on a card, "I am not a reporter. I want to see you about selling the Brooklawn tombstone."

"You take that up," he said to Cerberus, "and if she sees me you get a dollar."

A breathless bright-eyed maid in white cap and apron let Jeff in, and if you had been there she might have reminded you of one of those breathless bright-eyed girls whom you sometimes see in the gallery, watching a melodrama and almost crazy to know how it's going to end. Mrs. Ransome received him in a small reception room in which Diana, unattired for the chase, held the place of honor; and the moment Jeff saw her—Mrs. Ruby, not Diana—he remembered Mr Rundle's words, "Emotional! Very emotional. I can't begin to tell you!"

She was dressed in a dark purple tea gown, of a style and color that would have endeared themselves to Lady Macbeth, and on her face were the livid lines of a queen of tragedy who has acted too much for the good of her health and will soon have to take a rest. Evidently she had company. The door behind her was open, and in the next room, like a chorus, sat two mature ladies in their hats, one with a dog on her lap and the other without any lap, but both dressed very splendidly, and having that air—you know.

"You wish to see me?" asked Mrs. Ransome in a voice that matched her costume and, more subtly yet, seemed to have a touch of that melodrama which the girls love to watch from the gallery. Jeff told her why he had come.

"Of course," he continued, "it isn't worth much to anybody else, but I thought you might like to sell it."

In the next room the chorus exchanged glances and then the one without a lap raised her eyes to the cornice and smoothed her dress in the front, like a little girl who had just had some lovely ice cream.

"The inscription, you know," continued Jeff as gently as he could—the chorus straining their ears and looking annoyed "the inscription would hardly apply to anybody else—the name—and soul of honor—faithful unto death—things like that."

Lady Macbeth held her hand to her breast, for all the world as though she held a dagger there. Jeff's tune might have been pitched low, but her voice wasn't. It reached to the back row of the orchestra and rang in the galleries.

"Young man," she said, "you can thank God daily that you aren't a woman—depending for your happiness on some vile s-s-s-s-snake in whom you have put your trust!"

You ought to have seen the chorus then. They almost applauded.

Jeff began to feel uneasy.

"Of course," he said, "there's some building stone in it, if there's nothing else.

(Continued on Page 30)

The Standard of Comparison

A Sedan For The Family

Buick Six-Cylinder Five Passenger—$1985

Beautiful to look upon, the Buick five passenger six-cylinder sedan is equally comfortable to ride in and to drive. Broad doors open to both compartments of the Fisher-built body with its wide and deeply upholstered seats and luxurious interior trimmings.

In the driving compartment, every convenience has been carefully provided for. The steering column is set at an easy angle, the gear shift lever is long and fits the hand, and on the instrument board are distinctive glass covered dials and switches to tell the complete story of the car's operation at a glance, and to control all its functioning without moving from the wheel.

Beneath is the dependable Buick chassis, powered by the famous Buick valve-in-head engine and providing the quiet, flexible and enduring performance that is traditional with all Buick motor cars.

The Buick six-cylinder five passenger sedan is truly the ideal closed car for every kind of family motoring.

Fourteen New Buick Models

Fours 2 Pass Roadster, $865, 5 Pass Touring, $885, 5 Pass Coupe, $1150, 5 Pass. Sedan, $1295; 7 Pass Touring Sedan, $1325 Sixes 2 Pass. Roadster, $1150, 5 Pass Touring, $1195; 5 Pass Touring Sedan, $1295, 5 Pass Sedan, $1985, 4 Pass Coupe, $1850; 7 Pass. Touring, $1295, 7 Pass Sedan, $2195, Sport Roadster $1685, Sport Touring, $1685 Prices f. o. b Buick Factories Government Tax to be Added

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars — Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

Jim Henry's Column

Barriers

Some intangible obstacle is keeping you and me apart.

Life is queer, that way. We each of us travel in a cell that most of the time is closed to what goes on around us. The man sitting beside you may be torn by a great sorrow or be thrilling with anticipation of a great happiness but until I called your attention to him you didn't even know he was there You and Success may rub elbows a dozen times a day and like as not remain strangers all your life.

For years I have been trying to break down the barrier which keeps you from the joy of a perfect Mennen Shave.

It's only a question of a dime and an impulse to send for my demonstrator tube but you haven't sent for it.

For some reason you haven't been able to believe that Mennen Shaving Cream will give you results superior to those of the soap you use.

And yet, no matter how firm may be your prejudice or how complete your indifference, your first Mennen Shave would absolutely convince you.

You would like the satiny, silvery fragrant cream as it emerged from the tube. You would like the way a tiny speck of it fluffed into a firm, billowing bank of permanently moist lather. You would like the astounding nonresistance of a hitherto mean beard. You would like the skin comfort—the absence of irritation.

Finally, if you send 10 cents for my demonstrator tube you will also be delighted with Mennen Talcum for Men, a sample of which I will throw in for good measure. It is the same color as your skin and doesn't show.

Let's get together.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 28)

And there may be something else; it's hard to say. Then again, the whole thing may be so much junk ——"

Like a tiger she pounced upon the word.

"Junk! Yes! I believe you! Like the man whose name is on it! All right; call it junk. How much will you give me for it, to be moved away at once, and never sold to him for any money?"

Jeff reflected for a moment and then decided on a bold stroke. It would leave him only about five hundred dollars for expenses. On the other hand, the worst that Mrs. Ransome could do would be to refuse his offer.

"I'll give you two thousand dollars, spot cash, for the whole thing, plot and all," he said at last, trying to make the amount sound as large as possible, "and we'll have it agreed in the bill of sale that Mr. Ransome shall never buy it."

"And that it shall be moved away at once!"

"No," said Jeff. "You'll have to give me time to turn around. A thing like that can't be moved at once."

"Either that or nothing!"

"It can't be done, and I'm sure you're not unreasonable." He gave her one of his disarming smiles. "Make it six months and I'll agree."

"All right," she said after a moment's pause. "Six months."

Jeff drew a full breath. He liked this—a bit of his father, perhaps—brisk trading, proposition and counterproposition flashing through the air like the play of swords.

"It's a trade," said he. "I'll take it."

Her last remark was obviously for the gallery.

"Remember now," she told him. "I have sold it to you as junk!"

Almost before he was out of the room Jeff's feet began to feel cold.

"I don't know," he mused to himself after the maid had opened the door for him, more breathless and bright-eyed than before. "I've heard of a lot of funny trading in my time. Back home, Jim Saunders once traded a lawsuit against the railroad for ten hives of bees, and it's hard to tell who got stung the most; and Alvah Eccleson traded a balky horse to Sam Willis for a car that broke down just outside Sam's gate and has never run since; but this is the first time I ever heard of a deal in secondhand tombstones and somehow, now it's over, it doesn't sound lucky to me."

VI

IT WAS Jeff's own fault that the news got out.

The next time he called on Dell, Pem was there ahead of him, and he found that they were talking about Mrs. Ruby Ransome, whose husband's divorce had been on most of the front pages that morning Jeff didn't join in at first. He was wearing a new tuxedo, and he noticed that every once in a while Bleh-Bleh looked him over with greenish eyes.

"Yes, you can look," thought Jeff with tolerant good nature. "You've nothing on me tonight."

He stretched his legs luxuriously, proud of the smiles of admiration that Dell gave him on the quiet, and feeling as though he could go right out and sell every secondhand monument within fifty miles of New York.

"Funny, the way they're going over to Paris lately to get their divorces," said Pem, ignoring Jeff as though this were quite over his head. "I wonder if Ruby's there too."

Jeff chimed in then, lordlily, putting it over Pem, you understand, by the superiority of his knowledge.

"No," he said. "I was talking to her only yesterday afternoon."

They both stared at him, Pem incredulously, Dell with a look that said, "Be careful, Jeff. If he can he's going to get a rise out of you, and I don't want to see it done."

"I called on her," continued Jeff, crossing his legs like a prosperous merchant; and he looked at Pem as though to say "Trump that!"

This made Dell bounce up and down.

"You called on her?" she cried. "Really, Jeff?"

"Yes: I bought her husband's tombstone. She doesn't need it now."

It was a knockout, and if you could have seen the attention with which the others suddenly regarded him you would have known at once that, conversationally speaking, Jeff was almost made for the rest of his life.

"Oh, do wait a minute!" said Dell, breaking the silence. "Dad must hear this!"

As she arose and waltzed to the door Jeff did a rather funny thing. He, too, arose and remained standing until she had left the room, obeying a sort of idiotic rule that his mother had taught him—that is, that no gentleman remains seated while a lady is on her feet in the same room. And when Dell came back with her rosy-faced parent, again Jeff naturally rose to his feet, tall, brown, tuxedoed, handsome, and with the Merle nose always in evidence—that beak which seemed born to command.

He told them about the monument—a story in which he naturally held the center of the stage—and when he was through he explained, "Of course, I haven't had time to go into it very closely yet, but it seems to me that the raised letters can be chipped off and the inscriptions covered with bronze tablets. When that's been done I don't see why it isn't as good as new—nearly."

"But how are you going to sell a thing like that?" asked Mr. Ballard.

Which was exactly the point that was troubling Jeff. But he didn't let on. Instead he assumed a mysterious air of knowledge that he had learned from his father.

"Oh, there are ways to sell everything," he said. "That's half a trader's business—knowing how to sell."

"What's the other half?"

"Knowing how to buy."

Dell hadn't said anything, but it was clear how Jeff's story had appealed to her fancy. A girl likes to wonder what a man will do next; and when he first moves to the city where she lives in order to be near her—and then buys a secondhand monument almost comparable to Hadrian's Tomb or the Taj Mahal ——

Pem was clever enough to see that if he stayed he would, at least for the rest of the evening, be obliged to play second fiddle to Jeff's first; and being proud by nature, he did a wise thing.

"Well, I'll call for you tomorrow night, Dell," he said, rising and evidently resuming a conversation that had been interrupted by Jeff's arrival. "I'll be here with the car at eight o'clock."

"I'll have to get a car," thought Jeff, frowning.

Dell, excusing herself, went along the hall with Sir Pemberton, both of them still busy with that confounded conversation which involved a car at eight o'clock; and finding the murmur of their chatter hateful, Jeff went to the window that overlooked the city below.

Yes, he, too, would have to get a car, but, one thing sure, he would have to sell his tombstone first! For a few direful beats of his heart, accompanied by that miserable chatter in the hall, he felt blue, discouraged, the possessor of a marble elephant that might very well back up and sit down on him, and squash him pancake-flat. And yet, so far as he could see, he hadn't departed a hair's breadth from the first half of the first trading rule his father had taught him—to buy things when others wanted to sell them, and to sell them when others wanted to buy.

"I've got to find a customer who wants to buy now, that's all," he told himself more cheerfully. "And then ——"

Still looking down upon the stupendous wealth of Babylon he saw his vista widening. Why, there was no end to trading here if a man could only make his start: Houses, theaters, apartments, docks, whole blocks of buildings.

From the river arose the siren of a passing tug.

"Ships," thought Jeff.

A Third Avenue train rattled along.

"Railroads," he told himself.

He was still there, full of his golden dreams, when Dell broke in on him.

"I wonder what wonderful scheme you're planning now," she said in a voice that might have been made to order for his mood.

"I've just been buying a railroad," he gravely told her.

"And now you've got it, what are you going to do with it?" she asked.

His answer wasn't so bad for a boy from the country.

"I'm going to call around some evening," he said, "at eight o'clock, and take you for a nice long ride."

VII

MR. RUNDLE nearly puffed himself to death when Jeff told him, under the vow of secrecy, that he had bought it.

"What did you give for it?" was his first breathless question.

But that, of course, is a question that a trader never answers. "I gave enough," said Jeff, smiling. "Too much if I can't sell it."

"Oh, I'm not inquisitive!" the other hastily assured him. "I couldn't help wondering, that's all. Pf! She didn't want it any longer—that's one sure thing—but to think of anybody buying a secondhand tombstone. Well, sir, that beats me!"

Jeff hadn't told him idly. Mr. Rundle gave him the name of the company that had made the monument, and Jeff wrote them asking how much it would cost to duplicate the Ransome Memorial, and how long it would take. In due time the answer came. At today's prices it would cost eighty-five thousand dollars. It would take two years.

"Think of that!" exclaimed Mr. Rundle. "And I'll bet it didn't cost you a cent above—a cent above—a cent above —— Pf!"

But Jeff didn't spill any beans. He had seen too many trades spoiled like that.

Mr. Rundle, still helping him, he had a full-page ad put in the Sculptural Record, and another in the Mortuarian Guide. Each contained a half-tone of the monument, with the name and inscriptions eliminated by an air brush; and underneath this were the words: "For Sale at a Greatly Reduced Price. Immediate Delivery. Liberal Commission for Agents."

By that time Jeff was nearly down to salt water, his cash balance totaling less than a hundred dollars.

"That won't last long," he ruefully told himself, "but the ads come out next week, and no matter how few inquiries I get I can always name a price that will clinch the business."

But there the whole thing stuck—exhausted—dead—mired in the mud of oblivion as though it would never move again. Not an inquiry came in—not a bite—not a peep. You might have thought that posthumous vanity had suddenly been swept from the minds of men—that no one longer cared to compete with the pyramids, even at a price that was greatly reduced or for a delivery that was immediate.

"Too much gingerbread—I don't know," said Mr. Rundle, frowning at the photograph one night. "It always seemed to me to look a bit too ornamental around the corners. Pf! But you'd think in this big country there'd be somebody somewhere who'd like to make a fancy finish—but to go along week after week like this and not even a nibble! Must be that Ruby put a hoodoo on it. She would have if she could have. I don't know what else it can be."

That was bad enough, but it was nothing to the raking that Jeff got from Pem.

"Well, how's our modern Pygmalion, and his well-known work of art?" asked Pem one night. "Has Galatea come to life yet, with her peplum full of gold?"

To Jeff, unversed in mythology, this sounded like a dirty crack, but he wouldn't let on, treating Pem to a look of good-natured amusement that seemed to say "What a comical little insect you are!"

Inside of Jeff, though, there wasn't much amusement going on, either good-natured or otherwise; and if you could have seen him alone when he got down to his last week's board money you might have noticed something gaunt about him—that strained look which so many of the Babylonians wear—and his beak began to stick out like a landmark in a wilderness, set up to commemorate, say, some sad event that mankind would do better to forget.

The night before his last week was up he donned his tux, splurged on a dozen roses, and went to see Dell. She wasn't home, but might be later. Jeff left his flowers and started back home, feeling as though Fate had him by the coat and trousers of his fashionable garments and was giving him the bum's rush. Back in his room he was sadly looking at the photograph on his chiffonier, tears not far from his eyes, when Aunt Hattie knocked on the door.

"This came just after you went," she said.

"This" was a telegram, and you can guess how long it took him to open it.

"When and where can monument be seen?" it read. It was signed "José Vespian," and the address was care of one of the more important South American embassies at Washington.

Jeff was back in his tux almost before Aunt Hattie had left the room.

(Continued on Page 33)

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

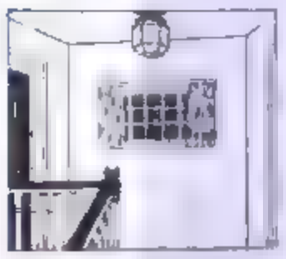
There's a Right Lamp for Every Fixture

Ceiling fixture, single open shade, in kitchen — either 100 or 150-watt MAZDA Daylight lamp or clear MAZDA lamp.

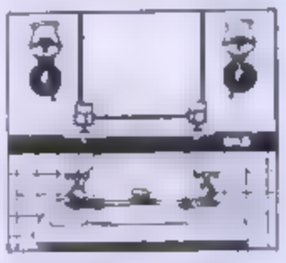
Ceiling fixture, single open shade, in basement — 150-watt MAZDA Daylight lamp or 100-watt bowl-enameled MAZDA C lamp.

Ceiling fixture, with single open shade—75-watt White MAZDA lamp.

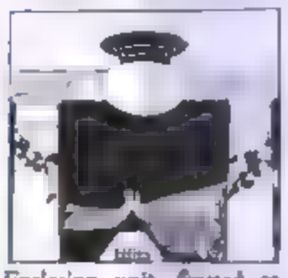
Wall brackets with shades, in bedroom—50-watt White MAZDA lamps



Enclosing unit, frosted or light opal glass — 40-watt clear MAZDA lamp.



Wall brackets with shades—50-watt White MAZDA lamps.



Enclosing unit, frosted or light opal glass — 40-watt clear MAZDA lamp.

Ceiling fixture, with single open shade—75-watt White MAZDA lamp.

Shaded candelabra—25 watt round all frosted MAZDA lamps.

Semi-indirect opal glass bowl — 75-watt White MAZDA lamps.

Table lamps—either 50-watt or 75-watt White MAZDA lamps.

Shower fixture with long dense shades—50 or 75-watt White MAZDA lamps.

Floor lamps—either 50-watt or 75-watt White MAZDA lamps.

Shower fixture without shades—40-watt round all-frosted MAZDA lamps.

Fixtures shown are those in common use not necessarily in every instance the fixtures that would now be recommended

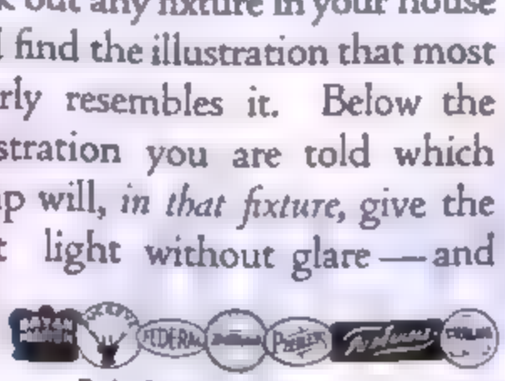
Save This Page!

It's Your National MAZDA Lamp Guide

In every home you are likely to find some misfit lamps. They're good lamps, but handicapped because they are not the right lamps for the particular fixtures in which they are installed. This advertisement makes it easy to find those misfit lamps and to replace them with the proper ones.

At the left are pictured the types of fixtures commonly found in homes today. Pick out any fixture in your house and find the illustration that most nearly resembles it. Below the illustration you are told which lamp will, *in that fixture*, give the best light without glare — and across the bottom of the page are shown the recommended lamps.

It should be remembered that the pictures at the left show the *most commonly used* fixtures, which are not necessarily in every instance the most suitable fixtures for the purpose. Sometimes it is impossible to secure really satisfactory lighting without new fixtures—but that is another story! If you are interested in fixture recommendations as well as lamp recommendations there is a booklet you really ought to send for. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 311 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



Each of these labels represents a Sales Division

equipped to give a complete lighting service

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THERE IS AN EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

Give an Eveready Flashlight for Christmas

(Continued from Page 30)

"I'll answer this, and then I'll see if Dell's back yet," he thought, and feeling his head in the clouds again he made one of those strange gastronomic flourishes that have probably come down from the time of Adam and the apple, "If I can't sell that monument now I'll eat it!"

VIII

AND yet if you had been there when Jeff walked Senhor Vespian around the Ransome tomb the following Monday noon it wouldn't have taken you long to see that it looked as though Jeff was about to have a marble meal, and a good square meal at that. The general was one of those scowling, swarthy sons of sunny Portugal who always look as though they are ripe for stratagems and spoils, and the scar that marred one side of his face didn't exactly indicate a life of cushioned ease. The general couldn't speak English, and had brought a dapper young compatriot with him to do the talking, confining himself to the heavier work of frowning and shaking his head "No!"

"That's all right," Jeff promised himself. "I'll make you nod it 'Yes!' before you're through."

For one thing, however, they weren't looking for a tombstone.

"The general hadn't the least idea that this thing was of the dead," said the dapper young interpreter.

He and Jeff were already on good terms, and they cheerfully grinned at each other.

"What's he want it for?" asked Jeff. "Isn't he going to die?"

"Not yet, he hopes. No, listen; I tell you. He has been commissioned by his country to buy a statue of Victory for our great liberator, Ramos—you understand?"

Jeff could hardly speak for stuttering. "Just the thing!" he cried. "You see this? It isn't a tombstone really. No. Anybody can see that. It's a copy of an old Roman monument—a masterpiece—probably commemorating some great victory. Cæsar's, maybe. Tell him Cæsar's, anyhow."

The general listened in moody silence, but far from nodding his head, he chipped off a number of icy syllables.

"What does he say?" asked Jeff.

"He says the lettering spoils it."

"No, no, that can be chiseled off—the big letters. And where the inscription is carved in, you can either have a new stone or you can cover it over with four bronze panels. And on those panels you could have a full account of General Vespian's own victories, if he'd like to have them there. Oh, that's easy. You tell him how easy that is!"

Again there was a great old chatter, and again the general's head refused to nod.

"What does he say?" asked Jeff.

"He says not so damn easy."

"Oh, if I could only speak his language! Wait, I've got a sketch in my pocket somewhere, showing the idea of the bronze plates. There! Show him that! A couple of hundred dollars for each plate, maybe, and he's got a brand-new monument of Victory. Just look at that group up there. Victory! Anybody can see it's Victory! Go ahead now and tell him so!"

But the general was still apparently as far as ever from nodding his head, and having listened impatiently to the interpreter he tried a little English on his own account.

"How moch?" he asked.

Jeff answered with the slightly surprised tone of one who thought that the price was common knowledge. "Fifty thousand," said he.

"Too damn moch!" exclaimed the general decidedly.

"Too much?" demanded Jeff. "When I'm giving you a present of thirty-five thousand dollars? Too much? When you couldn't duplicate it for less than eighty-five thousand dollars, and two years' time? Here! Read this letter to him! Read it slowly! Let him grasp it! Too much! Look out! I'm beginning to feel warm myself!"

It soon became evident that the time of delivery interested the general as much as the price.

"Listen, I tell you," said the young man cautiously when the general had walked off to get a more comprehensive view of the monument. "You think we could get him down to South America in three months' time? It is in three months' time, you understand, that we are holding a grand celebration—the three hundredth anniversary of Mendoza's arrival in our country. You think we could get him down there by then?"

"Easiest thing in the world!" said Jeff. "You can get it away from here in a week if you like. You'll have to hire somebody who knows how to do it, you understand, and then the whole thing is taken apart, and either boxed or crated, every piece numbered according to a drawing—and there you are!"

This, too, was told to the general, but still he wouldn't nod.

"I see eno'gh!" he said at last with a decided gesture, and started for the gateway.

"I ought to take them to lunch now," groaned Jeff to himself when they reached Grand Central; but you can't very well lunch two distinguished Latin-Americans, and one of them a general, on a dollar and seventeen cents. Jeff was tagging along, almost in despair, when a line of telephone booths chanced to catch his eye.

"One moment, please," he said, inspiration striking him. "A very important call!"

Fortunately Dell was in, and was lunching at home; and oh, she thought it would be loads of fun if he would bring his funny old tombstone buyers over for lunch! By the time they got there, evidently under the impression that they were going to a restaurant, she had changed to one of her prettiest dresses, and Rogers had changed the table to some of his prettiest glasses. The general's eyes lighted when he saw these things, and his back straightened, and his heels came together, and he gave Dell a bow that Isabella might have been glad to receive, and you could almost have heard the jingle of swords and the ruffle of drums. Dell had been to South America, even knew a few words of Spanish, and the general gallantly told her the proper pronunciation, and she made them all laugh when she tried to repeat them, and they toasted Mendoza—at least the men did—and they toasted Ramos—and Bilbao—and Urquiza—and when Jeff finally took his guests to the station to catch the three-o'clock train for Washington it seemed a shame to bring up such a prosaic thing as a monument again.

"No use trying to crowd them anyhow," thought Jeff. "Best to let them take their time."

When they reached the station they turned to bid him good-by.

"Oh, that's all right," said Jeff hurriedly. "I'll go in with you."

At the gate the same thing happened.

"Oh, that's all right," said Jeff. "I'll see you on the train."

All the way down the platform he used the strongest form of telepathy on them, but never a word was said about the tombstone.

"I guess I'll have to ask them," thought Jeff with a sinking heart as they reached the Pullman steps; and trying to speak casually, as they shook hands in parting, he said, "Oh, by the way—I nearly forgot. What are we going to do about the monument?"

"Oh, that!" said the young interpreter brightly. "That's all right. The general buys it. You are going to hear from Washington tomorrow."

IX

THE next time Jeff called on Dell she led him to the seat that overlooked Babylon, and after she had plumped up a time or two she said, "We-ell?"

"Landed 'em!" he proudly nodded.

From his pocket he drew a bank book. There was only one entry, but it had a noble look, the tail of the 5 flying like a flag of triumph, and the four O's standing there like four little fat men with pockets full of money.

"No!" she murmured, almost as proud as he.

"Yes!" said Jeff.

He had thought once that with fifty thousand dollars there was nothing for which a man might not ask, but Mr. Rundle, puffing confidentially, had told him only that afternoon the approximate height of the Ballard pile—a mountain of money that would some day all be Dell's—a mountain of money that made his own little handful look like the smallest of Ossian's warts.

Jeff hadn't lived so long as some, but at least he had lived long enough to know what happens to a poor man who marries a rich woman, and he was too good a trader for that.

"Fine!" said Dell, still beaming at the bank book.

"That's my capital now," said Jeff, "to swing the next deal. You never know how much you'll need."

"Fine!" she repeated, and gave him a look that wasn't without its danger.

"Then I sold the headstones," he continued, pretending not to see it. "You know there were two headstones in addition to the monument, and I sold them for five hundred dollars to a stonecutter up there. That five hundred I gave to an old gentleman who's been helping me. He wasn't expecting anything, but, well, he's a nice old boy—Mr. Rundle—I don't think I ever told you about him."

"I like that," nodded Dell. "I'll bet he was pleased; wasn't he?"

"He hasn't got over it yet. And then the site in Brooklawn, I marked that out into fourteen plots and sold them back to the cemetery."

"Jeff!"

"You see, I needed a car," he explained. "It—well, it's out front now, and if you'd like to take a ride somewhere ——"

She didn't answer him, but sat with thoughtful eyes looking out of the window—looking perhaps at those rubies and emeralds that were always dissolving in the river below, but never growing less. Jeff didn't like that, and his heart began to toll like a funeral bell.

"You—you don't think it's cheap, do you, this trading business?" he asked.

"Indeed I don't," she said at once, her hand touching his arm. "Dad and I were talking about it last night. That's how the first of the Ballards made their money, a long time ago, and if they could do it in those days when the country was a wilderness, what couldn't they have done today—with all this!"

They both looked down at Babylon then—Babylon, the incredible, the incomparable—stretching out on every side as far as the eye could see and crowned with a golden aura. Her hand, he presently noticed, still lay as though forgotten upon his arm.

She went to get her coat; and at the window, looking down at the city below, Jeff stood and dreamed—tall, handsome, and with the Merle nose never more in evidence—that beak which made him look distinguished and as though he were born to command.

And as he stood there, with the memory of the hand that had lately lain upon his arm, the bank book in his pocket with its flying flag and its four fat men, and at the whole world at his feet, a moment of grandeur passed over him, and whether or not he was thinking of the girl in the next room, or of the wealth of Babylon below, he suddenly nodded his head and drew a full, deep breath.

"I'll get you yet. I'll get you yet!" said he.

The Orient via Honolulu

IF you are going to the Orient—if you are determined to escape the bitter blasts of winter in the gay, exotic sunshine of the Far East—travel over the **Pacific Mail Steamship Company's "Sunshine Belt to The Orient."** Winding a lazy way from San Francisco, this pleasant route over blue Pacific waters runs by Hawaii, Paradise of the Pacific, to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Manila and Hong-Kong. A day's stop is made at Honolulu. Stopovers in any Eastern port may be arranged.

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President Pierce	*Dec. 14*
President Cleveland	*Dec. 28*
President Wilson	*Jan. 11*
President Taft	*Jan. 25*

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THE POETS' CORNER

The Profiteer's House

WHY must a Fly be in Life's Ointment?
The Firkins' home's a disappointment.
A thing of Beauty and Delight—
Yet somehow—well, it's not quite right!
J. Hamlin Jones, of Beaux Arts fame,
Fearing lest he be thought to blame,
Explained to me, in language strong,
Just why the Firkins' house was wrong:

"It's hard exactly to define
Its Style: The Architectural Line—
'Mail order,' the Smart Aleck calls it—
Of mansion, and of moat which walls it,
While giving an effect Baronial,
Contains a touch of Old Colonial.
Italian Influence—Early Borgian—
Is noted, mingled with the Georgian;
Which gives a Medieval Air,
And cupolas are Everywhere!

"Within, the story is the same.
We find each style of Famous Name;
The Jacobeans—Late and Early—
With legs exceptionally twirly,
And very nicely gouged and dented.
The Empire Period's represented
By trophies of Napoleon's Wars.
There's slathers of Louis Quatorze!
The walls and pillars, richly gilt,
Support—for they are firmly built—
The ceilings—criticized by Stupids!
Where mural—but quite moral—Cupids
Disport in pink and flabby glee,
And Venuses crowd from the Sea.
You see that no expense was spared,
But,"—here J. Hamlin's soul was bared;
His eye was glazed with anguish dumb—
"My friend, the worst is yet to come!

"Hardly do I complete my task
When Mrs. F. comes in to ask
If I would mind so awf'ly much
If she should add a homy touch—
Nothing to spoil the decorations—
Just pictures of a few relations!"

Here Jones broke down and wiped his eyes.
Silence. My sympathetic sighs
Were all that broke upon the gloom
Till he continued: "Not a room
In all that house—no, not a place
Was suitable for such a face
As that of Uncle Henry Sheehan!
He wouldn't go with Jacobean—
His métier had been driving drays—
He couldn't mix with Louis Seize!
I almost went completely dotty
Finding a place for their Aunt Lottie.
Her face not only lacked refinement—
The features were not in alignment!
To one who lives for Decoration
'Twas sheer æsthetic Desecration.

"And this outrage is not the first
I've suffered! Really, quite the worst
I've ever had—his wealth was newer
Than Firkins'— was the well-known brewer
Of Almost-Nearly-Not-Quite Beer,
Who made eight millions in a year.
You know him! Louis Augenblick!
The Beer That Has the Legal Kick.
I made his place fit for a King—
And then he went and spoiled the thing!
Where would you hang, in a château,
A photograph of Uncle Moe?"

He paused in bitterness. I rose,
Our conversation at a close,
And left him muttering imprecations
On all the Firkinses' relations.
—Katharine Dayton.

My Own Hills

WHY is it that my own hills seem lovelier to me?
Why is it that my old trees stand statelier in the sun?
I who have climbed the heights in distant Italy,
Come back again to my own hills and bless them, every one!

They are not tall—my own hills; they do not kiss the sky.
Yet a softer green is over them, and gold is on their head;
And I would rather call their names when evening passes by
Than all the names of proud hills in countries old and dead.

My own hills—my simple hills! How glad I am of you!
The swallow—not the eagle—flies above your quiet green;
And I return to look upon the velvet and the blue,
And on my heart a peace is laid for the old sweet scene.

Mountains rise in majesty on many a Western plain;
Glory floods the world afar when morning spills its wine.
But my soul is yours, my own hills, veiled in sudden rain,
And I am true forever to the hills that I call mine. —*Charles Hanson Towne.*

Call It a Day

ANENT the gray "moth hour of eve"
Sings Yeats, the Irish elf;
I love that note, and, by his leave,
Will tootle it myself:

When falls the postman hour of eight
The breakfast egg I eat.
Through all the paper hour of nine
I scan the morning sheet.

Until the dawdler's hour of ten
I read my mail, and shirk.
Eleven strikes, the scribbling hour,
And then I really work.

At twelve, the sweet hand-organ hour,
I know creative bliss;
Before the luncheon hour of one
I've wrought a song like this.

At two, the brisk typewriter hour,
The lettered keys I play.
At three P.M., the hello hour,
I'm telephoned away.

Belike at four, the tennis hour,
I drive across the net;
At five, the cream-or-lemon hour,
I've won the final set.

At six, the crowded-subway hour,
I weigh a book or two.
Of course at seven, the dinner hour,
I do as Groundlings do.

Perchance at eight, the movie hour,
I haste to see a show;
Perchance at nine, the social hour,
Some otherwhere I go.

Full oft at ten, the festal hour,
I toil, which likes me best.
When comes eleven, the curtain hour,
I lay me down to rest.

At twelve, the midnight-churchbell hour,
I rarely hear a sound.
At one A.M., the reveler's hour,
I still am slumber-bound.

And if at two, the cat-fight hour,
I turn and faintly snore,
When creeps the burglar's hour of three
I'm fast asleep once more.

And if at four, the ash-can hour,
I waken now and then,
Before the milkman hour of five
I'm deep in dreams again.

Half roused at six, the whistle hour,
I think of all my sins.
At seven, the bath-and-shaving hour,
Another day begins.
—Arthur Guiterman.

Enchantment

A TANGLED garden where a sundial stands
Amid the perfumed dust of fading flowers;
A dim old setting for this love of ours.
I hear far voices when you touch my hands,
And when you stoop to kiss my tumbled hair
I hear a sighing in among the trees,
And, though it may be just the evening breeze,
I almost see somebody standing there!

I almost see the glimmering of white
And filmy garments where slim branches meet;
I almost hear the stealthy tread of feet.
I touch your arm, for it is nearly night
And I am frightened in this silent place,
Where ivy twines, and subtle mignonette
Grows in great clusters, where the grass is wet,
And the pale moon half fears to show her face.

Forgotten roses left to bloom alone,
And clematis turned to a plaintive ghost,
And unnamed blossoms, a wild-growing host
That clambers over bench and mossy stone.
A fountain that no longer sends a spray
Of water to the stars, so dim above;
A garden that has played at life and love,
And lives now in a dream of yesterday.

I wonder if the sundial ever smiled
Beneath the blue of clear untroubled skies;
And if the fountain pool reflected eyes,
The carefree eyes of some glad, laughing child.
I wonder if the garden ever knew,
When it was very green and fresh and fair,
The splendor of a romance living there—
The young-old song that my heart sings to you.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Packs

THOUGH faintlings be
Who cry, "We're free!
No burden-trammeled packers;
On the long, long road
We will bear no load!"
Away with the silly slackers!

And a pack you'll take
For your manhood's sake
If the soul of a man is in you;
And the pack will show
What it's joy to know—
Your strength of heart and sinew.

And a well-hung pack
In the small of your back,
The weight on hips and shoulders,
Has the touch of a friend
On the trails that bend
Over the logs and bowlders.

Put into your pack
For the mountain track
Or grassy road or ferny
Not too much stuff,
But just enough
Of what will serve your journey.

Then up with your pack—
No strap too slack
Nor yet too tightly girden—
With room to spare
For your rightful share
Of a weaker trailsman's burden.
—Arthur Guiterman.

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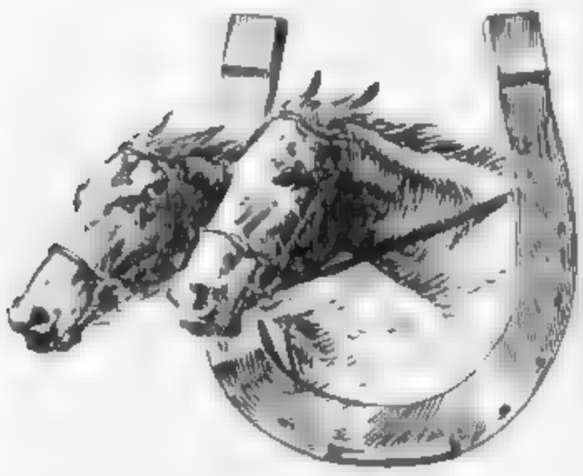
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

Watch This Column

"The Kentucky Derby"



WITHOUT *love* or *honor*, life is as empty as a peanut shell. The fight for *both* began with the beginning of time. It will end only when the world ends. It is the one big battle in life which rattles the pulse and churns the emotions.

* * *

We have it all in "The Kentucky Derby," UNIVERSAL'S screen-version of Chas. T. Dazey's celebrated stage-drama, "The Suburban," which lifted me out of my seat when I first saw it. I was younger then than I am now, and I sat in a 25-cent seat in the top gallery and yelled my head off when the villain was polished off and the hero, scarred and ragged, came into his own.

* * *

As the hero in this great play, REGINALD DENNY is the clever lad who makes the fight over sea and land. And through it runs the atmosphere of the race-course and the paddock—the chivalry, the beauty and romance of the Blue-grass Country. It is the greatest turf-drama that was ever written.

* * *

You will love it as I loved it. You will yell as I yelled. And if you ask your favorite theatre to look for it and book it, you can see it in your own neighborhood. And don't forget that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSAL PICTURES. They are headliners at all the first-class theatres.

* * *

Keep your eyes open for "The Jilt," which UNIVERSAL has made into a beautiful picture with Ralph Graves, Matt Moore and Marguerite de la Motte in the leading roles, and also "Ridin' Wild," with Hoot Gibson. They are splendid pictures. I recommend them earnestly.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

THE RETURN OF FRANK CLAMART

(Continued from Page 7)

of steamship courses from northern ports bound up the Delaware. But it shows one thing—that nowadays you've got to watch your step wherever you go out of hollering distance from help."

"Whenever is it going to be better?"

"Well, so far as the coast is concerned, when the Government has sense enough to realize that this United States is practically a great big island treasure house. We're like a honey pot with the lid off. And now here we are disarming and scrapping our ships and telling our graduating classes at Annapolis to go out and rustle jobs selling beans or something. For the price and upkeep of even one big super-dreadnought we could strew our coast with small patrol boats and give all the boys snappy sailorly work, and mighty soon make these rum and scum runners as hard to find as worms in a chicken coop."

"Then why don't they?" asked Cynthia.

"Lack of vision. Politics. Sneaking sympathy with the free traders such as used to exist in the British Isles when even the nobles on the shore estates supported wine and brandy and silk smugglers with more or less secrecy and took a certain pride in saying slyly, 'This old cognac paid no duty to the crown'; and no doubt then, just as now, the bulk of it was tampered with. We had the same thing over here with buccaneers and slaves. Then we got sick of it and stopped it. A hundred years from now all this stuff will look picturesque. You may even hold your big-eyed grandchildren enthralled by telling them how you were chased down the beach by a bootlegger shooting at you with an old-fashioned pistol, and how lucky it was that the searing death-dealing rays of the day had not yet been discovered."

"Then you think," Cynthia asked, "that all this could be stopped?"

"Stopped?" Shane gave a short contemptuous laugh. "It could be stopped so quick as to make the present vast system of bootleggers dizzy. Bust 'em and put 'em out of business. Stick 'em with the goods. The four classes now in Annapolis and wondering where do they go from there could stop it if each man was put in command of a small seagoing patrol boat. Apply the same system to the Mexican and Canadian frontiers. Nice healthy outdoor occupation. Stop it? Of course we could stop it if we wanted to, and we'd stop something worse at the same time. Drugs. Besides, just think what a corking sea and land reserve it would furnish for a war. Gently transfer the Navy to the revenue service. The revenue men have always done the rough stuff anyhow, and had the most exciting service—sea salvage and rescue work of whalers and Arctic expeditions and light ships struck adrift and all that."

"What are you going to do about reporting this attack on us?"

"I'm thinking about that. There are several things to consider—the carrier, the determined effort to kill us both, and the big balloon shed in a field back there. Besides, there's the fact of our being down here together."

"What about the balloon shed?" Cynthia asked.

"Well, it seems a funny place for it. Its dimensions are unusual too. It's shaped rather like a steamer trunk, not high enough for a blimp of any size, and higher than would be needed for seaplanes. It strikes me that I'd like to talk it over with a friend of mine who is by way of making some independent investigations about all this sort of stuff. Not so much bootlegging as certain other criminal activities. You've met him in my studio—Frank Clamart."

Cynthia nodded. "Oh, yes! Tell me about him."

Shane reflected for a moment. "Well, I think I will. In confidence, of course. I got acquainted with Clamart about eleven years ago, when I was studying in Paris. He was then known to the police of three continents as Frank Clamart, alias Frank the Clam, and he was an expert cracksman."

"What?"

"Just that. He had attempted to burgle the house of his own half brother, not knowing his identity. He was after the pearls of this half brother's wife, who was a good portrait painter, and she and her husband friends of mine. Clamart might have killed the man but was dazed by the extraordinary resemblance to himself. He told me that when the lights flashed on it was like seeing his own reflection in a mirror. There was a famous woman with him—thief woman—and to save her he got shot himself and captured. But his half brother discovered the relationship, a bar sinister one on Clamart's side, and got him pardoned and went his bond."

"So that's the sort of characters you ask your friends to meet?"

"Well, Clamart made good. His old gang were leery of him and tried first to frame him and, failing that, to get him. Frank saw the writing on the wall and beat them to it. He killed their chief devil, one M. de Maxeville, known to the police and the underworld as Chu-Chu, Le Tondeur, the Shearer. That broke up the mob. Frank married a little chauffeuse, Rosalie, who was actually an American girl. She had married a titled French rotter, who left her flat and died or shot himself or something. Then Frank went into the automobile business, but quit it later, first for tires, then rubber. He made a big fortune legitimately enough during the war. He was liaison officer, and I met up with him again in my service, L'Information Militaire. We worked together for a while. His wife died of the flu during the big epidemic, and now Frank's devoting all his time and energy, and most of his money, I guess, and one of the brightest minds I ever met, to fighting this sort of thing." Shane jerked his head toward the cabin.

"Blocking bootleggers?"

"Not that so much. He's convinced that a great menace to this country is narcotic drugs, and that we're in danger of being deluged by them. Not sure but that I agree with him. They're so much more potent and easily handled. According to Frank, some of the big bootleggers are already working up that line. The trouble seems to be in the supply, but wherever there's the demand the supply will be forthcoming, and the demand is growing steadily. He's asked for my help and I've promised it. He seems to feel that he owes a debt to society for his past and he's taken this way of trying to pay it."

Cynthia sat up suddenly. The color was back in her face. She showed no longer the reaction of her ordeal.

"Then please don't mention my connection with it."

"Of course not." He rose suddenly. "Well, let's go back to the hotel. I'm going to leave you tonight. All I needed was a good excuse. This sort of thing is not just the game for a girl like you."

"No doubt you're right," she answered.

The pigeon in her lap fluttered a little. It had raised its head and was now looking about with bright though not affrighted eyes. It stretched a wing to its fullest extent, then drew it neatly in again.

"Your little patient has recovered," Shane said. "After all, I was right. Wonderful birds—even when they serve the interests of bootleggers."

"I'm going to keep it," Cynthia said.

Shane shook his head. "No. I want you to let it go."

"Ah—no! Not to serve them again."

"To serve us first. I want it to tell me if I'm right about where it lives."

"Oh, dear ——"

"Yes, dear —— Beg pardon. I forgot."

"You'd better not forget. Such expressions are apt to slip out unawares."

"Is that the only reason?"

She shook her head. "No. I could never marry a man that sometimes frightens me—even as a friend."

"What about me frightens you?"

"Your—hardness. No doubt you're kind, but I've never surprised in you any real tenderness."

"Surprise and tenderness don't go together."

"Yes, they do!" She spoke impulsively, not realizing what she said. "I felt it when I looked around and saw that you had not been killed. A maternal tenderness," she amended hurriedly.

Shane smiled. "Perhaps you'll find it one day."

"I wonder," Cynthia mused. "Men change. There's your friend, Clamart, once a burglar, now a philanthropist. I liked his face. I liked everything about him but one. He's got what you have, a sort of pleasant ruthlessness that would—would ——"

"Would what?"

"Well"—she gave him a level look—"that would put a shattered drug fiend through the third degree to find out what he knew."

"Oh, that!" Shane shrugged. "Well, wouldn't it be worth it?"

"Even if he died under the ordeal," she continued, looking at him steadily.

"What of it?" Unconsciously his voice, eyes, mouth, everything about him expressed that hardness against which the sensitive spirit of the girl rebelled. "He's headed that way, and bound to founder pretty quick. Better take his cargo off."

"And there you are again," breathed Cynthia.

"You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs."

"Please don't use horrid epigrammatic sophistries. Most proverbs are sophistries. You can't make an omelet that's any good if you break a rotten egg in it. There's a recent proverb, 'The camera never lies,' and you said not long ago that it was the greatest little liar, next to an old married man. Another falsity. Only stupid people fall back on proverbs."

"Which proves," said Shane, smiling, "that murderous snowbirds should be questioned tenderly under the soothing influence of cocaine."

"Not that. But nothing justifies any form of torture. I could never make you see it that way," she added wearily.

The pigeon stretched its other wing, then moved restlessly so that Cynthia had to restrain it by gentle pressure. "It wants to go," she said. "Perhaps its mate is waiting for it."

Shane nodded. "The homing instinct—that I never had. I'll go to the top of this dune; then when I say the word give back your little birdie to the air."

He mounted the hillock, then looked down at Cynthia. "*Lâchez—tout.*"

She raised the pigeon with a graceful gesture, both hands above her head.

"Go, gentle dove," Shane quoted. "Wing away to your little downy nest of bootleggers."

Cynthia opened her hands. The pigeon seemed to settle, wings flexed, yet held clear and slightly drooped, its head erect, eyes alert and questing. Its talons gripped Cynthia's palms with a fierce, almost painful clutch.

Then with a sudden strong extension of the muscles of its legs it shot straight up, scooped the air with wide pinions, described a circle or two and darted off inland. For a moment Shane thought that it was going to pass the cottage by in a flight now full and strong. But directly over the premises its course was checked, then spiraled down. It disappeared behind the peaked roof.

Cynthia had scrambled up beside Shane and stood now clinging to his arm. "You're right," she murmured.

"Looks that way. Admirable effect of illicit liquor on a bird."

"It's not illicit," she protested. "Dad bought it before the act."

"And did you get a transportation permit?"

She shook her head.

"Well, we all break the law a little now and then. Wouldn't need 'em if we didn't. O Liberty, Liberty—how many crimes are committed in thy name! Come on—let's go."

III

SHANE rang the doorbell of one of the old but elegant houses in Gramercy Park, and was admitted by a Chinese manservant, who informed him that the master was at home and had not yet retired

It was a little after midnight and Shane had just arrived from Cape May. He considered that the nearly tragic episode down there on the beach should be immediately reported, and he could think of no person better equipped to take the necessary action than his interesting friend, Frank Clamart, ci-devant operator of the underworld, and subsequently esteemed by it in terror as its most ruthless renegade.

The Chinese servant was himself *sui generis*. It would have needed a very keen analyst of human traits to discover that he was not a Chinaman at all, that he was not even an Oriental. A committee of widely traveled ethnologists might have stripped and scoured him, then put him

(Continued on Page 38)

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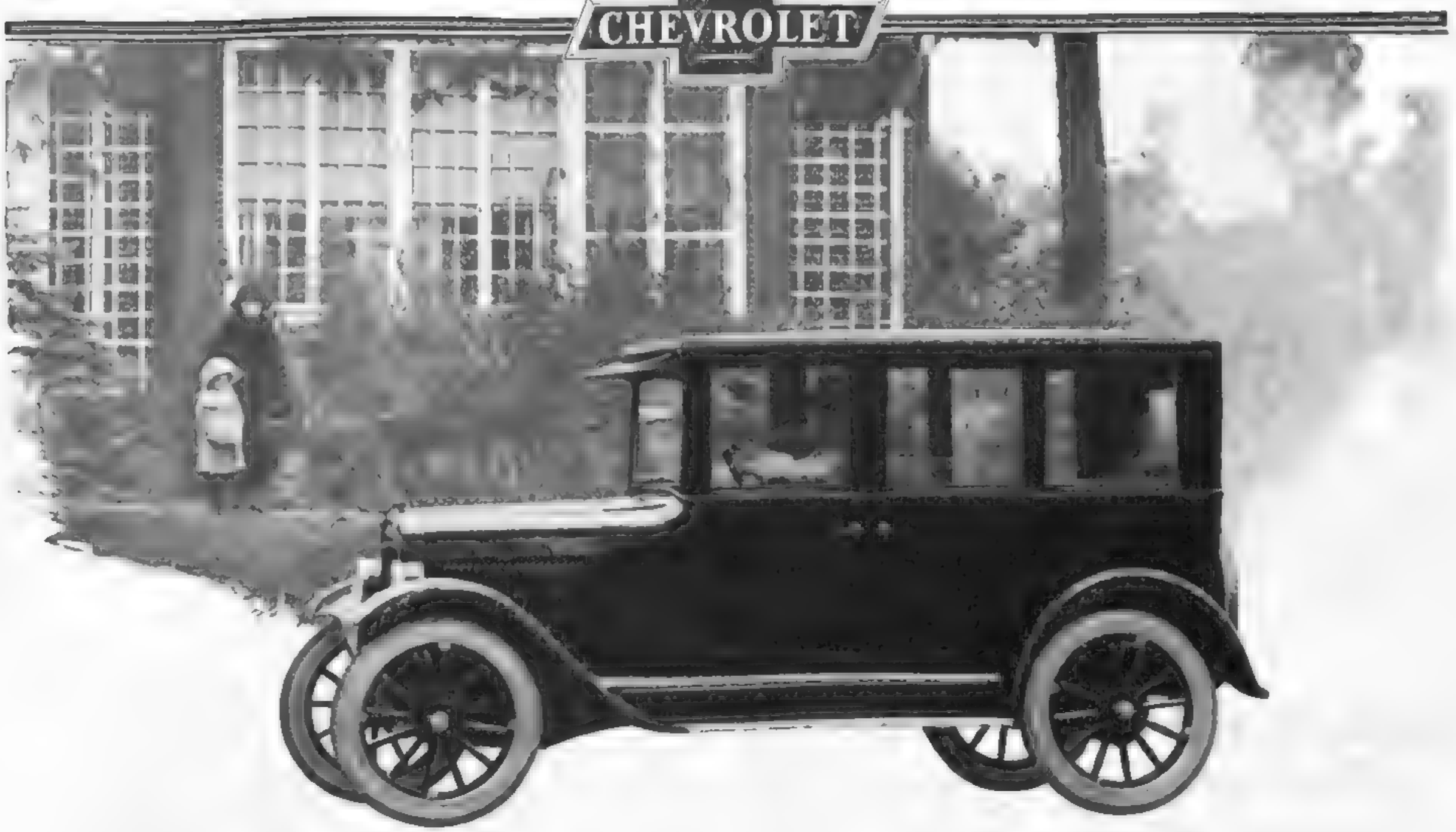

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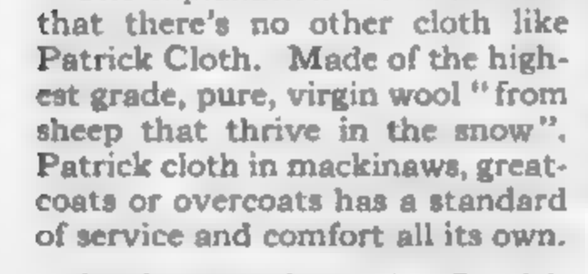


Pure Northern Wool

from sheep that thrive in the snow

(Continued from Page 36)

through a searching cross-examination and been left in doubt as to his actual origin if not Chinese. He spoke and wrote the language most current on the coast of China, and he was familiar, also, with a number of dialects. He had a medium-sized body, lean, but with bulging knots of muscle, and his face was distinctly Mongolian, with high, prominent cheek bones, wide jaws and a pointed chin. The orifices of his eyes were narrow, though not set on an outward and upward slant. There was scarcely any bridge to his nose, and the space between its slightly flattened nostrils and the mouth was wide and a little convex. This man's name was supposedly Ling Foo. He had been christened under that of Michael Rafferty. He had been born in the barracks of a British regiment in Hong-Kong.

Shane went upstairs and into a study that adjoined a bedroom. He found Clamart seated at his desk, where he had apparently been engaged in adding to a heap of manuscript stacked up in front of him.

"Excuse the late call, Frank," Shane said, sinking wearily into a big armchair. "I've just had a bizarre experience down on the Jersey beach. Thought I'd like to ask your advice before taking any other action."

In the brief but succinct manner of one accustomed to make a comprehensive digest of stirring events, Shane narrated what had recently occurred, withholding only Cynthia's name and whatever might serve to identify her. Perhaps in doing this he made a mistake, for it embarked him upon a course to be followed only with the utmost difficulty—that of working in collaboration with another not in full possession of all the facts.

"I found out about that hangar," he concluded. "Two men known as the Smith brothers had it put up last autumn for the construction of a sort of combination balloon and hydroplane that they propose to build for taking tourists up on flights along the beach. I didn't look inside it, but I was told that it's composed of a meshwork plastered with light stucco cement over a bamboo frame, with a corrugated iron roof. They brought up a schoonerload of building cane from the West Indies. The stuff was duly examined and passed by the Customs. Then, apparently, their funds ran short and they've suspended operations until they can raise the money to carry on."

Clamart's keen granite-colored eyes showed the interest that he felt. He was a man of about thirty-seven, with handsome clean-cut features, a clear skin, and Shane's own powerful but rather lean physique.

"How far had they got along with their airship?"

"Scarcely started it. The coast-guard chief I talked to was inside the place not long ago. He said that there was no more than the framework, partly of bamboo, partly set up in stocks of the same material. He seemed to think that they were all right so far, but hinted that if the craft proved practical it might do with a little watching. But he said that there had been no sign of any activity at all since last October. Of course I didn't tell him what had happened."

"I'm glad of that, Shane. I think you've fallen on something tremendously important. A lot more so than any mere rum-running business. The nature of the attack fits in nicely with a theory of mine. Any other data you can think of?"

Shane reflected. "Well, one thing I didn't mention was a faint peculiar smell I noticed in that cabin on the beach. It wasn't an unclean smell, nor that of any disinfectant that I know of, nor perfume, nor drug."

Clamart went to a cabinet, unlocked it, and took out a small object about the size and shape of a mandarin orange. He handed it to Shane, who discovered it to be a dull red in color with a dry and slightly scaly surface. He smelled it and shook his head.

"What is it, opium?"

"Yes; the pure dried gum, wrapped in the leaves."

"It wasn't this sort of a smell, nor that of the smoke. It seemed to have a faint odor like bananas."

"That suggests acetone, but I don't know why acetone."

"It's a beastly nuisance he got away with the code," said Shane regretfully.

"Can't have everything, my boy. But you've got something worth a lot more than the code, and that's your sketch. Do you think there's any chance that you were followed here?"

"Well, now, I wouldn't swear to that. After taking this girl I'd run down to see to her hotel I got in my car and drove straight back here. Of course I thought of being followed, and looked back now and then. I stopped twice before I struck the Lincoln Highway, and was passed once by two men in an open car and once by a motorcyclist. But none of them was this scoundrel. Then, on the big pike after it got dark, I passed and was passed myself by the usual amount of traffic. Here in town of course I couldn't tell anything."

There came a soft tapping at the door. At Clamart's word the Chinaman, Ling Foo, thrust in his curious face.

"The countess, sir."

"Ask her to come up." And then to Shane: "Don't go. It's Léontine."

Shane was slightly acquainted with this unusual personality and knew her history. Cynthia, also, had met her with Clamart at Shane's studio. The two women had become, in fact, quite intimate, and Cynthia had undertaken to paint a portrait of the countess. But the hitherto carefully sheltered Boston girl would have been considerably startled to know that the beautiful Russian of such distinguished presence had shared actively in Clamart's own past. Shane knew it, but was convinced that she shared also no less in Clamart's complete reformation. He was not, however, aware that this had occurred but very recently in its completion. He had taken it for granted that both had forsworn all criminal practice and association at the same time, and this opinion had been confirmed by the documentary testimonials of distinguished war service that Léontine had shown to Cynthia. Shane had no knowledge whatever of Léontine's more recent criminal activities. It was Clamart who actually was Léontine's sponsor, and Shane had accepted Clamart's indorsement.

Léontine now entered with a nod to first one then the other of the two men, who had risen. She was a woman who gave always the impression of a gentle-mannered queen in exile, sweetly appreciative of a courtesy to which she feels herself no longer entitled as a sovereign, and as a woman, asks but little. Léontine had never been of the dominant type, nor self-assertive except when in a passion. She had grown even gentler with adversity, since the war, where she had played a useful and heroic part. Necessity had driven her back to crime, though not of the former sort. But it seemed to Shane that she had now found precisely the stabilizer for her complex morality—the employment of her astonishing experience and acumen to assist in a personal crusade against practices for which any great freebooter of history could have felt nothing but disgust. Clamart had given Shane to understand that Léontine was his paid assistant in a certain line of criminal investigation he had undertaken, which might uncover something far more serious than traffic in spurious spirits or even drugs.

Léontine was neither young nor old; no longer girlish, nor yet ripely mature in a sense of the limit of perfection being reached. She was fine rather than regal, and had none of the high-featured haughtiness of aspect that one associates with royalty. Her facial traits were, in fact, softly modeled, like her manner—eyes wide, long and serene; cheek bones high, but not too prominent; a straight nose and a beautiful mouth, actually tender and with that mobile obliquity of the upper lip at its center that suggests a sort of tenuous expectation of a caress. All this for Léontine in repose. But between such a portrait and that of her in violent emotion lay all the difference to be recorded between good and bad, black and white, heat and cold, any other extremes.

Shane now observed her with close attention, because he had immediately detected her thinly veiled excitement. Léontine never had been very good at the masking of emotions, but aware of this, she had long since learned the trick of making any display of agitation refer apparently to some other cause, even when one had to be instantly invented.

So now, at sight of Clamart and Shane together, one would have said that her disturbed equilibrium was due to annoyance at Clamart's indiscretion in permitting her to be put in a compromising position before a recent acquaintance and a friend of Cynthia's.

Clamart was quick to discover this. "It's all right, Léontine. Mr. Emmet understands. He has just had good reason to understand. There need be no reserve."

Léontine's fine eyes turned quickly to Shane and she said, to his intense surprise, "They've tried to kill him, also?"

"Also?" asked Clamart quickly. "Who else?"

"They've done for Colling," said Léontine

"Good Lord! When?" He drew her a chair.

"About an hour ago, so far as I could tell."

Shane was shocked and startled. He knew slightly the man to whom she had made reference—a fellow member of two or three of his clubs, with whom he had several times seen Clamart. But what principally upset him was Léontine's immediate association of himself with Colling.

"Let's hear about it," Clamart said quietly.

"I went to his apartment about an hour and a half ago. It's on the second floor, you know. The elevator boy said he thought that he was in. I rapped and then, as there was no answer, tried the door. It was unlocked, so I went in and not finding him there thought that he might have run out for a moment, as my appointment was at eleven. He has several friends in the building; or he might even have run down the stairs and gone out on some errand when the elevator was up. So I sat down and waited, and while waiting I noticed a faint peculiar odor."

Clamart glanced at Shane. "Of what sort?"

"I can't describe the smell," said Léontine. "It was elusive and sickly sweet, like rotten fruit. Colling uses a French scent, but it wasn't like that. Then I thought suddenly of having noticed it or something very like it once when I was gilding some picture frames."

"That's it!" Shane exclaimed.

Léontine shot him a curious look.

"Go on," said Clamart.

"I looked around to see if he had been retouching his light brackets or gilded furniture or anything. I even went into his dining room. There was a bowl of fruit with some rather overripe bananas on the sideboard, and I thought it might possibly come from that. So feeling rather cross at being made to wait I went back and sat down and waited. At the end of fifteen minutes I got very nervous, as I always do when there's something fatal in the air; so I got up and started to search the apartment. I found him sitting on the edge of his bed with one shoe in his hand and his slippers at his feet. Evidently he had died in the act of changing. He was dressed in a dinner suit and leaning a little against the footboard, with one elbow over it. His position was so natural that I couldn't believe him to be dead until I'd held the little mirror from my vanity case against his lips. He was a strong healthy man, you know, and something of an athlete."

"What did you do then?" Clamart asked.

"I went out and down the stairs, where I found the elevator boy reading an evening paper on his bench. I told him that Mr. Colling was out and that I couldn't wait any longer. Then I got in a taxi and came straight here."

Clamart leaned back in his chair. "Deuced awkward," he said calmly. "Just when I need you the most. I suppose that elevator boy has seen you at least half a dozen times?"

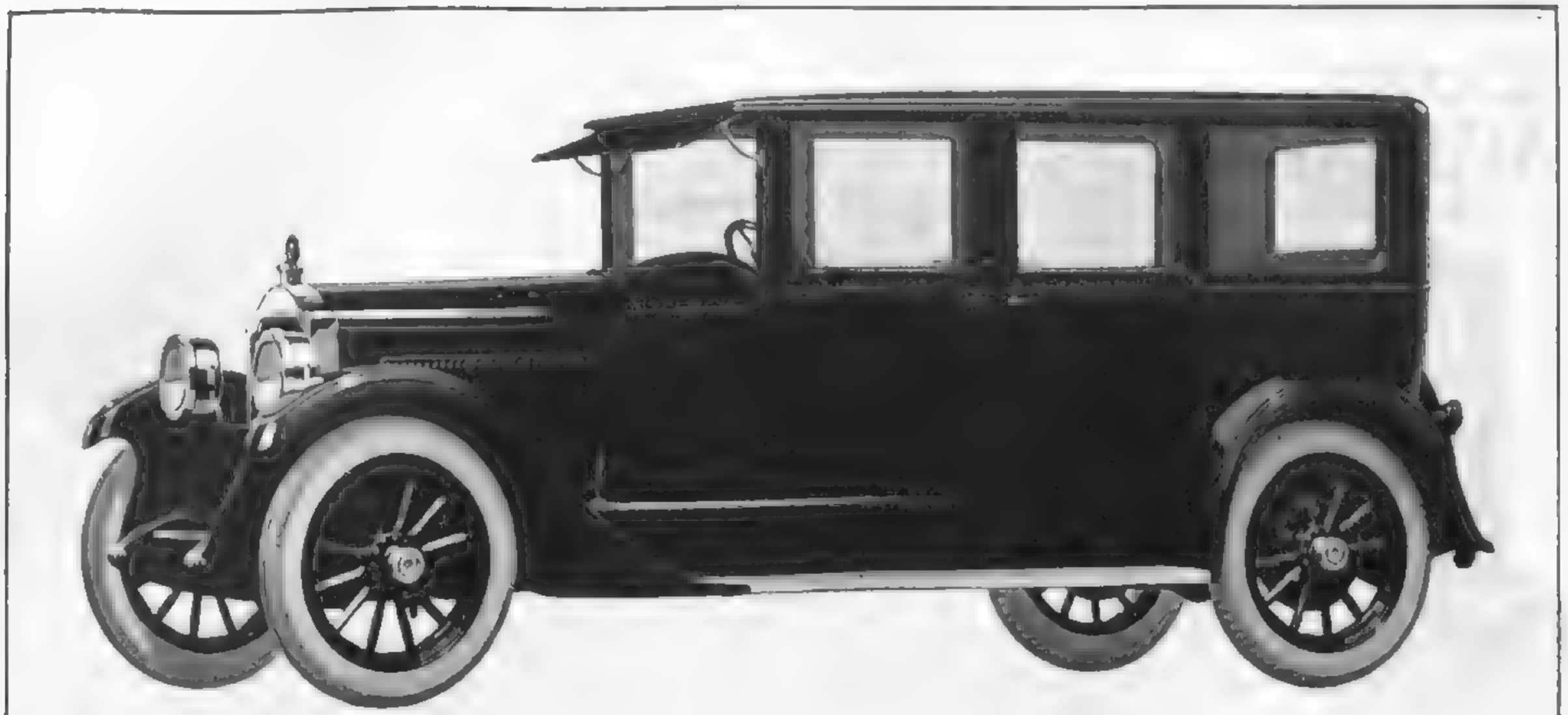
"More than that. Besides, he's a sly rascal, and used to looking people over pretty carefully. He supplies the fast crowd that have apartments there with drugs and liquor, and no doubt he considers Colling one of his best customers. What makes it worse, I was seen by the telephone operator and doorman of my own hotel, farther down the street, to go out a few minutes before I went to Colling's apartment, so there's no chance of an alibi."

Clamart frowned. "Was there anybody round the door when you went in?"

"No; not close enough to recognize me. There were some men across the street, going to or coming from one of the clubs. Who do you suppose killed him, and why and how?"

Clamart shook his head. "Haven't the remotest idea. A man like Colling is apt to have vicious enemies. He was always running after women—or what's worse, they were running after him. Two sets of

(Continued on Page 40



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SEVEN-PASSENGER SEDAN

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For example, they point out that the Single-Six is the fruit of 23 years of experience in trans-continental trips, on the race track, and over all kinds of roads in all parts of the world.

Such an experience is, of course, invaluable in determining the proper safety-proportions of vital parts; but that is not all.

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It goes even further in this direction, for it tends to establish in a positive way the cost-basis for this performance, at an appreciably lower level.

It teaches us how to balance, and power, and spring a car that gives the kind of a ride one wants on the boulevard; and yet can be driven at high speed over rough roads with the greatest possible comfort.

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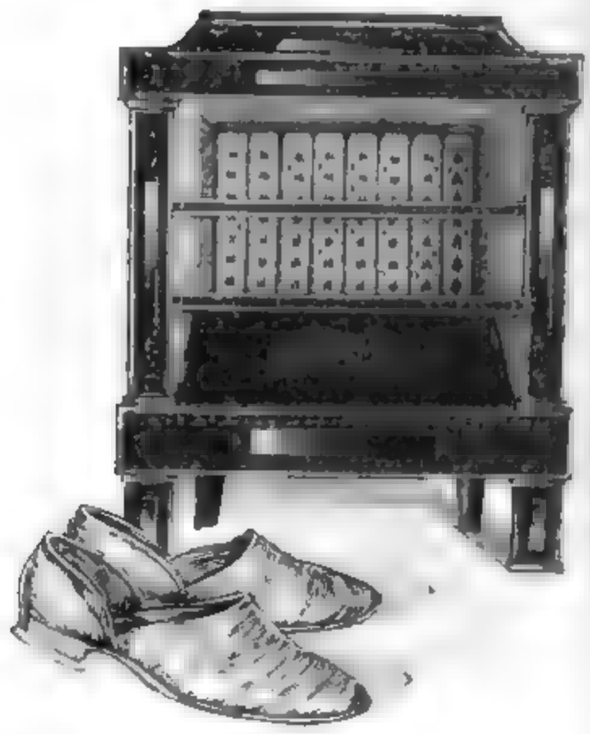

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(Continued from Page 38)

women—demimondaines and society, and the sort that touch a little on the fringes of both, and they're the most pernicious of all. He was a man about town and belonged to some pretty good clubs, but to tell the truth, if we hadn't needed him so badly just now I wouldn't be heartbroken at what has happened. I never trusted him much, and the dimensions of our game are getting to a size where any day he might have double-crossed us and hauled out rich. But the important thing just now is: What are we going to do about you, Léontine?"

She smiled. "That is rather vital to me."

"And to me. Let us say, to the country. Here we are with our net nicely spread and getting ready to haul in on the draw string, and now your end is adrift because of one rotten, worthless, bootlegging, drug-peddling, yellow elevator boy." He drummed on the table with his fingers, his broad forehead wrinkled in thought. "When I think of what this country faces at this moment I'm sorely tempted to throw this scoundrel in the discard."

Léontine shook her head. Shane stared at Clamart, trying to determine just what he meant.

"But do you realize what is pretty sure to come of it unless something of the sort is done? With your known former criminal affiliations, you'd never have a show. I'm inclined to think that this was some private score to be settled. If it had been the Ring they'd have tried first to buy up Colling."

"Perhaps they had, and failed," Léontine suggested.

"I don't think so, for the simple reason that if they had I believe they would have succeeded. Now if it had been myself, that would have been another matter. They know that I am rich, and that my efforts are not confined to educational propaganda."

He leaned back in his chair, staring at her thoughtfully. "I could send Ling Foo up there to tell the fellow that if he'd go with him immediately Ling would take him to a man who has unlimited hop to dispose of at half the current price. The joke of it is that Ling actually could, and this boy, Manuel, thinks Ling to be one of Colling's scouts."

"If Ling could keep him away for only an hour ——" Léontine began, but Clamart interrupted her in his curious voice, distinct when by an effort he made it so, at other times with no carrying power, husky and a little muffled. He had once told Shane the reason for this, an injury to the vocal cords that had resulted from an escharotic poison slipped into his drink and discovered by him as he was on the point of swallowing it. He had managed to arrest the act, but choked in doing so, drawing enough into the trachea to damage seriously the delicate mechanism of the larynx. This, but one of the many baffled attempts upon his life at a certain crisis in it.

"Ling can keep him away indefinitely, or definitely, if you like," Clamart said with a frown.

"Nothing like that, Frank."

Léontine spoke with a quick impassioned protest that gave Shane a clearer idea of what Clamart was intimating.

"Well," Clamart retorted, "it would be rather more than a pity if this poisonous tout of a Manuel were to prove the half-tide rock on which our efforts split."

"Then have Ling lure him off and detain him for the rest of the night if he can manage it. That would let me out. But nothing worse, Frank. That sort of thing is not for us." She leaned forward eagerly. "Send him to Don Quinto. Have Ling take him there. The chances are he'd go if he hadn't yet learned about Colling."

Clamart stared at her an instant, then struck his thigh. "That's downright inspiration! Wait a minute."

He sprang up and went out. Shane, puzzled and uncomfortable, looked doubtfully at Léontine. There was something going on he could not understand and he was not sure that he cared to have it explained to him. There seemed to be some sinister association between the attack upon himself and what Clamart and Léontine accepted as the assassination of this man Colling. There was the peculiar odor that both he and Léontine had noticed.

If Léontine herself was curious about his presence there at that late hour she gave no hint of it. She sat leaning forward a little in her chair, staring in an abstracted way at a thin eddy of smoke mounting from the dying wood fire in a straight gray column. Shane studied Léontine. He thought he had never seen a more beautiful woman, in the fine perfection by each physical detail of her, and there was an appealing quality about her features and expression, that ineradicable stamp of a soul approaching its salvation through the running of some fearful gantlet of past experience. Shane found it impossible to believe that she had ever been vicious or depraved or even criminal according to whatever code of ethics she might have had. Passionate episodes there had undoubtedly been, but these of an idealistic character, he thought, through wrong ideals, and subsequently rectified.

For some minutes they sat there in silence. Then Clamart came in, his handsome face wearing a sardonic smile.

"This will be good if it works," he said. "A luminous idea, Léontine." He looked at Shane. "Sometimes a very small pebble can dump a big apple cart if it happens to be top heavy and on too much of a slant."

"This elevator boy, Manuel, being the pebble?" Shane asked.

"Yes, and Léontine perched too high on the cart. Well, let's hope we're going to right it again. If we got a spill just now it might result in a deluge of narcotic drugs."

"Don't you think the country would shed a flood of that sort, Frank? It has managed so far to eliminate its poisons pretty well. Why should it fall for dope?"

"It shouldn't really. There's no affinity at all between narcotic drugs and the clean vigorous American temperament. But the country at this moment is in a receptive state."

"The fault of prohibition?"

"No. That ought really to help. Prohibition tends to the better health of the majority, and robust health is the best resistant to drug addiction. Sickly people or alcoholics are more apt to crave drugs than robust folk. Opium, particularly, belongs to the sodden physical inertia of poorly nourished Orientals. But the trouble is that such a lot of fools have been monkeying with the bootlegger buzz saw, and being fed all sorts of substitutes for alcohol. That's not the fault of prohibition any more than it would be the fault of a railroad ordinance prohibiting people from walking on the track if the result of such a ruling was to create a wild desire to make that right of way the favorite promenade of a lot of people who had never previously cared much about walking on the tracks. Instead of yowling about the disorders caused by prohibition why can't people ask themselves what the country would be like in these feverish unsettled days if all the gin mills were running full bore? I can't see any sense at all in blaming any law passed with a view to the better health and happiness of a commonwealth, for the damage that comes of perversely breaking it. Don't blame the law. Blame the lawbreakers. And so far as the enforcement act is to blame, the trouble there was its size and the fact that it slipped off the ways a little too soon. It was like launching a big ship before it was properly calked. The people insisted that it be launched. If it had been set afloat as a sound and staunch craft, then the country would have had prohibition from the start, been aboard a dry ship for a long voyage, and after the first throes of seasickness would have got itself adjusted.

"But what actually has happened is this: The ship began to leak, slowly at first, then a little faster, then a little slower as the bigger holes were plugged, then a little faster again. But during this time a habit that has always been with every country to some extent, that of narcotic drugs, began slowly to increase. People got first to substituting alcoholic medicines for the purer forms of alcohol, and to make nasty concoctions that were themselves more in the nature of drugs than spirits. They began to accustom themselves to the weird reactions of these, just as they might to those of any other poison like nicotine or betel nut or aconite or certain plant distillations like that of the maguey. As they continued in these crude attempts at making alcohol they acquired an appetite for aldehydes and fusel oil and other poisonous by-products; so instead of being alcoholics they have been training their tissues to react to fearfully injurious narcotics, and to demand them. And all the while the purer and more potent drugs have been coming in. Many habitués would now prefer these to good whisky or gin or brandy or rum.

"Now the first to appreciate this is naturally that spawn of hell which is the bootlegger. Many of them from running a side line in drugs are now beginning to abandon their cumbersome bottle traffic for small concentrated packages. Why use a truck when one's pocket will answer? Why a steamer or schooner when a speed launch can carry the cargo?

"But like all big businesses, especially unlawful ones, the commerce requires for its huge margin of profit a joining of forces, a combination, organization or ring. And as you and I know, probably better than anybody else, this is precisely what is taking place. The menace is concentrating, becoming like the precipitate of a solution. As the prohibitionists work frantically to plug the leaks of their vessel, and succeed ——"

Clamart paused suddenly, his head aslant. It was a foggy drizzly night in February. There had been a wood fire on the hearth of his study, but this had burned out and was now extinct. He was sitting with his back to the fireplace and in the silence of his meditation there came a slight rustle behind him, so slight, in fact, as to escape the observation of the two others.

But Clamart heard it, and swung about in his chair, though not with any gesture of alarm. It appeared that some fragment of an ember had by settling been fanned to life. A faint band of smoke, not white nor yet yellow, was mounting slowly. There was nothing remarkable in this, but as Clamart's eyes rested on it he observed that instead of going up the chimney it played sinuously against the arch of the fireplace, then began to swirl almost imperceptibly up under the mantel. Léontine, looking at Clamart, noticed the intensity of his stare.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I'm wondering about that chimney. It's warm and ought to draw."

"The cold and damp outside," Shane suggested.

"It has never smoked before, even on lighting it with the chimney cold." He rose suddenly, stepped to the two large windows and opened them wide. "Come into the other room."

Shane and Léontine obeyed. Clamart opened the back windows also, then glanced at Léontine.

"What's the matter?"

"My heart." She clasped her hands over her left side. "It's beating so furiously."

"So is mine. How about you, Shane?"

"Same thing. Thought it was the shock it got a few hours ago—and this excitement."

"No; it's something else, I think. Stand here in the draft of the window, both of you, and take some deep breaths."

All three proceeded with this exercise. Presently Léontine laughed.

"My word, Frank! I believe we've worked up a silly scare."

"It would be the first time then. Besides, there's been nothing to upset me, and my old pump is working like a missing motor. Dots and dashes, whanged out by a sledge hammer."

"I feel curiously light," said Léontine. "As if there was no weight to me at all It's rather pleasant."

"That's it," said Shane; "like sucking at the tube of an oxygen cylinder. What the deuce do you make of it, Frank?"

"Same thing that got Colling, I think. Dropped down the chimney and the flue plugged. I heard a rustle in the fireplace. The roofs of these houses are on a level. After listening to you and Léontine I got to thinking, and so was on my guard. Perhaps it's just nerves. I don't know. I feel all right now."

"So do I," said Léontine, and laughed again. "Really, Frank, I'm afraid we've been absurd."

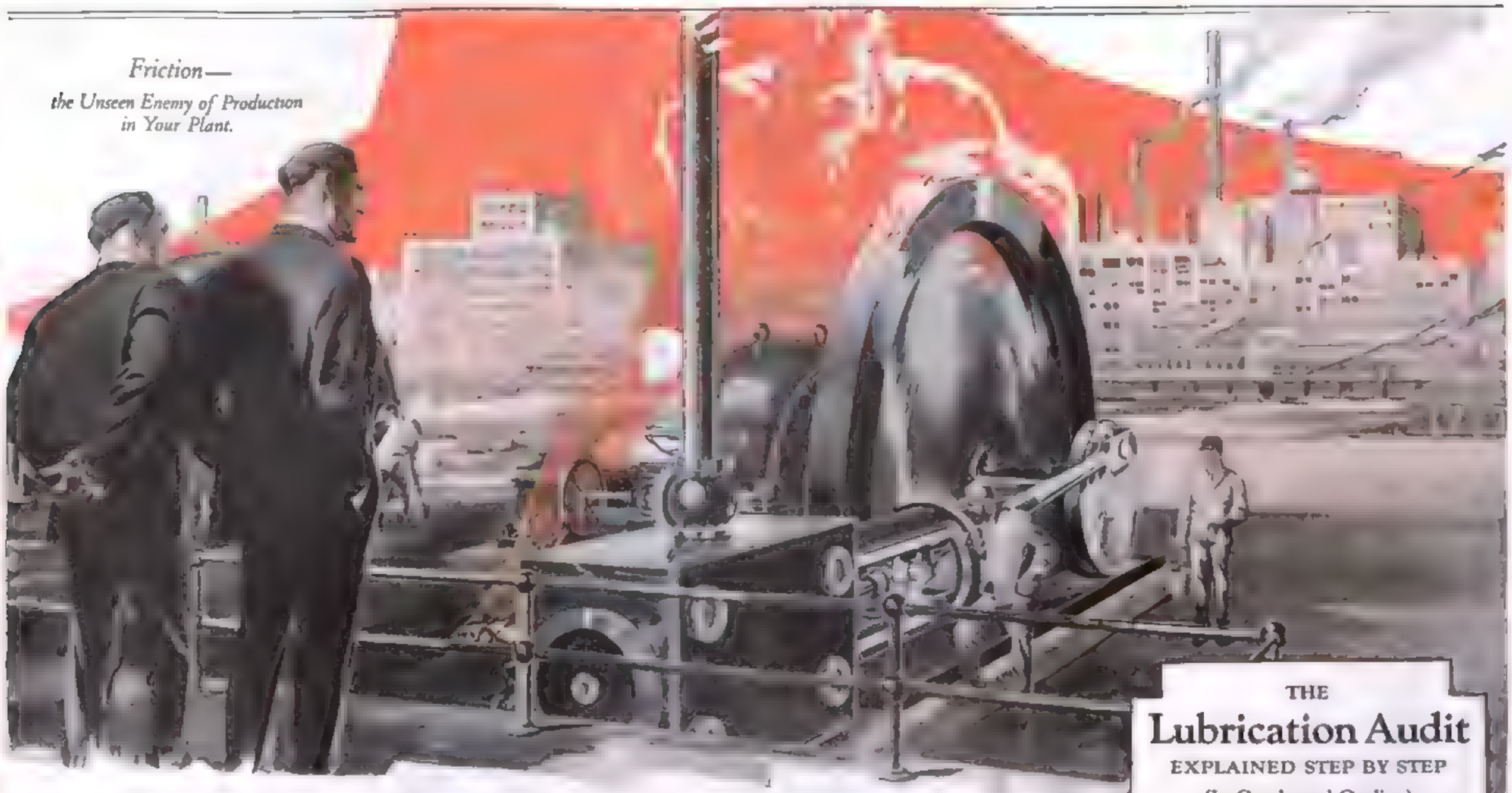
"I feel bully," said Shane. "Just as I've said, like taking a swig of oxygen. But that might be the fresh air."

Clamart frowned. "I'd hate to think I was getting the fidgets in my middle age. There's some excuse for you and Léontine. You've both had a shock. But I'm normal. Besides, I've weathered too many clever efforts to get me by poison to be stampeded around the heart by so faint a whiff as we could have got."

"Let's call it overimagination," said Shane. "You were looking for it."

"Yes, and I was looking at a striped wasp one day and saw it curl up and die on the edge of a bowl of peach ice cream. But that didn't set my heart to hammering,

(Continued on Page 43)



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260

(Continued from Page 40)

even when the man opposite me, one Ivan, reeled over dead from prussic-acid poisoning, disguised by the flavoring of the ice cream."

Léontine turned very white. She swayed a little.

Clamart steadied her.

"Sorry. I shouldn't have referred to that. But if this thing now is real and not imaginary it must be some very subtle etheric toxin that acts instantly on the heart center and brain."

"Colling was sitting almost upright with one shoe in his hand," Léontine murmured.

"You wouldn't think that anything, no matter how volatile, could diffuse itself as fast as that," said Shane.

"No," Clamart agreed, "nor get one so immediately. Still, the same thing happened to the victims at Pompeii, and St.-Pierre, on Martinique. Its vibrations were as sudden as sound or smell."

"But there was no smell to it," Shane objected.

"The smell is something else. I've an idea about that."

Léontine drew a deep breath. "It was actually pleasant. For a moment I felt like an angel."

"We'd all have kept on feeling that way if we'd stayed there another second or two," Clamart said. "A real euthanasia when it goes through. Can't you guess who made it?"

Léontine nodded. "Humboldt. I told you I saw him coming out of that Actor's Hostel place."

"Probably been there to peddle dope. Nice job for a chemist great enough to discover a principle like this. Probably hard up, and a dishonest medico has got to live. I say, Shane, do you happen to know Julius Jedburgh, the big promoter?"

"Not personally," Shane answered, "but I've heard him discussed. I've got to do some character sketches of him for our Sunday supplement. I went to Atlantic City to do him, but just missed him."

"Well, get about it as soon as you can conveniently. You know Olivant, his secretary?"

Shane nodded. "I've known Olivant off and on from boyhood. Never thought him such a much. Little brother to the rich. Have you got anything on Jedburgh?"

"Not yet," Clamart answered, "but we'll talk about that later."

It was evident to Shane that Clamart desired him to leave. The man now showed a sort of restlessness, as if he had thought of something that he desired to put into immediate execution. Léontine seemed to feel it, too, for she rose.

"I think we'd better go," she said to Shane. "I can always tell when Frank is germinating. He's like the mango trick."

"All right," said Shane. "My car's outside. I'll leave you at your hotel."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE HOUSE WITH THE SPARE BEDROOMS

(Continued from Page 13)

"I don't want to let you down," he answered fretfully. "But I'm getting anxious about this prolonged idleness. Not only yours, but Ned Jermyn's and Cyril's. Everyone must get some kind of job in life."

"We didn't shirk it when England had need of us," said Uncle Will with a noble dignity.

He looked down at his right leg, which had been punctured once by a German machine-gun bullet. Then he got up from the table and took half a slice of bread and crumbled it outside the window for the birds, whistling cheerfully to his feathered friends. A water wagtail came and perched on the sundial outside, and a bolder robin strutted on the window sill and pecked a crumb out of Uncle Will's fingers.

It was little characteristics like that which had seemed so delightful to John Longhurst when his wife's brother had first come to live with them. Even now, when he went out of the room with the reproachful smile of a man who has been much maligned but doesn't harbor malice, John was struck with compunction. Perhaps he had been rather too abrupt and brutal in issuing his ultimatum. But the situation could not go on like this. Merely from a financial point of view it could not go on. The burden of this old house and its upkeep was becoming too great. Many of the weekly bills were unpaid. The tradesmen were getting fractious.

Cyril and Edward Jermyn arrived down to breakfast almost together, followed by Cyril's wife, Barbara.

John's watchful eyes noticed that Cyril had not shaved yet—a new sign of demoralization—and that Edward Jermyn had a new pair of flannel trousers, spotlessly white, faultlessly creased, beneath his old Magdalen blazer. For a man of forty-five, who had been through the war, he was still astonishingly young. There was not a crow's-foot about his bright humorous eyes, nor more than a few gray hairs each side of his high forehead. Unlike Cyril, he was carefully shaved, and his bronzed, rather hatchet-featured face—more like that of a naval officer than of a painter, poet and ex-soldier—was a handsome picture of good health and philosophical content.

Barbara wore a low-necked blouse—daringly low-necked, thought her father-in-law, who was a Puritan at heart, though he prided himself on being Bohemian in his instincts—and a little white linen frock.

She greeted John with a "Hello, daddy—still feeding?" and served a plate of porridge to Ned Jermyn with the satirical remark of "This for the birdlike appetite of a minor poet!"

"Not so much of that 'minor,' ma'am," said Jermyn playfully. "I and Will Shakspere are among the few who have written a really perfect sonnet."

"But Shakspere used to get paid for them," said Barbara, "and you don't."

"The difference between the Golden Age and the squalor of these deplorable times," answered Jermyn. "The profiteer is not a patron of the arts. He buys showy motors and all vulgarities instead of seeking out beauty and good craftsmanship."

"I agree with him," said Barbara. "I would prefer a good car to the most exquisite sentiment in rimed verse or blank."

"Philistine!"

In passing Barbara to get the sugar from the sideboard Edward Jermyn pinched the lobe of her ear. She did not resent the familiarity, but only slapped his hand. But John, with a quick glance at Cyril, noticed a kind of gloom settle on the boy's face.

"What's doing today?" Cyril asked in a sullen voice, as though fed up with the prospect of the hours ahead, though it was breakfast time and a summer day with sunshine in the gardens.

"A full program, as far as I'm concerned," said Jermyn cheerfully. "At least an hour's work on my portrait of Barbara—it's going to establish my reputation—then a slashing single with you on the court—I beat you yesterday, young fellow!—then half an hour's quiet meditation in the rose garden, to get inspiration for my sonnet cycle. After lunch, literary work as the Muse may dictate. After tea, a foursome at croquet with Barbara as my partner against Mrs. Longhurst and you. We'll give 'em another whopping, Barbara! And after dinner, music. In what better way could we serve God and fulfill the works of peace?"

He gave a smiling glance at John Longhurst, as though the question were unanswerable. But when an answer came he was surprised and shocked.

John had risen from the table and stood with his back to the great fireplace, above which was the portrait of an old Longhurst dame in a Queen Anne dress.

"I think you could all serve God a great deal better," he said, "if, instead of sponging on a hard-pressed man, you were to get out of this house and earn an honest living for yourselves. I hate to speak like that, but my patience is at an end. Haven't you any spirit, Jermyn, or any pride, Cyril? Month after month passes and you spend it in idleness and pleasure—tennis, croquet, music, garden parties, late nights, tomfoolery, while I go up to town each day to a laborious task in a government office, and wonder how my slender salary is going to pay for all this entertainment. You talk about work, Jermyn. It's merely another form of play! When you do get a few guineas out of a bit of painting you spend it on—a new pair of flannel trousers! As for you, Cyril, I am aghast at the future. What are you going to do for yourself and your wife when I can keep you no longer? When I drop dead in harness? The money I shall leave will be hardly enough to keep your poor mother in decent comfort. Are you going to sponge on her?"

This speech—the longest John Longhurst had ever made in his life—was received in amazed silence by his family and friend, who gazed at one another in incredulity, as though they could not believe their ears.

It was hard for them to believe, not knowing the secret thoughts in sleepless nights, the increasing irritation, the nerve storms and brain fag that had led up to this outburst. Daddy and dear old John, as he was called by his family and Ned Jermyn, had not altered in their eyes from the easy-going, good-natured, shy, unselfish man who wanted everybody to be happy, and had obviously survived the war for the divinely appointed purpose of providing a house and home for those who had been handicapped by war's annoying results in the economic sphere. He had even gone too far, they thought, in this mission. The two gardeners, who killed more plants than they reared, were cockney fellows whom he had taken from a street organ because he could not bear to see men of his old battalion reduced to such a means of livelihood. His family had laughed at him for that. The very cook was the widow of one of his old sergeants, and hopelessly incompetent, with a perfect genius for burning a joint and wrecking a dinner. Jermyn had protested against such altruism.

"I admire your sentiment, dear old John," he said once, "but a woman shouldn't be encouraged to spoil good food, even if she is the widow of an old Contemptible."

Many times John had expressed his pleasure that the little old mansion should be a house of refuge, and had delighted in the intellectual activity of Edward Jermyn—his painting, his poetry, his music—which, he said, was a liberal education to anybody who had the privilege of his company. For Uncle Will's knowledge of birds and beasts, his handy ways about the house and grounds, his prowess at all outdoor games, daddy—or dear old John—had shown the envious admiration of a town-bred man who doesn't know the difference between a sparrow and a bullfinch, and is a hopeless duffer at any sport.

Hard to believe, though, that it was this same John who stood with his back to the fireplace and denounced those he loved best in the world as though they were guilty of atrocious crimes.

It was Barbara who broke the painful silence following his passionate indictment by a ripple of laughter, at the same time springing from the table and putting her hands on his shoulders.

"My dear benevolent daddy-in-law! You must have got out of bed the wrong way this morning! Run out into the sunshine and laugh at the butterflies. 'God's in his heaven: All's right with the world!'"

"All is not right!" said John, with determined gloom. "Everything is wrong in this particular household."

"My dear governor," said Cyril, "you're losing your sense of humor. That's fatal. Have a game of tennis."

"I'm sick at the sight of tennis balls," said the boy's father. "Life isn't a game. When are you going to find a career for yourself?"

"Don't I search the Situations Vacant in the Daily Telegraph every blessed day?" asked Cyril impatiently. "Is it my fault that there are a million and a half unemployed in England, and that I'm one of 'em? I didn't make the old war and rot up the chances of youth. Show me a decent job, and I'll jump at it."

"There was that offer of a clerkship in Smallwood's office," said his father. "You turned it down contemptuously."

"Lord, yes! You can't expect a fellow who went to a public school and wore wings in the war to sit on a high stool as a giddy clerk! One must draw the line somewhere."

"You draw it too high," said John. "As high as impossible illusions, like Uncle Will and Ned Jermyn here. You're all living in expectation of the unlikely and fantastic. You must get down to drudgery, as I do."

"That's what's the matter with you, dear old John," said Edward Jermyn, with his handsome, whimsical, courteous smile. "Too much drudgery in that government

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office! It sours your taste of life, and I'm not surprised."

"Hear! Hear!" said Barbara. "I thoroughly agree."

"What you want, old fellow," continued Jermyn, "is to get back to the *joie de vivre*, the spirit of adventure, the carelessness of soul. How about a little holiday in Normandy?"

"Ripping idea!" said Cyril. "I'm fed up with this house and garden."

"The open road," said Jermyn, warming to his subject. "Old inns—the surf breaking on silver sands—wayside conversations with peasants, wandering folk, open-air philosophers. You're hipped. You want a change."

That word "hipped" spoiled the rest of the speech. It seemed to sting John Longhurst like a wasp.

"I dislike that word 'hipped,'" he protested fretfully. "Uncle Will says I'm hipped. I'm not hipped! I'm only dismayed by the indolence of this household. Playing at life!"

"A good game, John," said Jermyn lightly.

But John ignored him, and his voice hardened when he went on speaking.

"This house can't be maintained on a policy of drift, tennis and amateur art."

"The old house is all right, dull as it is," said Cyril. "It's not going to fall down, governor! It's stood for three centuries, and will last a bit longer."

"I wish I'd never inherited the place," said John with immense gloom. "Your mother and I were happy in the little house in the Earl's Court Road. There were no spare bedrooms there."

The last sentence annoyed Edward Jermyn. He spoke as though it had touched his tenderest sensibilities.

"I'm sorry you begrudge me an attic in this old rabbit hutch. Of course if that's an ultimatum I'll pack my bags tonight. But I never expected to be turned out, neck and crop, by a man whose life I once saved—well at some little risk. Forgive me for that reminder!"

"I wish to heaven you hadn't saved my rotten life!" said John violently; and at that remark, which was tragic enough, there was an outburst of laughter from Cyril and Barbara, in which Edward Jermyn joined.

"My dear old daddy-in-law!" cried Barbara. "It's no good saying you're not hipped. You are! You are! You are!"

"It's liver," said Cyril. "For goodness' sake take some strenuous exercise, governor!"

Edward Jermyn's musical laugh joined the hilarity of the two others.

"If I hadn't saved your life, John, I should have lost my D. S. O.!"

"Oh, well, of course, if you think I am being funny!" said John.

He felt for his pipe in the side pocket of his jacket, and went abruptly from the morning room to the room that he called his study.

Lately he had been studying such unpleasant forms of research as income-tax returns, land tax, local rates, poor rate, and a bulky sheaf of papers marked legibly in his own hand, "Unpaid bills."

And they thought he was being funny!

They also thought he was hipped! This house of inheritance had been a curse instead of a blessing. If only he had stayed on in the little stucco villa in the Earl's Court Road he would not have been overweighted with debt and depression. By this time Cyril would have found a job in life. Edward Jermyn would be living on his own means—or at somebody else's expense. Uncle Will would have gone back to Canada.

He was most anxious about Cyril and Barbara, his wife. In spite of hilarious evenings with Uncle Will, the boy was miserable, and demoralized. And all was not well between him and Barbara. They were seldom alone together now. Barbara was too often alone with Edward Jermyn. That portrait was taking an unconscionable time!

John raised his eyes from the bundle of income-tax returns and gazed absent-mindedly through the casement window of his study. It looked onto a little Italian garden, paved with tiles through which grass grew, and closed in by clipped hedges. A figure of Mercury with his winged feet hovered above a leaden basin to which the garden birds came for refreshment.

As John raised his head Barbara and Ned Jermyn passed the window on their way to the outhouse which Jermyn used as his studio. For a moment they stood, hand in hand, by the leaden bird bath. John heard Jermyn's musical voice and the words he spoke.

"Your portrait will be finished today, my dear. I can't add another stroke to it! What shall we do without our precious hour together?"

"Paint me again!" said Barbara. "We mustn't give up the only time we have to ourselves without interruption."

"What would Cyril say, and your worthy daddy-in-law?"

"Why should they say anything?"

Jermyn laughed his ripe deep mellow laugh.

"Cyril is a wee bit jealous of our friendship, little girl!"

"Oh, nonsense!"

John saw the impatient shrug of her pretty shoulders as she passed behind one of the yew hedges with Jermyn.

He stared again at the income-tax returns, but they meant nothing to him at that moment. This was a new danger, which as yet he had only vaguely guessed, though an uneasiness had been working in his mind, subconsciously, about this intimacy between his son's wife and Jermyn the man who had saved his life. They were too much together. They had little secret jokes that they did not share with the rest of the family. Their glances lately had been lingering and sentimental. And Cyril had noticed. That shadow on his face was a proof of some darkness in the boy's spirit.

Jermyn must go. Uncle Will must go. The boy must go. Cyril must get away from this lazy, do-nothing, sheltered life and face the responsibilities of the open world, as a married man, away from the enervating influence of this old secluded house. It was all the fault of this house, with its spare bedrooms and its gardens of delight. His inheritance had not been a blessing, but a curse. If all else failed, the house must go. If only he could sell the place—at a time when hundreds of old houses were up for sale—and unsalable!

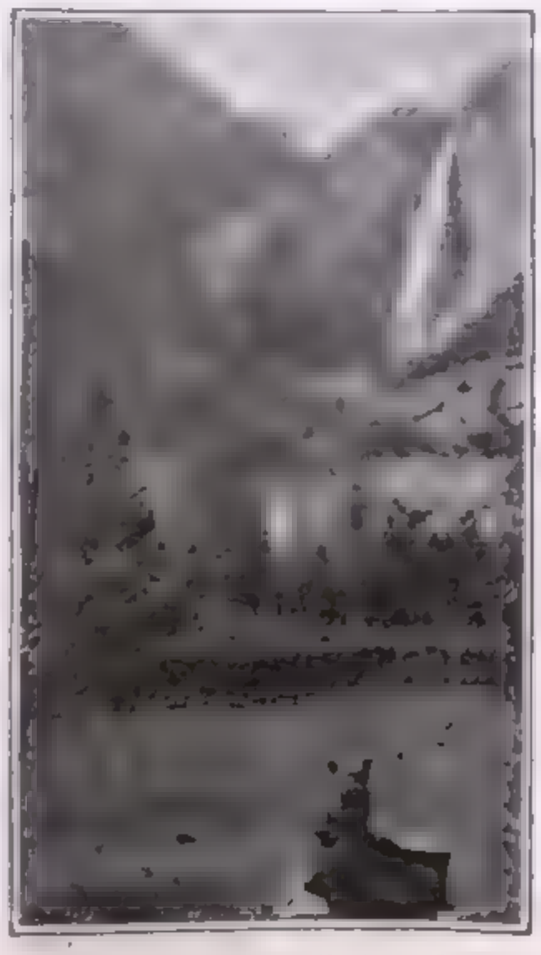
That thought came to John as a kind of desperate hope. He left his chair and paced up and down the room with a strange look of excitement. If he got rid of the house he would get rid of his debts, his guests, this new danger between Jermyn and Barbara, this dreadful anxiety about Cyril. Take away the house from them and they would be forced to fend for themselves, like birds thrust from the parent nest for their own good.

"It's the only way," said John Longhurst aloud; and his wife, who came into the room at that moment, smiled at him and looked surprised.

"What's the only way, my dear?"

He hesitated to answer her.

Standing there in the doorway, in a white dress and a gardening hat, with a rosebud fastened to her breast by the little brooch he had given her when they were married, she looked so placid and contented with life that he shirked telling her his decision that by any means they must get rid of the old house.



Bear Cub, Yosemite National Park

It was useless, anyhow. She failed to understand his anxieties. When he had told her of the financial strain involved in the upkeep of the house she had answered plaintively, "I'm sure I'm most economical, my dear," as though he were accusing her of personal and wanton extravagance. When he had complained bitterly of Cyril's laziness she had pleaded for greater patience with a boy whose nerves had been upset by the war. When he had threatened to expel Edward Jermyn she was shocked at this ingratitude to the man who had saved his life. When he had fretted against Uncle Will's unending visit she had trotted out the old sentimental platitude that blood is thicker than water, and excused her brother for his drunken ribaldry on the score that he was the best-hearted fellow in the world and that one must make allowances for men who have been through the horrors of war.

She had even turned the tables by telling her husband that he was getting morose in advancing years, and that he no longer seemed to enjoy making other people happy.

"I'm afraid the war has spoiled your old idealism, my dear," she had said. "It has made you hard and materialistic."

So now, when she stood there in the doorway of his study, he did not answer her question about the remark he had made aloud.

"Nothing of importance," he said. "What are you all doing today?"

Mrs. Longhurst laughed in a vexed way.

"It seems strange that all of you have forgotten the vicar's garden party. He particularly wants us all to go, including Uncle Will and Mr. Jermyn. There will be dancing on the lawn. I rely on you to join us, my dear."

"No," he answered gruffly. "Nothing will induce me to go to such time-wasting nonsense. Besides, I'm going to be very busy this afternoon."

"Oh, those wretched old figures!" cried Mrs. Longhurst, glancing at the papers on his desk. "How you worry about them!"

"It won't be figures this afternoon," said her husband. "It's something more important even than those."

"The vicar will be extremely hurt if you don't come with us."

"Hang the vicar!" said John sharply.

He didn't answer when his wife protested that his nerves had gone to pieces for some reason or other. He knew that his nerves had gone to pieces and that he was on the edge of a nervous breakdown. He was relieved that she did not use the word "hipped." He was waiting for it. If she had spoken it he would have shouted with rage.

She gave him a reproachful glance and then left the room without another word, while he sat down at his desk again and stifled a groan.

That afternoon he was left alone in the house. Even the dinner-spoiling cook and the two destructive gardeners and the impudent parlor maid had gone round to the vicar's garden to serve in the refreshment tent. Ned Jermyn, under protest, sincere or otherwise, abandoned the program he had mapped out for himself and accompanied Mrs. Longhurst and Barbara, in a beautiful new suit of fawn brown and a Panama hat, looking more elegant even than usual.

"One must do one's duty to society," he said. "Otherwise civilization will disintegrate."

Uncle Will, looking forward to the vicar's claret cup, and a possible whisky, sloped off with Cyril, who protested that he loathed garden parties and detested both the vicar and his wife.

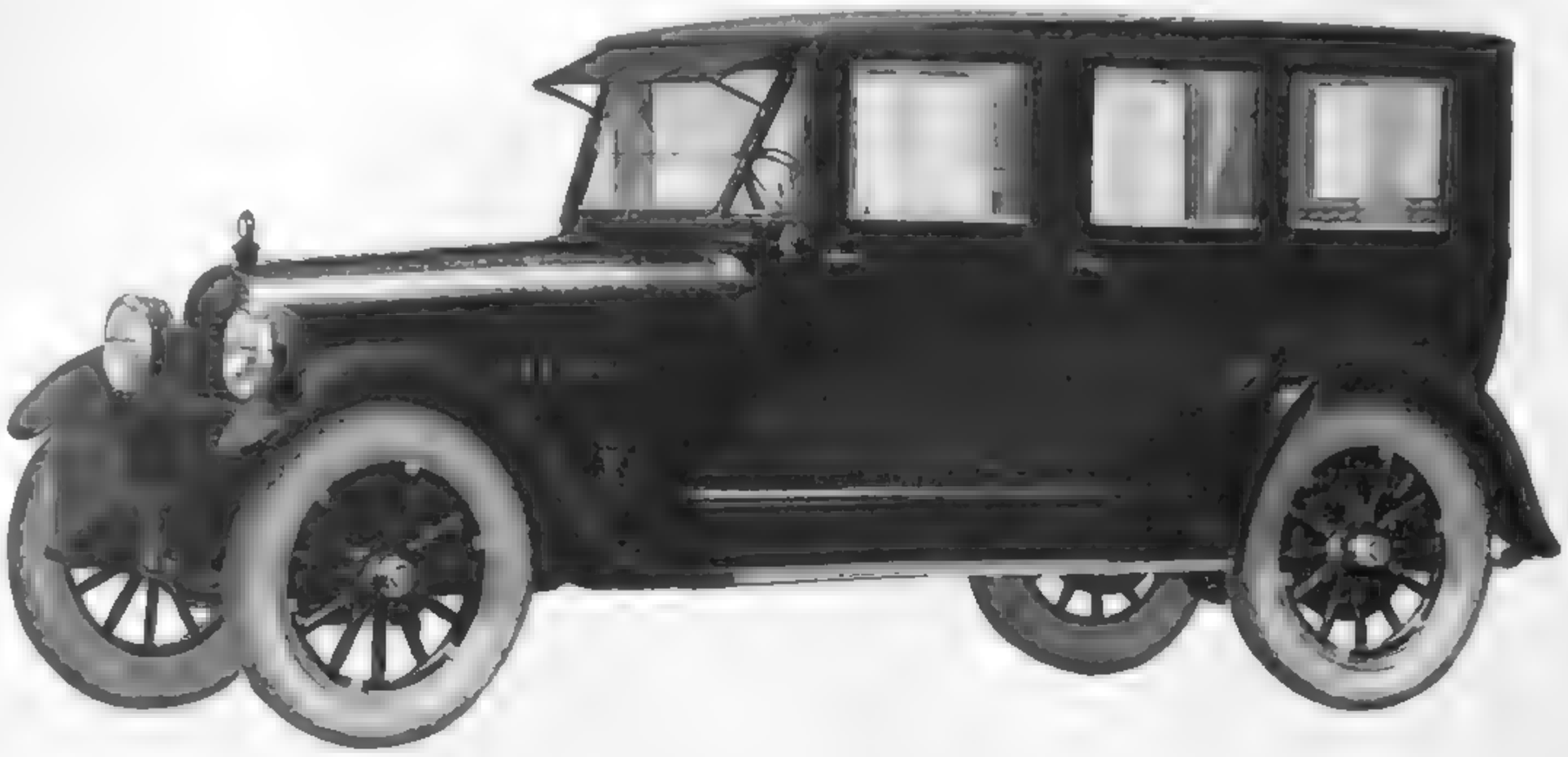
They did not return to Longhurst Hall until eight o'clock, and, apart from Cyril, were in high spirits.

The garden party, according to Mrs. Longhurst, had been most delightful. There had been games and sports, and Uncle Will had won the egg-and-spoon race, the badminton singles, and the cock-fighting match against the vicar, which had provoked roars of laughter.

Edward Jermyn had also been the life and soul of the gathering, and had taught the village girls the one-step and the fox trot, to their intense delight, though Mrs. Arkwright, the vicar's wife, had been rather shocked. He and Barbara had given some demonstration dancing, to the great admiration of all assembled.

"They are so perfectly matched!" was the verdict of Lady Ashstead, as Mrs. Longhurst reported. "They look as though they

(Continued on Page 46)



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SEALRIGHT
Pouring Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

(Continued from Page 44)

were one mind in two bodies—such unison and such harmony!"

Cyril showed his ill-humor at this account by the words "Silly old fathead!" with reference to Lady Ashstead, and he only gave a sulky frown when Barbara and Ned Jermyn laughed at this description of the leading lady in the county.

"It was such a pity you didn't come with us!" said Mrs. Longhurst to her husband. "I can't think what you have been doing all this time alone. It quite spoiled my enjoyment when I thought of you moping here."

"I didn't mope," answered her husband. "I was busy."

He seemed to be busy still, for after dinner he retired again to his study and shut the door. But several times in the course of an hour he opened it again and stood in the passage outside, listening intently. He could hear the noise of laughter and music in the billiard room. Cyril thumped out some ragtime tunes, and later Uncle Will's voice roared out the song of the Long, Long Trail.

Mrs. Longhurst was sitting with them, and stayed up later than usual. John could hear his wife's placid laugh when the billiard-room door was opened now and then.

He shut his own door cautiously and quietly whenever that happened, until, presently, he turned his light out and then stood in the darkness of the passage, listening again, and looking towards the light in the hall beyond.

He did not stir when Barbara came out of the billiard room—at a quarter to ten, as he could tell by the luminous hands of his wrist watch—followed a minute later by Jermyn. They stood a little while below the great stairway, whispering, and John was almost certain, but not quite, that Jermyn bent down and kissed the girl's hands. She gave a little laugh, and slapped him, and then both of them went back to the billiard room, where Cyril was playing a sentimental ballad.

Uncle Will, excited, doubtless, by his success at the vicar's garden party, and stimulated, as usual, by his after-dinner drinks, was in boisterous spirits, and his voice was loudest and his laughter most frequent in that room on the other side of the hall in which John was standing motionless. Presently it was Uncle Will's turn to come out. He stumbled up the oak stairway and seemed to be busy with some metal work on the landing above. John heard him give a loud chuckle, now and then, as though vastly amused. Once he cursed, when something fell with a metallic ring on to the polished boards.

A few minutes later he appeared again, but not in his usual form, shining in the light that came from the electric bulb in the old ironwork lantern at the foot of the stairway. He was clad cap-a-pie in the suit of knight's armor to which it was his habit to address ridiculous remarks when he went to bed in a state of fuddled humor.

He clanked across the hall like Richard Cœur de Lion, flung open the billiard-room door, and gave a great shout of "What ho, varlets! By my halidom, I would fain quaff a goblet of good wine with ye!"

A burst of laughter applauded his appearance. Mrs. Longhurst's laugh rang out shrilly. Barbara gave a loud comical squeal. Edward Jermyn's musical voice was moved to mirth.

It was at that moment that John stepped out of the shadowed doorway of his study, and stood looking anxiously up the oak stairway.

From the left-hand room on the landing, his own bedroom, a thin cloud of brownish smoke crept under the door, and a moment later a little red flame shot out, like a tongue, through one of the panels. It grew longer and licked a piece of tapestry on the landing outside. For a moment it did not seem to like the taste of that tapestry, for it drew back, but then, a second later, darted out again and set light to the ancient and moth-eaten hanging, so that it was suddenly ablaze.

John seemed spellbound by the sight. His face, lit by the electric bulb in the ironwork lantern, was intensely white, except for dark shadows about his eyes. For at least a minute he stood as motionless as when he had been listening in his doorway. Then drawing a quick noisy breath he turned and ran down the passage to the billiard room.

Uncle Will, in his knight's armor, was brandishing a whisky bottle as though it were a club. He had his visor up, and was making heroic postures. Mrs. Longhurst was laughing weakly, and Barbara, Ned Jermyn and Cyril were flinging cushions at the iron-plated figure of Uncle Will.

This scene was a momentary vision when John burst open the door and stood before his family and friend with an ashen face.

"The house is on fire!" he said in a loud, terrible voice.

It was very much on fire by the time they had all made a rush for the hall. The old tapestry on the landing was a spreading flame, and the paneling was disastrously alight. John's bedroom was a furnace from which a fire roared out noisily.

The servants had just become aware of the smell of smoke and the crackle of old wood. The cook came up from the kitchen below stairs screaming the word "Fire!" The parlor maid was shrieking in hysteria; the two gardeners whom John had rescued from a piano organ obeyed Jermyn's order to run quickly to the stable yard for buckets of water.

It was useless to pour buckets of water on a fire that was devouring the heart of an old manor house. In less than twenty minutes there was no question but that of escape.

John led out his wife, trying to comfort her. She was greatly distressed, and wept in a tragic way at the sight of the flames devouring the house she had loved so much. Cyril caught hold of Barbara when she tried to make her way into the morning room to carry off some trinkets, and it almost required force as well as persuasion to rescue her from the heat and fumes.

Both Uncle Will and Ned Jermyn were certainly gallant in their efforts to subdue the flames by organizing a service of water with hand buckets. They were persuaded of its futility by John.

"It's useless! It's useless!" he repeated, sharply. "Nothing will save the old place now!"

He was strangely and heroically calm in the face of this great misfortune.

The villagers came crowding up, with willing hearts and hands for rescue work, but in the end the roof fell in, and when the fire was spent the ramshackle old manor house was a gutted wreck. Only the ground floor was saved. The top part of the house, including all the spare bedrooms, was utterly destroyed.

John Longhurst and his wife are now living in a semi-detached house in West Kensington. Uncle Will has gone back to Canada. Edward Jermyn has departed to paint society beauties in New York, where he is doing very well. Cyril has a job in the ministry of pensions, and has taken a house for Barbara, and the baby, in a suburb of London.

Poor Mrs. Longhurst never ceases to mourn for the beauty of the old house which was hers, but her husband who looks less worried than before, and is much admired in Whitehall for the philosophical way in which he accepted a heavy blow from Fate, tries to console her with the thought that "there are worse misfortunes at sea."

The two gardeners are trying their luck with a piano organ again, and John gives them a generous tip when they come to play beneath his windows.

YO-HO FOR YOLO

(Continued from Page 19)

guy's any good as a grappler unless he weighs around two hundred pounds, and I understand they got eight or ten crackajacks outside of Yussuf, who ain't been thrown yet. I've sent three or four lads down there to take a crack at the game; and the loser's end, which is all they got, ain't to be sneered at."

"When does the train leave?" I asks.

He tells me they is a boat from Manila to Yolo about once a month and they is one due to make the run in three days. Then he gives me a earful about the island. It's got the same kinda people that the Philippines has, Kanakas sort of, and the joint belongs to England, but which don't pay no more attention to it than the Republican Party does to the returns in Texas. The Sultan's the boss and what he says goes. The chances is he don't even know he belongs to England.

"Tell 'em I sent you," says Tanner, "and they'll treat you right. You're bound to get five hundred iron men even if The Eel gets his neck broken, which ain't at all unreasonable to expect; and get them soft-spot ideas outta your head even if it does leave it empty."

III

FOUR days later we is in Yolo. A lot of natives is down at the dock, but they don't pay no attention to us until the captain of the boat, who can shoot their lingo, spills the news that we is wrestlers. After that we is as welcome as a seven in a crap game. The brown babies crowd around us and you can see they is tickled to death.

"They musta heard of me," said The Eel.

"Sure," I comes back. "They get the St. Louis papers here every day."

One of the natives grabs me by the arm and motions me to follow him, which me and McTague does. We walks about a half a mile till we comes to a big house with a roof that looks like it's made of baled hay. It's the royal palace, and they is a couple of guys with spears at the door. The boy with us pulls a flock of words and one of the guards ducks inside.

In a few minutes he's out again with a grin a mile wide and an invitation to come in, which we does.

On the floor is a fat bozo weighing about three hundred pounds with a coupla kids behind him waving a mean fan. They is a skinny guy standing up near him.

"I interpreter," says he. "You wrestler?"

I point to The Eel. The skinny lad says something to the Sultan and I can see that bird ain't happy.

"What does he say?" I asks.

"He say him weak girl. No can wrestle with strong mans."

"What do you mean—weak girl?" I yelps. "This lad is the champion wrestler of the United States. Every morning before breakfast he strangles a couple of elephants for exercise. Bring on some of your talent."

Slim and the Sultan have another parley-vous. Then he says to me: "Him say show him."

They call in one of the guys that's been guarding the door. This boy's got about twenty pounds on The Eel, and McTague's kinda stiff from loafing around, but they ain't nothing to do but perform right there on the dirt floor. McTague is so sore at the weak-girl stuff that he's ready for murder. He flops off his coat and shoes and the mix-up is on.

The native is some husky bird and The Eel ain't taking no chances of getting caught in a squeeze play. He fools around long enough to find out that the bozo ain't hep to the trick stuff, then he gets a hold between the guy's legs and before he knows it the native is standing on his ear. McTague gets in quick with a half Nelson and in no time at all finishes the fall.

You can see from the Sultan's grin that he's tickled with my boy's stuff and the interpreter tells us we're in good. The boss is satisfied that The Eel can wrestle, even if the guy he dumped ain't figured as a Class-A grappler, and is going to let us take on some of the big leaguers.

"For how much?" The Eel wants to know.

"Forget it," I hisses. "I guess you ain't used to talking to no kings. You don't talk about no jack to no kings. Tanner says he's high, loose and liberal. Maybe if he likes you he'll give you half the kingdom and his daughter's hand."

The Sultan says something and the skinny lad takes us out of the palace to a shack a coupla hundred yards away, where we is to hang out. They is a lot of tapa cloths on the floor where we is to flop, and pretty soon a couple of gals come in with a flock of chow. It looks like we is going to eat regular, whatever happens.

We is sitting out in front smoking when one of the biggest guys I ever seen comes by. The baby musta weighed over two hundred pounds and he ain't got nothing in them six feet of his but muscle. When he gets near us he takes a long look at The Eel and busts out laughing.

"Who's your friend?" I asks.

(Continued on Page 48

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Remember the Old Sauerkraut Barrel?

It stood in a dark, cool corner of the cellar, and a delicious and appetizing aroma arose from it as you lifted the cover. Within, steeping in rich brine, was the wholesome and succulent food whose flavor was so satisfying.

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(Continued from Page 46)

"For a dime I'd take a poke at him," says McTague.

"Better make it twenty cents," I suggests. "That bozo looks like he could break you in two with his hands tied behind his back. He must be an alderman or something. Look at them babies kowtowing."

Everybody was getting outta the big feller's way and bowing almost to the ground when he passed. Just then the boy that can talk American breezes by and I flag him.

"Who's the husky bird?" I asks, pointing.

"Yussuf," he comes back. He talks like he's scared.

"The champion wrestler?" I remember Tanner telling me about him.

That's who it is, and we finds out that he's licked all comers and bumped off a coupla guys by cracking their necks. I'm wise to the horse laugh Yussuf slips The Eel. He's been told about the new challenger and after one look at McTague he don't see nothing except a plate of duck soup.

Well, the interpreter dropped by to tell us that we was scheduled for a match the next night at the palace, out in front this time, where the mob can get an eyeful, with one of the first-string grapplers named Ahmed.

The next day The Eel takes a little light exercise and I do what I can to get a line on the bird he's to take on. I finds out that Ahmed is a husky lad about twice as big as McTague but doped as kinda slow for the real fast company. The interpreter, whose name is Abdallah, is sorta friendly and slips me all the feed-box info he's got.

They musta been two thousand guys at the bout that night; some gate but they ain't no gate. Everybody comes in for nothing and sits around the ring, which is right in front of the palace. The Sultan squats in a big chair with a jag of beefy janes that is some of his wifes.

On the square, this baby Ahmed looks like all he's got to do is to fall on The Eel, but McTague don't give him no chance. He just slides in and out of this cuckoo's arms like he was covered with grease. Pretty soon Ahmed gets tired chasing around the ring. The Eel gives me the wink and dives at this bird's feet. Blowie! Ahmed hits the ground with a thud you coulda heard in Manila. Before he knows what's what McTague's got the strangle hold in, and it's curtains. The brown boy's tongue is so far out on the ground you can step on it when The Eel gets up. It takes four huskies to drag Ahmed outta the ring.

The crowd gives The Eel a great hand, only they yell instead of clapping, but the Sultan don't look like he's tickled to death. After a while Abdallah tells me the boss is kinda sore because McTague quit too soon.

"What did he want him to do?" I asks. "Kill the baby?"

"He like hear neck snap," says Abdallah, like he was telling me it might be a nice day tomorrow if it don't rain.

I don't say nothing but I get kinda homesick for Manila.

When I tells The Eel about the talk with the interpreter he yelps: "You tell that gink Half-Dollar"—that's as close as McTague can get to Abdallah—"I ain't doing no murders on credit. Tell him the chief's got to snap in with some jack if he wants to hear some necks snap. Ain't we gonna get nothing for the two rows I has had already?"

In the next coupla weeks The Eel cleans up four more of the island bearcats. They is all big huskies and as strong as bulls, but McTague is too fast and slick for them. He just lets 'em tire themselves out and when he's good and ready he squeezes their Adam's apple or pulls some other trick stunt that sends 'em flopping. At one of the matches I sit next to Yussuf. That baby ain't handing out no more horse laughs and it looks to me like he's getting a little nervous. Abdallah tips me that he ain't wrestled for six months, but lately he's been doing some training in secret.

Well, one day the interpreter comes to tell me that the sultan is going to celebrate his birthday and the big event of the blowout is to be a match between The Eel and Yussuf. Abdallah don't like this baby and hopes he gets his neck cracked.

"What do I get if I win?" asks McTague.

"Your reward will be great," was the answer. "You be everything big on Yolo."

"Yeh," said The Eel, "but how about some iron men?"

"Money," I explains, kinda curious myself.

"You win," comes back Abdallah, "you take." And he beats it.

We're up in the air, but they ain't nothing to do. We figure we'll go through with the main scrap and then go to the bat with the Sultan. The boat's due in about a week and we're keen to hop it with a bale of jack. After all, we figures maybe the chief don't see no sense in giving us no money so long as we can't get away, and they ain't no place to spend it in Yolo.

They is a big barbecue and a lots of dancing and truck to celebrate the Sultan's birthday and about ten o'clock at night the main event is called. When this bozo Yussuf steps up for action I got to admit he's the queen's necklace. I never seen a guy in better condition. He steps around just like a cat and you can see the muscles in his shoulders and arms move easy like silk. The bout ain't on for more 'an a minute when The Eel finds out that Yussuf ain't gonna be no sucker for any of the trick stunts he's been working on the other gazaboes.

They both play it safe and Yussuf don't fall into no trap and wear hisself out chasing McTague around the ring. Of a sudden the native catches The Eel flatfooted, gets his arms around the boy's waist and before you can say nothing, swings him over his head and flops him on the ground. The kid's dazed but has got sense enough to get on his stomach. Yussuf jumps right on him and tugs at his shoulders but The Eel ain't in so much as he looks. He makes believe he ain't got strength enough to fight any more and when the other bird eases up a little McTague squirms out from under and presto change he's on top and Yussuf is below. Pretty soon they is both on their feet again, stalling around for breath.

The Eel looks a little worried. He ain't putting over none of his stunts and he knows that the champ is stronger than him and if the row lasts much longer he'll be about all in and a mark for an easy tumble. They is one trick, a new one in them days, that McTague ain't tried, so, figuring he's forgot about it, I starts yelling:

"Toe, toe, toe!"

They is so much noise that the kid don't get it for a while, but after I shouts it about fifty times and the crowd thinks I've gone cuckoo, The Eel makes me. He uses everything he's got to get Yussuf on the ground where he has been about ten times without no harm, and then connects with the toe hold. You can see the native ain't had it worked on him before because he don't make no try rightaway to break it. By the time he gets hep his leg's about busted and the half Nelson is on the job strong. They ain't nothing to it after that. Yussuf ain't got no more chance of busting loose than I got in a foot race with a rabbit. He screams his head off and is just about to pass out when The Eel suddenly lets loose and turns him on his back. Yussuf is too weak to get up. McTague's about all in, too, and I just about have to carry him to our shack.

I'm rubbing him down with some coconut oil when Abdallah busts in. He don't say nothing but just falls down on his face. He gets up on his knees and hits the ground with his snout again. Three times he pulls this stuff. Then he gets up and hands McTague a heavy gold ring with some marks on it.

"Is this all I get for winning them matches?" barks The Eel.

"You vizier," says Abdallah. "What you call prime minister. Yussuf he go, you take place."

In a little while I get it all straightened out. The Sultan is so cuckoo about wrestlers that the champ has always been the big boy in the kingdom. Yussuf beat the guy that was it before, and now The Eel is the white-haired baby. I get it from Abdallah that the prime minister handles all the jack on the island, collects the taxes and just about runs the dump. It looks like a beautiful chance for one swell quick clean-up, but the stuff don't get through McTague's dome a-tall.

"Congratulations," I says to him. "You're the prime minister of Yolo."

"Can it. Can it," says he. "Me a minister? I ain't been in a church in my life."

IV

ME AND Abdallah works most of the night trying to wise The Eel how in good he is, and by daylight he's willing to take a whirl at the job. We finds out that they is about twenty thousand people on the island and that they is a lotta jack coming in from pearls and from a kinda rope, called sisal hemp. Oncet a month a boat comes and grabs off the loot, leaving behind enough dough to make John D.'s mouth water.

The Sultan is a lazy purp and don't pay no attention to no business, passing the buck to the prime minister.

"What do I do?" McTague keeps asking.

"What you been doing all your life," I tells him—"nothing. I ain't managed no prime ministers before but I got a idear I was cut out to be a powers behind the throne, a kinda Mark Hanna to the mark on the job. You just look wise and make a cross on the dotted lines when I tells you."

About noon Abdallah comes and gets us and leads us over to a big shack near the Sultan's, which is the hangout of the prime minister. The whole joint is wise to the change that has been made and the gang puts on the low and humble for The Eel just like they done for Yussuf, who ain't around no place.

Our new home is all dolled up like the chief's and they is about fifty brown skirts squatting around the floor when we breezes in. They do the face flop when they pipes McTague.

"What's them?" I asks Abdallah. "The stenogs?"

"Yussuf's wifes," says he. "Now him's wifes," pointing to The Eel.

"Mine?" gasps McTague.

"Sure," I grins. "They goes with the job."

"Goes is right," barks The Eel. "Get 'em outta here."

"No can do," comes back Abdallah. "They Sultan's daughters, most."

I changes the subject.

"Where's the cush?" I asks. "The treasury?"

Abdallah takes us over to a corner where they is a box all covered with iron bands. Then he takes a key from his rags and slips it to The Eel. We don't waste no time opening it, and what I sees nearly knocks me cuckoo.

The thing is full of jack and they is also a mess of pearls. McTague takes a quick dive and grabs a handful of bills, but I catches him by the arm.

"Cut it out, you piker!" I hisses. "That's a hell of a way for a prime minister to act."

"But it's dough," comes back The Eel; "regular dough."

"Ferget it, you nut!" I yelps. "You're one of them bozos that break a date to rob a bank to pick up a dime."

Abdallah has walked away and don't hear none of this chatter. I calls him over.

"Say, kid," says I, "you stick close to us and keep us wised up to what's what. My friend here ain't used to being no prime minister."

The boy gets me and gives me the office that he is for us.

"When you want Yussuf kill?" he asks The Eel.

"When do I want what?" comes back McTague.

"New minister," explains our friend, "always kill old minister. Must do."

"Where is he now?" I asks.

Abdallah tells us the baby's locked up, and thinks we're crazy not to have him bumped off because maybe he pulls a revolution, which is a kinda regular amusement on Yolo. But me and The Eel ain't feeling like murdering nobody that day, so we stalls and tells Abdallah we'll let him know later but not to let the lad loose. He goes away kinda disgusted.

We don't do nothing the rest of the day but loaf and kid the chickens, but the next morning things begin stirring. The boat from Manila comes in and we got a great mess of sisal and other stuff to trade in for the do-re-mi. The Eel ain't got no imagination a-tall and is for glomming what dough they is laying around and beating it back to the United States, but I finally talks it outta him and show him that by sticking around a few months we can make a whale of a clean-up. Our job's good anyways till some lad shows up that can throw The Eel on his ear, and we ain't worried none about that.

Abdallah looks after the business dealings with the folks on the boat and we're sitting around the shack figuring on going down to the dock later when it ain't so hot, when one of our fancy door keeps comes in and slips us the sign language that they is a white man outside wanting to crash the gate.

(Continued on Page 51)

For this charming breakfast room the decorator chose a rug of KLEARFLAX

"CHEER, serenity, simplicity – these are the qualities one's surroundings should reflect in preparation for the day's work," says Agnes Foster Wright, well known interior decorator of New York.

And so Mrs. Wright chose, for the charming breakfast room shown, a rug of Klearflax.

Why a Klearflax rug? For its bright beauty of color, its interestingly simple texture, its capacity to harmonize—the very things that make Klearflax so widely used not only in homes but in fine offices and public buildings.

Perhaps you know that Klearflax rugs and carpeting are made entirely of linen. And do you realize exactly what that means in a rug?

First of all it means the lovely colors you see in linen frocks. For linen has an affinity for color greater than that of any other fabric. So in Klearflax linen rugs you get the beautiful solid colors of sand, chestnut, green, blues, gray, mole, rose, taupe, mulberry and beige. If you prefer a variation, you may choose it with a border which gives a charming effect.

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These same tough outer fibres give Klearflax a very thick, heavy body that lies flat on the floor and wears indefinitely. You can clean it so easily, for, being linen, it is mothproof and does not readily absorb dirt; you can redye it and rebind it and have a perennially new rug that daily grows more beautiful and seems never to wear out.

Klearflax is very moderately priced; a 9 x 12 rug is $45; other sizes priced accordingly—somewhat higher in the far West and Canada. The all-over carpeting is also very popular, at $3.75 a square yard.

The Klearflax trade-mark or label on every rug is your guarantee of genuine Klearflax, pure linen, both warp and woof, and protects you against cheaper imitations. You will find Klearflax at one of the better stores near you. If you do not know which one, write us.

Send for booklet showing complete size and color range of Klearflax rugs and carpeting and giving interesting information on home decoration. The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc., Duluth, Minnesota; New York, Textile Bldg., 295 Fifth Ave.; Chicago, Lytton Bldg., 14 E. Jackson Blvd.; Boston, 1058 Little Bldg.

Klearflax

LINEN RUGS & CARPETING

from The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc.

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

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PISTON RINGS
PISTONS
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All that your motor may need to restore its power and economy is the installation of McQuay-Norris Piston Rings. A combination of ~~Leak~~Proof Rings, for compression, and ~~Super~~oyl Rings, to control oil, is your best investment, although McQuay-Norris makes a ring for every price and purpose, all made of Electric Iron.

If, however, the motor's cylinders are so badly worn that they need reboring or regrinding, you will need new pistons and pins as well as new rings. It is surprising how much added car life such refitting will give you.

Don't sacrifice your car without first consulting your repairman. If he hasn't McQuay-Norris Piston Rings, Pistons and Pins in his shop, he can promptly obtain any standard size or over-size from a nearby jobber or a McQuay-Norris Service Stock.

Write our Department "B" for free booklet, "To Have and to Hold Power," which explains this subject more fully.

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McQuay-Norris *Wainwright* Pistons and Pins—gray iron pistons as light in weight as safety permits—specially designed for replacements—available in standard sizes and over-sizes—also in semi-finished form .75 thousandths over size—pins of special hardened steel, ground to exceptional accuracy.

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And Snap Rings of the highest grade

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(Continued from Page 48)

"For Pete's sake," I says to McTague, "put on them shoes and try to act like a prime minister instead of a beach bum."

In a few minutes I tells the guard to let the guy outside in and he does. The bird's an Englishman and just come in from Manila. He starts his little spiel right off, after telling us he's looking for the prime minister and me pointing to The Eel.

"I represent his majesty's government," he begins.

"What? Who?" butts in McTague.

The nut don't know nothing about history, but he's heard somewheres that an Irishman shouldn't be nice to no Britisher, so he gives him the razz. The Englishman gets kinda riled, but puts over the info that he has come to Yolo to take over the government for George.

"Where do you get that stuff?" bawls The Eel. "I don't care about no agreement. If they was one it's busted. Get out!"

I try to tip The Eel that ain't no way for no prime minister to talk to a guy that's in politics, but McTague just snaps and barks and pulls his best barroom stuff on this bird.

"This is rebellion," says the Englishman.

"No, it ain't," comes back The Eel. "This is Yolo, and no Britisher can stick around here after sundown; so get yourself out of here while you and your feet is working together."

"You will talk different," says the Britisher, "when a gunboat ——"

"Out!" cuts in The Eel. "And if you ain't on that boat when she beats it tonight I'll cut your head off and throw it in your face."

The Englishman gets ready to say something, changes his mind and leaves.

"You're starting off good," I says to McTague. "The first day on the job and you declares war against England."

"Let 'em try something," comes back The Eel, "and we'll knock their blocks off. You remember that cockney I threw in ——"

"Yeh," I cuts in, "but they ain't gonna send no wrestler to handle the war for them."

You'd imagine that that was enough excitement for one day, but, boy, that ain't a marker to what happens that night. We'd been down to see the boat sail and was back in the shack sopping up a few drinks when all of a sudden they is a racket outside. It's so dark I can't see nothing from the door, but pretty soon I see a guy running toward us. It's Abdallah, and he busts into the place all outta breath.

"What's up?" I asks.

"Revolution," says he, and he's scared to death.

"Yussuf?" I wants to know.

He says no, and then spills the works. The king's brother, who was thrown outta his job a couple of years before, is back. He come in on the boat that morning and hid out until it left, so the folks on it couldn't interfere with his party. The crowd's with him, being sore on the taxes the Sultan's been handing out. All the time Abdallah is talking the noise is getting nearer.

"How is this lad on wrestlers?" I asks him. "Does he like 'em?"

"Him great wrestler himself," says Abdallah.

That makes me feel better and I don't think no more about beating it. Just then the door slams open and in busts a mob with a big guy in the lead. I take one look and nearly faints.

It's Abdul, the bozo we double-crossed in St. Louis!

▼

FOR a minute the Turk is just as surprised as we is; then he slips us the kinda grin that makes you think of sudden death. He makes a motion to some of the babies that is in his gang and they grab me and The Eel and takes us outta the house to the shack where we was when we first comes to the island. They dumps us on the floor, ties our hands behind our backs and beats it, except one guy with a curved knife that sticks around.

I figure it's curtains for us, but they don't do nothing to us that night. Me and The Eel ain't got many words.

"I told you in St. Louis," I says, "about that double-cross of yours. You know what it used to say in the schoolbooks—throw rocks on the water and they'll come back sooner or later and bean you."

"How do we get outta this?" asks McTague.

"The same way you got that jack in St. Louis," I comes back. "We don't."

"Ain't they no British consul or nothing we can make a yell to?"

"How do you get that way?" I says. "Ain't you just declared war on England?"

The next morning they bring us some grub and untie our hands while we eat, and I feel a lot better. It begins to look like Abdul ain't gonna bump us off. A couple days go by and we don't see nobody except the bozos watching us and the gals that fetch the chow. Finally Abdul comes to see us.

His American is pretty good by this time and he's cooled down a lot. He don't talk none of murder, but makes a proposition. This is it: He don't figure he's as strong with the natives as he wants to be. He's got his brother locked up, but they is lots of guys that ain't sold on the new Sultan yet, and he dopes it that he can get in good forever if he pulls a wrestling match with The Eel and trims him. If that stunt don't make 'em love him it will anyway throw the fear of God in the natives.

His line of talk reminds me of the old frame-up days. The Eel's to let Abdul win after a terrible tussle, and for that we can take the next boat to Manila. He ain't taking any more chances on a double-cross and says at the first sign of one a couple of pals of his will stick their carvers into both of us. We agrees to go through the act and Abdul turns us loose, which don't mean an awful lot, they being no way to get off the island.

"For Pete's sake," I says to The Eel, "go through with this thing on the square. Don't forget your lines and try to kill this bozo."

"He'd be a mark," comes back McTague. "Ain't they some way we can get some jack outta this?"

"You're damn lucky," I says, "to get your head outta this. No fooling now."

"Suppose," thinks up The Eel, "that I let Abdul get a hold of me and he don't let go? Maybe he likes to hear necks snap too."

"You can take care of that," says I. "I'll be right back of you."

"How far?" he wants to know.

Well, we figures we got to take a chance, and three days later the match is staged. Abdul is hog fat, but he ain't lost all his stuff, and makes his work look pretty anyway. He and The Eel tussles around for about a half a hour and then McTague is flopped on his back. The Turk jumps on him and I don't like the expression on his face. The Eel was right. Abdul's got it framed to strangle the baby or break his neck. He gets the choke hold on The Eel, and I can see his face getting purple.

I don't know what to do. I get a crazy idea and yells, "Jigger! The cops! The cops!"

Abdul's been long enough in America for that to get a quick rise outta him. His fingers get away from The Eel's throat and in a wink the boy's out from under. He gets to his feet, raging mad, tears into the Turk and sends him to the floor. Well, in a minute there's the half Nelson and the toe hold. McTague gets one of his knees inside of one of Abdul's and pulls back his leg until it snaps.

A couple of birds with knifes make a rush for The Eel, but I ain't asleep. I drops down and they both flop over me. I gets up, grabs McTague by the arm and push through the mob. Abdul ain't got so many friends just then, and nobody tries to stop us for a while, but after we gets a couple of hundred yards away I see a bunch busting loose from the crowd and coming after us hotfoot.

Without knowing much what we is doing we runs toward the beach and, blooie, we bump right into a bunch of marines. They is a gunboat at the dock, a Britisher. A feller starts talking to us and for a minute I don't make out who it is. Then I sees it's the guy The Eel give the razz to.

"Ah," says the Englishman. "The prime minister."

"We resigns," I yelps, "and you can have the damn island for a one-way trip to Manila."

"I noticed you resigning," grins this bird, waving his hand at the gang that's been chasing us, but which ain't now.

And that's that. In a week we're back in Manila and drops in to see Tanner.

"Well, boys," says he, setting 'em up, "have any luck?"

"We're here, ain't we?" comes back The Eel. "Ain't that enough?"

"Considerable more than," I adds.

Good things for desserts

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Heinz Fig Pudding is a treat. An unusually good treat. Measures right up to holiday dinners. It is good to eat—and as good for the children as for grown-ups. It is light and wholesome. It is easy to digest. Serve it often. Serve it with the especially recommended sauce, recipe for which is on every can.

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This booklet shows why Hoffman "Controlled Heat" is such a remarkable advance in home heating.

HOFFMAN EQUIPMENT
~for Vapor heat control

THE CONCIERGE AND THE KING

(Continued from Page 9)

It's the truth. And all my stuff's featured they just cry for it."

Monsieur Fanfaron, who hadn't the remotest idea what he was talking about, nodded intelligently.

"The cinema—yes," he murmured vaguely.

"Sure—movies! That's me. I've made action pictures and stills and close-ups of everybody in the world who's ever shoved his head above the tall grass, buddy. Say, listen—did you see my latest fillum—of Jimmy Cox?"

Determined not to disappoint him, Monsieur Fanfaron withheld reply, but his manner said plainly, "Sure, I've seen it."

"Well, you know what I can do then. Mr. Cox breakfasting with Lloyd George James M. Cox and Colonel House conferring with British financiers—James M. Cox and Colonel House talking to newspapermen. Titled it Innocents Abroad, see? Maybe that wouldn't get a laugh, hey, kiddo? Say, it went big, that fillum."

"But, M'sieu—M'sieu"—here the concierge consulted his book—"ah, yes, of course—M'sieu Mactaveesh, what do you wish that I should do?"

"Do? All you got to do is tell the kink I'm here, buddy. Mac Mactavish. He'll know me. And listen—just whisper in his ear that it won't do him any harm in America neither, these pictures; *comprenez?* They'll help him a whole lot, and he sure needs help, I'll tell the world."

Monsieur Fanfaron was about to ask for further particulars when a guest interrupted. The guest was in an ill humor. In a rasping voice and through her teeth she wanted to know what the concierge meant by telling her the 2:10 boat stopped at Wienerhof. It didn't, and she had been wandering round the lake all afternoon, touching at points she did not want to go near at all. What did he mean by it, hey?

"Ah-h-h!" exclaimed Monsieur Fanfaron, as though a light had broken in on him, and he seized a time-table. "Of course the boat stops at Wienerhof, madame!" he declared, his finger moving swiftly along the columns of figures. "See, here it is. The 2:40—Wienerhof."

"But you told me the 2:10!"

"No, madame," said Fanfaron, indulgently but firmly. "The 2:40, madame."

The lady was convinced he was lying, but nobody ever cornered Fanfaron.

Between then and nine o'clock, the hour at which the concierge knocked off, it was just one miserable annoyance after another. The *valets de chambre* sent a delegation to him to protest against the new ruling of the management that they should supply the polish for the guests' shoes; five famished fishermen came raving to his desk to ascertain why he had said there were lunches for all in the basket when the package contained nothing but some medicine. Monsieur Fanfaron shrugged his shoulders helplessly. *Diable*, here was justice for you—blaming him for the head waiter's mistake!

"Why, there's the lunch now!" bellowed one of the fishermen, pointing to a large package on the concierge's desk. "It isn't the waiter's mistake. You put this stuff from the pharmacy in the basket, instead of the food. Bah!"

And then a couple returned from motoring, both shivering from the keen night wind and loudly denouncing the concierge for having failed to place a rug in the car. What was he there for anyhow? And why hadn't he told them, after they consented to be robbed fifty dollars a day for the car, that it would cost them another three dollars to drive around the block on arrival home, in order to buy a cigar that would draw?

That was always the way—a concierge got blamed for everything! He smiled, he rubbed his hands, he looked hurt, sorrowful, reproachful; he was dignified, haughty, coldly silent under reproofs which admitted of no answer. But angry? Never! The arrival of the night boy at nine o'clock was as a rope to a drowning man.

"Ah, I will leave these *misérables* to you, *mon enfant!*" he cried, giving Gaspard a pat on the shoulder. The night boy did not respond to his generous advance. He, too, was sulky.

"Ah-h-h, that wretched *pourboire!*" muttered Fanfaron, for Gaspard had as much as accused the concierge of holding out five francs on him which had been left by a departing guest with the stipulation that it should go to the night boy for services rendered.

Monsieur Fanfaron changed his coat, took his hat and stick, and departed for the Club Helvetia. Madame Fanfaron was in Lausanne, visiting her mother; he hoped she would enjoy her stay and prolong it, because he dearly loved a quiet little game of *manille* at the club. On his way he dropped in at a couple of stores; at one he bought several long, thin, crooked cigars

"*Hé*, I don't know what the world is coming to!" he exclaimed, with precisely the same manner as an American who wants to show off complains about the income tax. "Only a little while ago and they were a sou. Now three sous. How is a poor man to live, madame?"

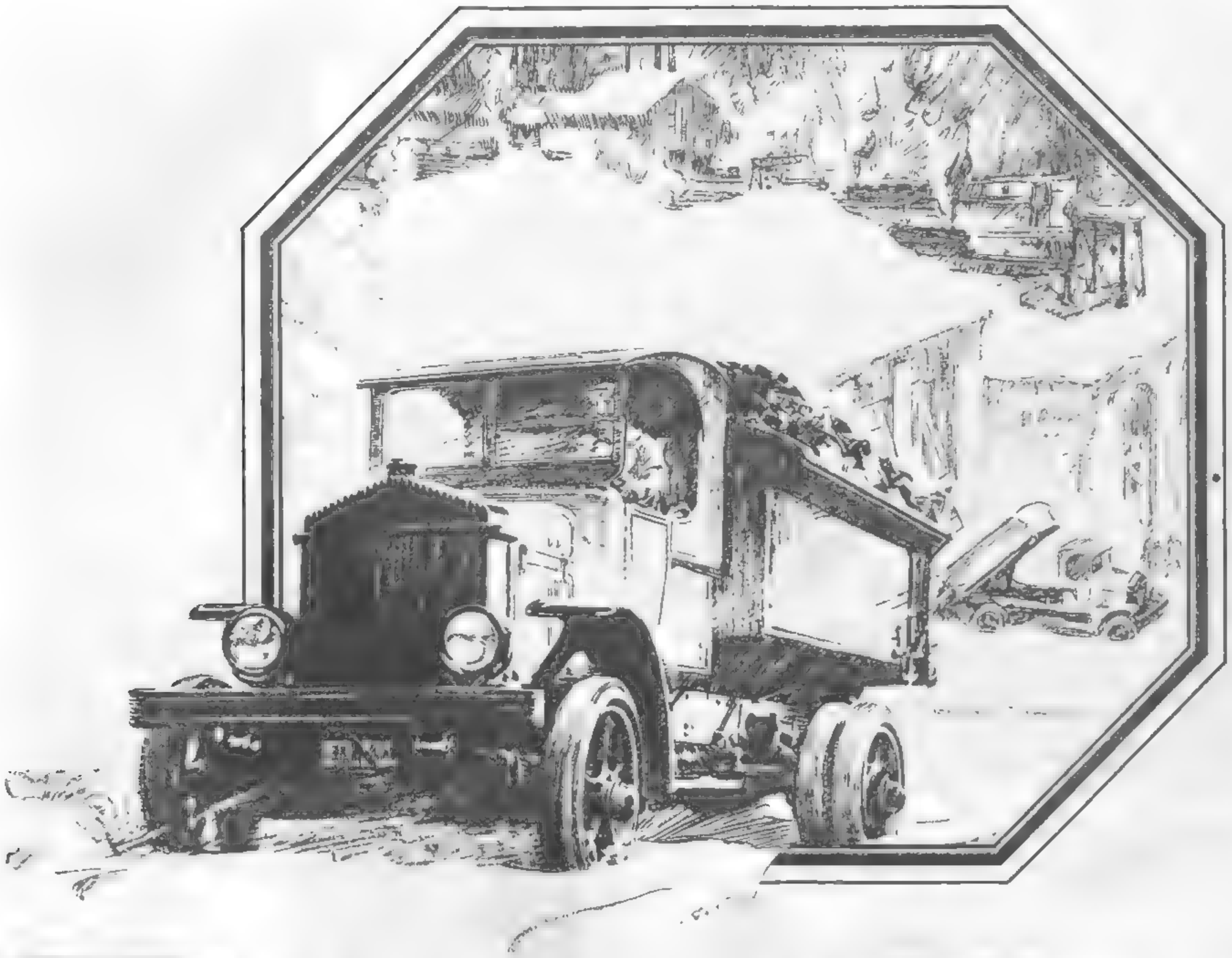
"As if one sou or twenty made any difference to Monsieur Fanfaron!" retorted madame in the voice of flattery.

And in the next place, where he paused to collect his percentage on a sale to one of the hotel guests, the concierge was received with equal distinction, a similar anxiety to please. Plainly Monsieur Fanfaron was a person of importance in the town. And why not? Couldn't he throw tourist trade where he chose? And in the great Imperial Splendide Hotel, he was next only to the manager! Certes, it is easy enough to understand why acquaintances he passed were eager to doff their hats to him.

"And how are the kings and emperors this evening, Marc-Aurèle?" inquired

(Continued on Page 54

Chimney Rock Mountain Near Hendersonville, North Carolina



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THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Buffalo, New York

(Continued from Page 52)

Bonnat, of the Eden-Palace, as they sat comfortably at cards with a bottle of wine between them. Always that same form of query, with just a touch of malice in it. There were no kings or emperors at the Eden-Palace, you understand; no, their clientele consisted of guests who lived *en pension* and haggled over two francs. Realizing that it would be beyond human nature not to envy him, Fanfaron invariably overlooked this spite.

"Alexis," he said, "he worries and telegraphs. He telegraphs and worries. In my opinion nothing will come of that, and the company may whistle for its money."

"How much? What is his bill now, Fanfaron?"

The concierge humped his shoulders and replied carelessly, "Oh, a hundred thousand francs—perhaps a hundred and twenty thousand."

"But you said seventy thousand last night, Fanfaron."

"Ah, but I did not include the money advanced to him, Bonnat."

You should have heard the "Ah's!" and the sucking in of breath as they repeated these figures, rolling them lovingly on the tongue.

"And what are the others doing, Fanfaron?"

"Well, the archduke, now, he is not bothering his head further with affairs of state."

It was like Monsieur Fanfaron to stop there. He went calmly ahead with his card game.

"*Parbleu!*" exclaimed his friend Stauffacher. "What does the young man concern himself with, then?"

"He has an affair," answered Fanfaron, and again paused.

He got the effect he had been waiting for; they pulled their chairs closer. And Monsieur Fanfaron proceeded to relate the full story of the incident he had witnessed in the royal suite, but instead of telling the truth—instead of naming King Alexis—he saddled the business on the exiled archduke. Doubtless the tale would have possessed a trifle more zest had it concerned Alexis, for he was of a ripe age, but a certain discretion prompted the concierge to camouflage.

Bonnat listened attentively, licking his lips. "*Sacré nom!*" he muttered. "It is something to be a royalty, *hein?*"

"And what about the alliance between Alexis and Germany, Fanfaron?" Stauffacher put in.

The concierge pursed his lips and looked wiser than a treeful of owls. He didn't know what Stauffacher was talking about, but seeing him so mysterious, his companions winked knowingly and said in asides, "Ah, he has something up his sleeve, the fox."

At last, "That will appear in good time," said Monsieur Fanfaron, and they all felt important. He determined to look up in the newspapers this alliance they mentioned, first thing in the morning.

Monsieur Mactaveesh was down bright and early next day.

"Well, old kid, how does she go?" he asked cheerily.

"She goes excellently, m'sieu."

"Have you seen kingy?"

"I have not had the opportunity, sir." The concierge looked hurt at this display of haste. "A day or two, perhaps—what does it matter?"

"A day or two? Holy mackerel, man, don't time mean nothing to you people? Why, the whole bunch'll be down on me any minute. Those guys go without sleep just to keep tabs on me, see? And how can I get a beat with all of 'em gumshoeing round everywhere I move?"

"It can be arranged," Fanfaron assured him.

"Now you're talking, kiddo. You go right up and tell his nibs I'm here. Say, listen—put up a bluff, see? Tell him you think I'm representing President Harding or the League of Nations or somebody, hey? That ought to go big. Put up a bluff."

The word seemed to fall pleasingly on the concierge's ear. "Bluff," he repeated, caressing it. "Bluff. Very well, m'sieu, I will try."

"Sure. And don't forget those two hundred million a week, neither. That'll send his temperature up. I've caught a lot of big Its that way."

Monsieur Fanfaron's confident manner having convinced the movie expert that the business was as good as settled, he departed with tranquil mind, leaving the concierge to puzzle over what he should do now. He had not the slightest notion of making any such request of his majesty, well persuaded it would be received with anger and a sharp reprimand, but the Monsieur Mactaveesh had promised five hundred francs, and he was determined to get them by a show of some sort.

Late that afternoon while going along the corridor on the floor on which the royal exiles had their suite, Monsieur Fanfaron was startled by a loud commotion, voices raised in angry quarrel, a scream, an oath. He rushed toward the service room.

"Now, Mathilde! Now, Armand! *Coquin*, at it again!" he boomed. "How often must I tell you we cannot have this wrangling? Shame on you! Only the riffraff fights."

But to his amazement the couple were placidly rolling up some bed linen.

"But we do not fight, m'sieu," replied the valet. "Mathilde, she is in a good humor today."

Just then the row broke out again with redoubled violence. Monsieur Fanfaron dashed toward the sounds, and suddenly the door of the royal salon burst open and the Countess Stolcesco ran out and down the hall. She was so upset that she did not see the concierge, although she passed within a foot of him.

The outcry continuing, Monsieur Fanfaron did not hesitate. Something dreadful must have happened—perhaps his majesty had been assassinated! He threw open the door of the salon and rushed in.

The king sat on a divan, relaxed against the cushions, with one hand pressed against his neck. In the center of the room towered the queen, her thin bony frame shaking as with ague; she held a handkerchief to her mouth as though to choke back her rage and tears. And at her feet lay a pair of scissors, stained with blood.

Monsieur Fanfaron may not have been notably quick on the uptake in matters foreign to his training, but here was one whose solution ran with his experience and mental processes, and he grasped the situation in a flash.

"Ah-h-h, these rugs!" he cried, giving a furious kick to the one in front of the divan. "They slip and slip. I have told them again and again, your majesty."

The king, trying to stanch the bleeding, did not answer. Her majesty continued to tremble, staring at her work now with a certain horror. The concierge picked up the scissors without being noticed and stuck them in his pocket.

"I will go for a doctor," he said, and hurried away.

As Mactavish was going in to dinner, he stopped at the concierge's desk and demanded, "How about it, old dear? Landed him yet?"

"Quite impossible, m'sieu. His majesty is seeck."

The movie man stiffened like a bird dog at point. With the marvelous intuition of his kind, the whole range of possibilities opened before his imagination in one burst.

"Sick? Oh, boy! Made to order, buddy, made to order! Think how that'll pack 'em in—King Alexis dying of sorrow, separated from his beloved people. Attended by his queen—that stuff always goes big who never leaves his side except to sleep. We'll make him up to look pale and worn away, see, and there'll be a picture, opposite his bed, of some place in the dear homeland—somethin' everybody'll recognize right off, hey?—and he can look at that with a sad, patient smile. Say, listen, kiddo—with the orchestra playing Where Is My Wandering Boy?—that'll wring their hearts. Oh, maybe we won't put over a beat, me and you! Oh, no!"

Fanfaron did not follow all the turns of his inspiration, but he nodded intelligently. The prospect of obtaining what Monsieur Mactaveesh wanted did not appear so remote now, for he felt that the day's events had given him a toe hold. In common gratitude for the tact with which he had covered up discovery of the royal row neither of the couple could refuse him so small a favor.

"Say," continued Mactavish, troubled by a thought, "is the old bird very sick?"

The concierge humped his shoulders. Nothing—a trifle—his majesty had a sore throat and a slight temperature, but he would be about as usual in a couple of days.

"Well, go after him then. Put up a bluff like we are doing it for his own interests, see? Good propaganda to start sympathy for him, and all that bunk. He needs the help of America, don't he? Well! And he's been workin' himself bald-headed to get England to back him. Just tell him this fillum will be shown in America, England, his own country—everywhere. And he'll fall—you see if he don't."

An opportunity presented itself to Monsieur Fanfaron next morning when a code telegram arrived for the king. How did he know it was in code? Ah, now we are growing inquisitive! He carried the telegram upstairs, where the secretary received him in the salon. Gregory would have taken it from him for delivery, but Monsieur Fanfaron said he must see the king personally—said it so firmly and with such dignity that the secretary weakened, not being altogether sure what his majesty's orders were in this respect.

The concierge entered the room on tiptoe and approached the bedside with profound respect an access of respect, in fact, calculated to offset any uneasiness his majesty might feel over Fanfaron's knowledge of the royal spat. He handed the king the telegram on a silver plate, and as Alexis hesitated to open it he broached the subject of the film.

An American gentleman of vast wealth and high position and influence in his own country had come expressly to photograph his majesty. It appeared that the former subjects of King Alexis resident in the United States were in sympathy with him to a man; they clamored to restore him, they had brought pressure to bear on the rulers at Washington, who were not anxious for an excuse to espouse his cause. Therefore this gentleman had arrived. Also, the pictures would be shown in England and France and his majesty's own country, and undoubtedly create a proper understanding of the unjust and lamentable manner in which he had been used. The cinema—yes that was it. And Monsieur Mactaveesh represented two hundred million people—everything he did was big *mais oui*, he knocked them steef, for he had told Monsieur Fanfaron so.

At first bored and reluctant, Alexis soon grew interested. It might be after all that there

(Continued on Page 58

Monsieur Fanfaron Turned Dizzy. Diable! Another Failure! By Some Accursed Mischance He Had Inserted the Wrong Package

Valspar Tests Convert the Skeptics in India!

The famous Valspar boiling water test

WHEN Valspar was introduced into India, frank skepticism greeted the statement that nothing would turn Valspar Varnish white—that it would withstand, in hot, humid India, all the well-known Valspar tests.

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Every day during the show, from eleven in the morning until eleven at night, four pieces of ice lay melting on the table. Close by was a kettle of boiling water. Visitors were privileged *themselves* to pour the boiling water on the Valsparred table top. After scores of these tests the Valspar was absolutely unharmed.

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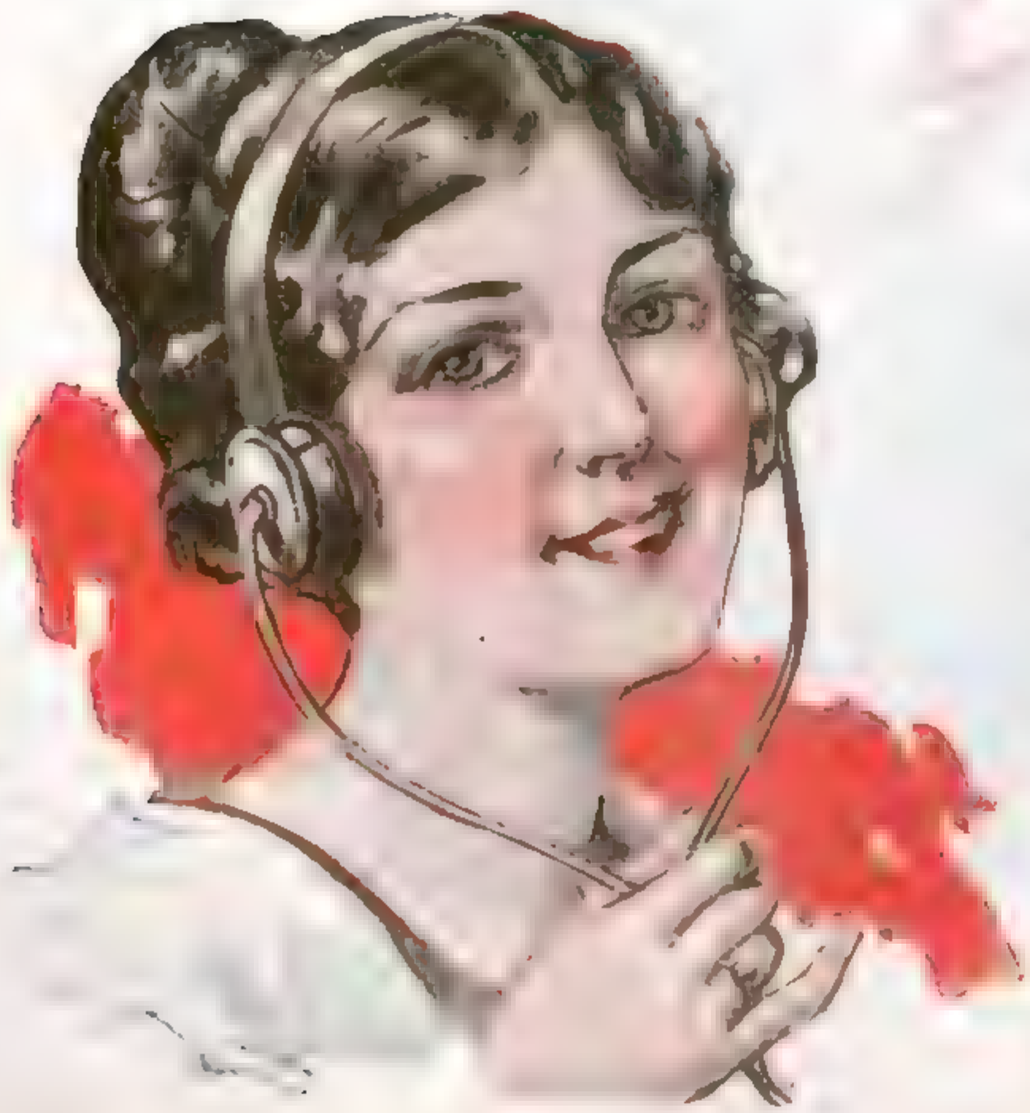

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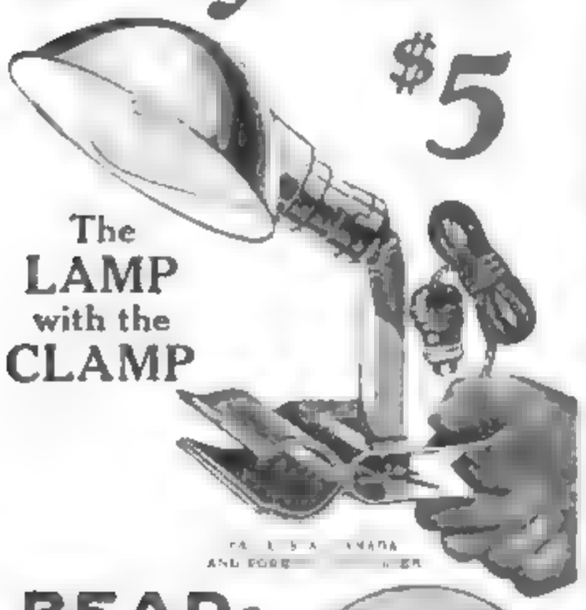

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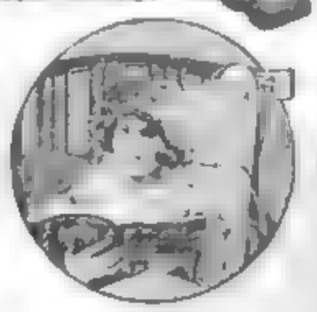

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TRADE FARBERWARE BROOKLYN MARK

(Continued from Page 54)

was something in what the fellow said; propaganda was not to be despised. Moreover, he had written twice to Lloyd George asking for an interview, and the British Prime Minister had not even replied. Also, his neck hurt him and he had lost his best girl. Kings have their troubles as well as lesser men. His majesty began to soften; presently he was clutching at the suggestion as a forlorn hope.

"But I am ill."

"The very thing, your majesty! It is, indeed, most fortunate. Monsieur Mactaveesh has the intention to take photographs of your majesty in bed, wasted and worn because you have sorrowed so much for your country and your so deceived people."

"But it is only a sore throat, *monsieur le concierge*."

Fanfaron's smile of pity effectually disposed of this objection. "We will make the bluff, your majesty. That is everything. To make the bluff is to succeed."

"Very well. You may tell him he can come tomorrow."

Monsieur Fanfaron bowed low, but did not depart.

"Well, what is it now?"

"There was one other matter," replied the concierge uneasily.

"Out with it, man."

"Monsieur Mactaveesh wished that her majesty should be at the bedside. He was of opinion that her attendance on his majesty in his illness would go big."

Alexis favored him with a sharp glance. "Well, why not?" he said. "I agree with him. Her majesty will be at my bedside." He added with a wry smile, gazing steadily at Monsieur Fanfaron—"Affairs of state, you understand, *monsieur le concierge*."

It was glad tidings that Fanfaron bore to his ally and as soon as he went off duty he and Mactavish hied them to a café, where the movie man ordered a bottle of extra dry.

"And now, Mac"—they were no longer on the footing of guest and concierge—"and now, Mac, let us be frank. We are friends and partners, *hein?*"

"Sure we are. We're pals, me and you, kiddo. What you got to say? Shoot."

"Well, I will tell you—frankly—man to man. I had great difficulty with his majesty, Mac. He would not hear of the proposal at all, you understand. I begged, I pleaded. Finally I threatened."

"Threatened?" exclaimed the other, his mouth open. "How do you get away with that stuff with a king?"

Monsieur Fanfaron placed a forefinger against the side of his nose and winked. "I know what I know," he said darkly.

"Well?" Mac was growing uneasy, sensing the concierge's objective.

"Yes. All entreaties were of no avail. So I told Alexis—gently, you understand, and with due respect—I told him firmly that he must pose to oblige my friend Mactaveesh. *Eh, bien!* He saw the point. Tomorrow afternoon, Mac, at three o'clock, if ——" He paused significantly, drumming on the table with his short fat fingers.

"Yeh?" said Mac, gulping. "What's the hitch?"

"It will take a thousand francs, Mac. Five hundred are not enough."

"You agreed to it."

"But there is the secretary to take care of," Monsieur Fanfaron pointed out.

"All right," assented the camera man, but he drank his wine thoughtfully, and gayety fled that table.

The early train next day brought quite an influx of guests, among them an English gentleman, accompanied by a secretary and valet. He registered as Joseph Farnsworth. Shortly after they were settled in their rooms Mr. Farnsworth's valet descended and inquired of the concierge where he could buy some linen for his master.

"Linen?" exclaimed Monsieur Fanfaron eagerly. "What sort?"

The valet replied that he needed a shirt for dinner that night, because a bottle had broken in his bag and spilled all over everything.

"Is the gentleman large or of middle size?"

"Well, 'e's got a big neck if that's wot you mean," said the valet, and Monsieur Fanfaron abandoned hope of a straight sale.

"Tell me the size and I will order it for you," he volunteered. "You might have difficulty making yourself understood at the store."

As Mr. Farnsworth had neglected to give him the money for the purchase, which oversight would result in the valet's having to advance it out of his own pocket until the end of the month, this proposal was agreeable. The shirts were sent to the concierge, who paid for them, and it was a very simple matter for Fanfaron to wrap up his own parcel inside the other and add an item of fifty francs to the bill. To be sure, the sudden appearance of the valet in the lobby, coming toward his desk, rather precipitated the maneuver, but he accomplished it in time.

In about three minutes a *valet de chambre* came bounding down the stairs, his eyes popping, to summon the concierge.

"The Englishman!" he panted. "He has gone crazy! Something has occurred, m'sieu. He wants you."

Monsieur Fanfaron knew well enough what had occurred. He went up, full of apprehension.

The Englishman and the valet were standing beside the couch, silently staring down at the package of shirts. Mr. Farnsworth was of the tall, lean, horsy type, with pale eyes and eyelashes, and about as much expression as a pike.

"I say, my good man, what does this mean?" he inquired in a crisp clear accent.

"I do not understand, m'sieu."

"Oh, come now—the shirt, you know."

Monsieur Fanfaron said firmly, "Those are the shirts that monsieur's valet ordered."

"I say! What? That's ripping. It's one on you, Masters. You see, my good fellow, Masters insists he did not buy this particular one." And he held up between thumb and forefinger an alluring gossamer thing of pink silk, which he twiddled playfully.

Monsieur Fanfaron turned dizzy. *Diable!* Another failure! By some accursed mischance he had inserted the wrong package.

"There has been a mistake, sir. I will take it, if you please, and correct the bill."

The Englishman remained with the chemise in his hand. It was very soft to the touch.

"Hah! Yes, I suppose so. Of course. It must be corrected. But this—er—thing, you know. Do you happen to know to whom it belongs?"

"To the Countess Stoïcesco, m'sieu."

The Englishman pondered this. One could see from his flush that he was suspicious of the concierge. Finally he said, "I really think, you know, that I ought to return this myself. Hah, yes! I have absolutely no assurance that you will deliver it safely to the lady."

"I will send it to her, m'sieu."

"Hah! She has gone away, then?"

"*Oui, m'sieu*—very suddenly."

Something in his tone led Mr. Farnsworth to demand, "What do you mean? Why did she leave suddenly?"

"Her majesty sent her away, sir."

The Englishman's expression did not change, but his voice was like tinkling ice as he inquired, "And why, may I ask, Mister Concierge?"

Monsieur Fanfaron humped his shoulders. That was not his affair, he seemed to say. "Perhaps her majesty had no further duties for her," he suggested.

"Very well said. Very good, indeed. I expect that must have been it." He regarded the pink silk creation absently a moment, then tossed it carelessly to Monsieur Fanfaron. "Right. Send it to her, by all means. And listen to me, my good fellow," he added as the concierge was wrapping the chemise in its covering. "I trust there will be no further mistakes in my bill, what?"

This reverse was almost forgotten in the triumphs of the afternoon. You should have seen Monsieur Fanfaron bustling about the royal suite, superintending the arrangements—a chair here, a flower there, and here a divan.

"Nothin' doing, kiddo," cried Mactavish when all this sumptuousness burst on his sight. "That's the wrong dope, see? We got to make this picture so's people will feel sorry for the king. D'you think any guy's going to be sorry for him when he sees all this swell furniture?"

"Very true. The point is well taken," called his majesty from the salon, where he awaited the alteration of the bedroom for the dear homeland set. "Make everything as plain as possible. Go and help them, Gregory."

The movie expert now took complete charge of things. With his assistants executing his every order with silent dexterity, he placed the lights, removed the rich hangings from the walls, substituted a picture of his majesty's capital for the nude beside the bed, threw away the eiderdown and counterpane, exposing only the blanket, and by a few deft touches contrived to impart a look almost of poverty to that corner of the room.

"All right, king," he announced. "We're ready for you."

Alexis crawled into bed. He wore the upper half of his pajamas, although on Mactavish's arrival he had been fully clothed and about. Around his neck was a fresh bandage.

"Just a minute till I fix your face," said the movie man.

"But surely that isn't necessary," protested Alexis.

"You got to be worn and sad in this, see? Nobody's going to sweat about a guy who don't look as though he'd ever missed a meal in his life."

He was busy with grease paint as he talked, and in no time at all his majesty presented an appearance of woe that ten years of sickness could not have wrought.

"All right!" cried Mac, stepping back. "We're all set. Now, king, you sort of turn your head from side to side as though you was in pain, see, and look up now and again at that picture. Get me? You're supposed to be pining for your own country. Wait—just a minute! Maybe you could do it better to music? Some guys I know can't emote at all without a violin or a cornet."

"It isn't necessary," replied Alexis a trifle stiffly. "I understand."

"All right then. We're ready for the first part. When I yell 'Action!' king, you start. See? Ready? . . . Lights! . . . Action! . . . Camera!" he bawled.

The king did a fair job for a novice—but, then, he had been acting all his life, you might say. However, Mac took the scene again and again, using footage with prodigal hand, until his majesty grew weary and rather out of patience. For one thing he didn't like the way Mac took him by the chin and yanked his head around when he wanted a different pose; neither did he relish the sob scene, where they took a close-up of him with glycerin tears trickling down the darkened furrows of his cheeks.

"Fine!" exclaimed the expert at last. "Now you can rest a while, king, till we get ready for the next."

He lit a cigarette and paced up and down, running his hands through his hair, while his men were making their arrangements for what was to follow. Suddenly he stopped dead; into his eyes crept that glassy expression which a movie genius gets when a big idea hits him.

"Wait! Wait!" he cried with uplifted hand. "We got to put a laugh in this, king. Couldn't you have a nightmare, or fall out of bed, or something like that? That'd get a laugh."

"I could not," replied Alexis decidedly. "There've been too many laughs already. That's just the trouble."

"All right," said Mac, relinquishing the idea with reluctance. "You're the doctor. But I tell you right now it'd make the other go over with a bump. Contrast; see?"

As the king remained adamant on this point, Mactavish gave orders to go ahead.

"Where's your wife?" he asked. "We're ready for her."

Presently the queen entered, and Mac posed her on a low chair beside the sufferer's bed.

"Now, you go ahead with the same business you did before, king," he explained, "but this time you're feeling worse'n ever, see? And, queen, you hold his hand and stroke it. No, wait! Better stroke his forehead. That always goes big in this sob stuff, and you might kiss his hair too. No, not that way. Not like you're going to bite it—soft, gentle—just a touch, like this."

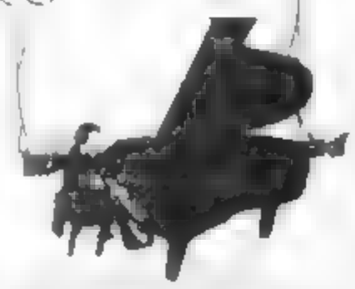
Her majesty was delighted. "Isn't he a silly old thing?" she giggled. It was more fun than the poor lady had had in many a day.

"Now, remember, king," continued Mactavish in the same amiable bellow, "you keep looking up at that picture. It's the home idea, see, all the time. You're sick because you're away from home and your own folks—that's what has put you to bed. Ready? Say, that's fine! Great work, queen! This'll knock 'em cockeyed. Ready? . . . Lights! . . . Action! . . . Camera!"

(Continued on Page 60)

STEINWAY

The Instrument of the Immortals



THE FOREMOST LIVING PIANISTS PREFER THE STEINWAY

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Once and for all!

HOW often have you said, after buying something because it was cheap: "I wish we had bought a good one in the first place, and now we would be satisfied once and for all!"

When you buy a Steinway you know that you will never have to buy another piano. You know that it will retain its unrivaled tone perfection for a lifetime; that you can always be proud of it; that even if Paderewski, or Rachmaninoff, or Hofmann came to your house you would have an instrument worthy of his touch.

Sometimes people who want a Steinway think it economical to buy a cheaper piano in the beginning and wait for a Steinway. Usually this is because they do not realize with what ease and convenience a Steinway can be bought. This is evidenced by the great number of people who come to exchange some other piano in partial payment for a Steinway, and say: "If I had only known about your terms I would have had a Steinway long ago!"

Sometimes, too, people do not realize that the Steinway is made in a series of styles and sizes to suit the requirements of every home and every acoustic condition. This is true, both in grand and upright styles. The Steinway grand, for example, is made in five sizes, ranging from the miniature grand for smaller homes to the concert grand, more especially used for public performances. Although there are many Steinway styles, each style, in its field, is the perfect expression of Steinway quality.

For those who can be finally satisfied only when they have the *best* in the piano-maker's art, it is obviously more economical to buy a Steinway "once and for all" than to buy two pianos in order to have the one that is really desired.

The price of happiness
a thought for Christmas

You who find happiness in the music of the Immortals—would you not be happier for the presence of a Steinway in your home? And could there be a time more fitting for the coming of your Steinway than this Yuletide of the year? Let the nearest Steinway dealer examine your old piano. He will gladly fix a price upon it to apply upon a new Steinway.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway with a cash deposit of 10 per cent, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years.

Prices: $875 and up—plus freight

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But *not* if the table and floors are finished with Pitcairn Waterspar Varnish. For Waterspar is *waterproof*. It does not turn white like ordinary varnish. Even hot, scalding liquids will not ruin its fine, deep luster.

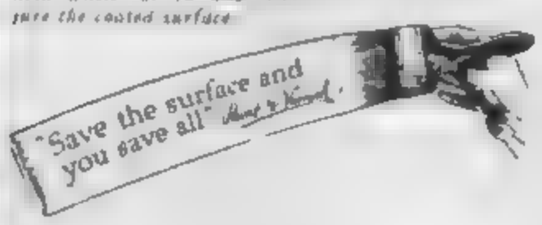
In the stores of thousands of dealers you can see the Waterspar test pictured below. Month after month a wood panel finished with Waterspar remains submerged in water. It is proof that water will not turn this varnish white—or in any way injure the coated surface.

In addition to the transparent Waterspar there is also Waterspar Colored Varnish and Enamel, formerly known as Sole-Proof. Eighteen attractive colors. It not only offers unusual possibilities for improving and beautifying your home, but withstands untold wear. It, too, is waterproof. Free flowing—easy to apply—a good brush is all you need.

The Waterspar Varnishes are leaders in the long list of famous products manufactured by the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company—each known for high quality and long wear. No matter what you want in the way of glass, paint and varnish, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company's products include something that will meet your requirements *exactly*. Handled by quality dealers everywhere.

Write for "Proof" Booklet.

This test is proof positive that water will not turn this varnish white—or in any way injure the coated surface



PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

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And the fillum that was to knock two hundred million people cockeyed went forward to its heart-harrowing climax.

When it came time to depart Mactavish showed the greatness that lay in him. He kissed the queen's hand; more, he did it as only a first-class rough-heavy knows how. Then he bowed to the king from the hips, not too low, but enough to prove that he knew what's what. Having achieved this much he appeared rather at a loss. It was a bit late in the day to remember etiquette, but Mac had a theory that a lot depended on leaving a pleasant impression. So he started to back out. On arriving at the door a doubt overtook him that he should leave without a word, so he flapped his big paw at the royal couple and said, "Well, so long, folks."

"And now," murmured Monsieur Fanfaron at his elbow as they hurried jubilantly along the corridor, "now we can have a talk, Mac."

"That can wait. Can't you see I'm busy? Gee, I got to shoot a man to Paris with this footage toot sweet."

"But the money?" said Monsieur Fanfaron.

"Oh, sure. Say, is that what's eatin' on you? Well, forget it! Nobody ever saw me double-cross a pal. Here—there it is—a thousand francs."

"But these are French francs!" cried the concierge.

"What other kind are there? I was talkin' in French money all the time."

"But you are now in Switzerland, m'sieu!" yelled Fanfaron, padding after him as Mactavish started to walk away. "And these amount only to four hundred Swiss francs."

"Well, I promised you a thousand francs," retorted his ally stubbornly, "and there they are."

He ran up a flight of stairs two steps at a jump, entered his room, and slammed the door in Monsieur Fanfaron's face. The concierge stood rooted to the spot. He was appalled at such treachery, cut to the quick. He was ready to cry. Then rage boiled up and an impulse seized him to beat in the door and make a scene. He stifled it and retired.

"*Ah, scélérat!*" he hissed between his teeth as he returned to his desk. "I will make you pay for this. You will see."

However, he had simmered down somewhat by the time Mactavish stepped out of the elevator to go to the dining room.

"Say, listen, kiddo," said the camera man, marching straight to the concierge's desk. "Here's another hundred francs Swiss. See? That makes the five hundred I promised to give you in the first place. And next time don't try to sting your pal. No hard feelings, hey?"

Monsieur Fanfaron's hands trembled as he took the money. This development completely wrecked a fiendish revenge he had been planning. It might be that he had been hasty.

"Thank you, *camarade*. We are friends again, you and me, *hein?* What you call pals?" And he looked anxiously into Mac's face.

"Sure we are. Pals for keeps, old deur. And now send this telegram for me. And I want a receipt, too, see?"

"Ah-h-h, you are a fine fellow, Mac," said the concierge warmly. "Yes, and I respect you, also."

"You'd better, I'll tell the world!" remarked the Mactavish over his shoulder as he went in to dinner.

The busiest day of the entire season followed. Half a dozen charsabancs arrived at an early hour, loaded to capacity with day trippers; the morning train brought an unexpectedly large number of guests, and what with getting people settled and getting people away, arranging trips and looking up time-tables, answering fool questions, sending for steamer and railroad tickets, collecting his *débours*, and the thousand and one things that a concierge has to do, Monsieur Fanfaron was steaming like a horse in zero weather.

"*Diable!*" he exclaimed, mopping his brow and puffing out his cheeks. "This is terrible."

Then the elevator broke down and a crabbed old lady tried to blame that on him.

"But, madame," he protested, waving his hands frantically, "what can you expect? Up and down, up and down, twenty times a day!"

Right in his busiest hour, the Englishman's secretary approached the desk and requested the concierge to get him two tickets for Donnerhorn.

"It is done, m'sieu," boomed Monsieur Fanfaron, making a memorandum in his most efficient manner. "Train at 1:55."

Before he could turn over this mission to Gustave the secretary to King Alexis put in an appearance.

"His majesty is tired of two days in his rooms," he said in a low voice. "He wishes to go to Taugwalder-kulm. Will you be good enough to get him two tickets, one for him and one for me?"

"It is done, m'sieu. Train at 1:50."

Simple enough, and if Monsieur Fanfaron had an outstanding characteristic it was accuracy, dependability. But when they load two things at a time on to a man, what can you expect?

"Gustave!" he shouted.

"M'sieu."

"Two tickets for Donnerhorn for M'sieu Farnsworth, and two tickets for Donnerhorn for his majesty."

"*Oui, m'sieu.* Four for Donnerhorn," repeated the *chasseur* in order to check.

The concierge nodded, without hearing him. And so it happened that King Alexis and his secretary set out in a cab for the funicular that would take them to Donnerhorn, when they wanted all the time to go to Taugwalder-kulm, for Gustave himself summoned the cab and gave instructions to the driver. Not thirty seconds behind them came another cab, containing Mr. Farnsworth and his secretary.

They had hardly left the hotel gates when Mactavish burst through the entrance door, as wild as a hunted antelope.

"Say, who was that gink just went out?" he demanded, horning up to the concierge's desk.

"Pouf!" ejaculated Fanfaron. "How should I know? They have been coming and going and worrying me all the morning—hundreds of ginks."

"No, but listen, see? I mean the Englishman in a cab. There was another bird with him."

"Ah, of course. That was a Monsieur Farnsworth, Mac."

"Farnsworth, my foot!" said the camera man. "That's Lord Eastwood! Think I don't know him? Why, say, listen—I took pictures of that bird with Lloyd George on the steps of Number Ten Downing Street. He's in the Foreign Office. Lloyd George's right-hand man for secret stuff too."

All this meant nothing in the life of Monsieur Fanfaron, but he nevertheless displayed a polite interest.

"You want to fillum him, yes?"

Mactavish did not reply. He was staring straight ahead like a fortune teller plumbing past and future. Suddenly his eyes blazed and he smacked his leg.

"I've got it! I see it all now! Gee, but maybe I won't put over a beat, kiddo! Oh, no! Say, listen—here's the lowdown on it, see? You know how Alexis has been hounding Lloyd George for an interview and he can't get it. You don't? Goshamighty, man, you must be dead from the neck up! Why, every newspaperman in Europe has had that dope for the last month. Lloyd George won't even answer his letters."

"Why not?" inquired the concierge innocently.

"Because he's playing a deeper game than that, see! He's sent this guy Eastwood here to talk it over with the king—get me?"

Monsieur Fanfaron's head began to whirl as a dim perception of all the possibilities dawned upon him.

"But he has not tried to see his majesty," he objected.

"Of course not! If you wanted to make a good trade would you go to the other guy—or make him come to you?"

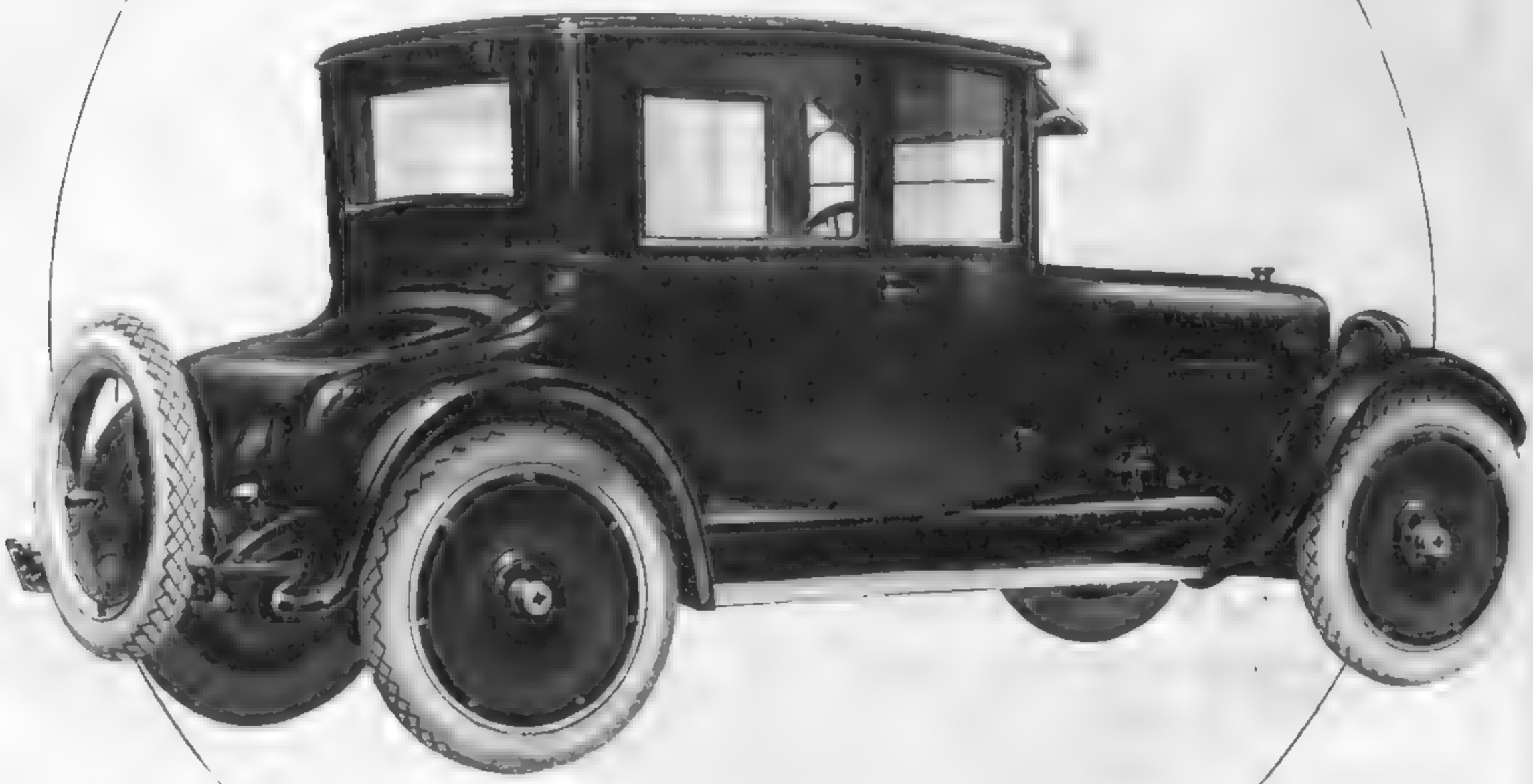
"Ah-h-h!"

"That's his play, see? He'll just stick round here until they meet like it was accidental, or until the king learns about his being here and makes the first break. Lloyd George wants to sound him out, but he isn't putting down anything on paper until it's all settled. And they'll make Alexis come to them instead of meeting him halfway. How does that sound to you?"

It was a broad jump for Monsieur Fanfaron, but he made it. And when he had landed on the other side of these facts and looked back his solid brain began to sort and tabulate the information embedded in it. Gradually a picture emerged from the blur—and such a picture!

Continued on Page 62)

Rickenbacker



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Do you serve these ideal grain foods as often as you should?

Puffed Wheat
Steam exploded grains

Puffed Rice
Puffed to bubbles

Puffed Wheat in milk—the night dish

(Continued from Page 60)

"Where's that memorandum?" he cried, fairly panting as he started to paw among his papers. "Ah-h—if I have lost it!"

"What's bitin' on you now?"

"The tickets! The tickets! Ah, it is as I thought. I remembered while you were speaking, Mac."

"Remembered what?"

"Nothing." Fanfaron's manner became lofty—cold and purposeful—like that of a great general who sees his carefully laid plans beginning to work out. "You may come to me tonight, Mac. I will have news for you."

He was so majestic and patronizing that the camera man didn't know what to make of it, but the concierge would not add a word to what he had already said.

Meanwhile the king and his secretary boarded the funicular for Donnerhorn. Alexis wore a high stock and carried his neck stiffly; otherwise he did not appear any the worse for the tiff.

"This is very strange, Gregory," he remarked, gazing about him as the car slowly climbed the mountain. "I do not recognize the scenery at all. Are you sure this is Taugwalder-kulm?"

The secretary fished in his pocket and produced the tickets. Then he turned pale.

"The infamous scoundrel!" he cried. "These are for Donnerhorn! We have the wrong tickets, your majesty."

Said the king, with coldly gentle voice, "I think I told you Taugwalder-kulm, did I not?"

"Certainly, your majesty. And it was tickets for Taugwalder-kulm that I commanded of the concierge, but the fellow has sent us to Donnerhorn."

"So! And you did not notice the mistake, Gregory?" The king clucked softly with his tongue; the secretary was afraid to meet his eye. "Do not let it occur again, my young friend."

The first person his majesty saw as he got out of the car was Lord Eastwood, emerging from the compartment ahead of him. The Englishman perceived the king as he turned at the top of the steps. A moment of hesitation—the Englishman played his part admirably. Alexis made the first advances.

The two walked for an hour along the path cut in the side of the cliffs a thousand feet above the lake, leaving the secretaries to amuse themselves as best they might. And when they boarded the funicular to return home both were in excellent humor.

They did not enter the hotel together; neither did they show any recognition in the public dining room that night, whither King Alexis always went for his meals in order to see a little life and movement, and to avoid a tête-à-tête with the queen. Perceiving the Mactavish at a neighboring table Alexis sent a message to him by a waiter.

"His majesty wishes to see you in his salon after dinner, sir."

"Sure," assented Mac. "Tell him I'll be there with bells on."

The Alexis he saw that night was an entirely different man from the forlorn exile Mac had seen in bed. He was excited, triumphant; his tone was crisp and commanding. He was king again.

"Ha, my young friend! I sent for you because it is necessary to suppress those pictures."

"Suppress 'em? You mean you want to kill that fillum, king?"

"That is it—precisely. Circumstances have arisen which make it very unwise to show those pictures, Mr. Mactavish."

Not knowing how to break the news to him, Mac waited.

"I am going back to my country. Yes. It only remains now to encourage my loyal followers to make the demand."

"Then you'll need that fillum more than ever. Say, listen—can't you see? This will do the work for you. As soon as your folks see that sick-bed stuff they're just going to get up on their hind legs and yell to the skies to send you back."

"But it is the military party I must win over now, Mr. Mactavish. And those tears will hardly appeal to them, I fear."

"Hard-boiled, hey?"

"Very hard-boiled," agreed the king.

"Well, that's a cinch. All we got to do to catch those birds is to make another of you in your Sunday uniform, see? Sword and medals and everything. Say, listen—how about your crown? A good close-up of you wearing your crown would be a knock-out."

"No," said the king, "not the crown. But the uniform—and possibly mounted you can do that? That is not such a bad idea."

"O. K. Any time tomorrow that suits you, king. And just forget that sob stuff. It'll go big. Besides, it's too late to stop it. We couldn't catch it now if we wanted to."

"Very well. Good night, Mr. Mactavish." As the camera man started out his majesty added, "By the way, how would you like to come with me and make pictures of my entry into my capital?"

"Oh, boy! Say, listen let me help on the set and I'll fix up an entry that'll knock all the coronation pictures ever made just cockeyed."

"Well, I shall want you there, in any event. *Au revoir*, Mr. Mactavish."

Next to be summoned to the royal presence was Monsieur Fanfaron.

"*Monsieur le concierge,*" said the king, "you made a serious mistake today in the matter of tickets. My secretary was much annoyed."

Fanfaron did not reply. No apology, no excuses, no regrets; he permitted the ghost of a smile to flit for an instant across his face, then a lightning glance of shrewdness as his gaze met the king's. Next moment he resumed his ordinary expression of wooden impassivity and stood stiffly erect, his heels together.

"Well?" demanded Alexis.

"I regret the inconvenience to *monsieur le secretaire,*" answered Fanfaron calmly, "but was your majesty displeased?"

"Ah, you are a very clever man, *monsieur le concierge,*" said the king.

He rose and went to his desk. From a drawer he extracted a medal suspended from a brilliant ribbon.

"*Monsieur le concierge,*" he resumed, "you have done me a very great service, and I wish to reward you." And with that he pinned on the barrel-like chest of Fanfaron the Order of the Maltese Cross, and stepped back.

If he expected the concierge to be overcome with gratitude he must have been surprised, for Fanfaron, after muttering some unintelligible thanks, stood regarding the bauble out of the corner of his eye, with a most rueful face.

"I wish you to accompany me to my capital," continued the king hurriedly. "A man like you can be extremely useful. And you will not regret it."

Still the concierge refused to enthuse. He gazed dubiously at the floor and made no reply.

"Come, come!" exclaimed Alexis, beginning to be irritated. "Wouldn't you rather rise in my service than remain a concierge all your life?"

"But this is a steady job, your majesty."

The king bit his lip. "I think you will find my service just as permanent, sir."

"And I go to Egypt every year for the winter season. The climate agrees with me, your majesty."

Alexis regarded him steadily a while. It was plain that Fanfaron's mind was made up—obstinacy spoke from every line of his stout body—and when a concierge makes up his mind, what is the use?

"Very well. I see that you are not pleased. What can I do for you, *monsieur le concierge.* I would have you satisfied."

Fanfaron stroked his chin and pursed his lips. He hesitated. How broach a vulgar topic like money to a king?

"Ha!" cried his majesty. "I have it! There is a shirt which has been greatly troubling you, has it not? It has weighed on your mind?"

"*Parbleu,* yes, your majesty!"

"Then I will take the shirt."

A look of utter peace stole over the countenance of Monsieur Fanfaron. "Ah-h-h!" he breathed.

"What price do you place on this shirt, *monsieur le concierge.*"

Fanfaron considered. At that moment he felt fleeting regret that his friend Mactaveesh was not at his side.

"Twenty thousand francs, your majesty," he answered boldly.

The figure staggered Alexis. He much preferred to pay scores with the Order of the Maltese Cross—still—but for this fellow he might not have met the Englishman!

"Cheap at the price, *monsieur le concierge,*" he said affably, although he made a wry face. "I will give you an order on the treasury, payable the day of my return to my country. Is that agreeable?"

"Perfectly, your majesty. It is understood—twenty thousand francs—Swiss."

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During December we contribute a large share of our profits as importers, roasters and wholesalers to the cause of Better Merchandising, giving the regular retail grocer another opportunity to prove that he is the logical and most economical distributor of food products.

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882 Third Ave. (Bush Terminal) BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Salesmen Wanted

Additional salesmen are being placed in Atlantic Coast States. Men under 35 preferred. We consider only applications made in person by men with retail grocery training.

$59.85
To the
REGULAR RETAIL GROCER
Who Owns and Operates His Own Store
and who is not now reached by our salesmen:

Send us your check for $59.85 before Dec. 30, 1922, and you will receive, freight paid—

1 Case MONARCH COFFEE, 60 1-lb. Whole Bean
1 Case MONARCH COFFEE, 60 1-lb. Steel Cut
1 Case MONARCH COFFEE, 24 3-lb. Whole Bean or Steel Cut

In territory east of Pittsburgh address as above; west of Pittsburgh, address Reid, Murdoch & Co., Clark Street Bridge, Chicago, Ill.

"OUR HIGHEST QUALITY" TRADE MARK
ESTABLISHED 1853

MONARCH SWEET PICKLES, SALAD DRESSING, CATSUP *and other* FOOD PRODUCTS ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Send for our Book: *Printing Gets Things Done*

He Read the Form Letter First!

There are things you can do to snap up your selling letters.

There is no reason why you must use your regular letterhead without variation. Use a different color of paper—a new arrangement of type.

There is the four-page letter with the message on the front page, and text and illustrations on the two inside pages.

There is the illustrated form letter with eye-catching little drawings along the margin.

Then there is the facsimile reproduction of the testimonial or "bouquet" letter. When some customer writes you a complimentary letter, it appears self-conscious to quote his words under your own letterhead. But a reproduction of his "bouquet" letter on his own letterhead is perfectly proper to mail with your own correspondence.

Also, there is color. If your regular letterhead is white, for instance, an occasional offer on goldenrod, green, or salmon will give such a letter an extra-special sort of attractiveness.

It's very easy to let your sales letters fall into a rut. It is equally easy to pull them out. Your printer can help you fully as much as brilliance and imagination. Good printers know a lot of things that can be done—and they know also the stunts that are not worth trying.

Printers know the widely varied utility of Hammermill Bond for forms and for form letters. They know the strength of the paper, its printing quality, and its color range. In addition, many printers obtain from paper merchants who are Hammermill Agents a constant series of ideas and suggestions in portfolio form.

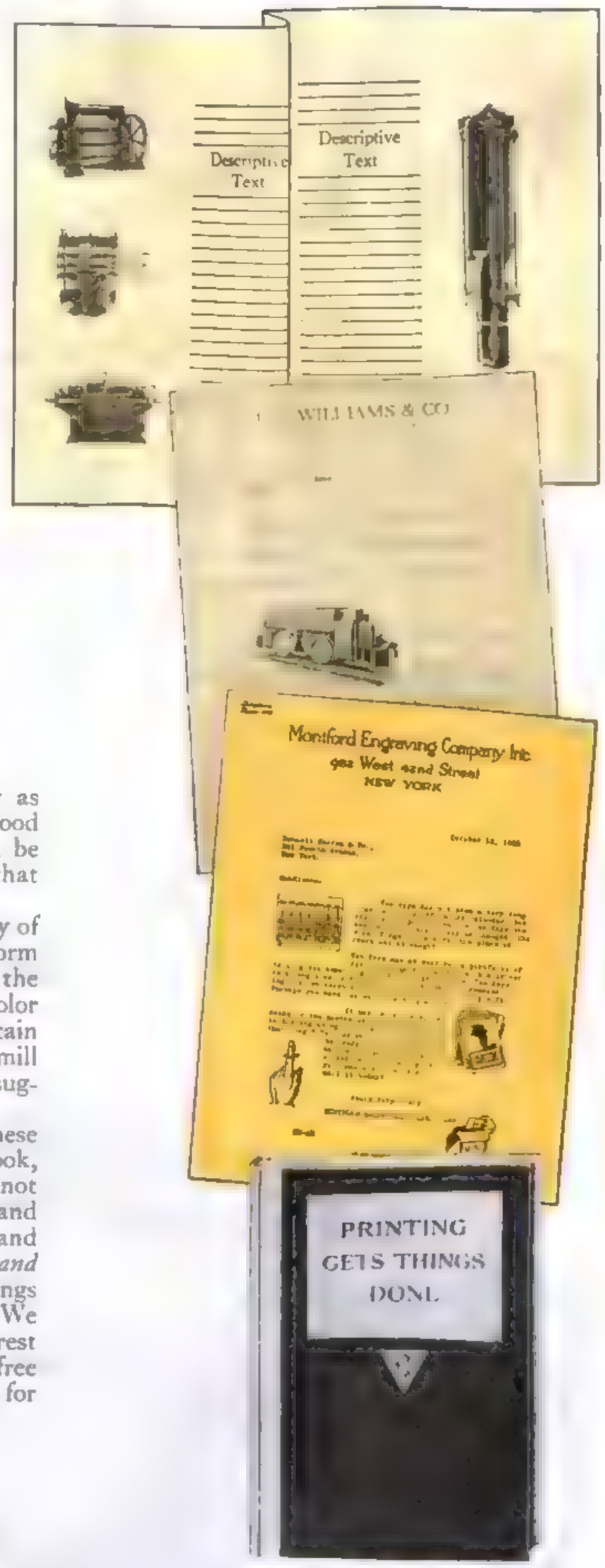
Some of the best ideas ever issued in these portfolios have been assembled in our book, "Printing Gets Things Done." This is not just a collection of interesting forms and mailing suggestions. It is a sincere and able effort to show that *writing it down and dating it* is the essence of getting things done on time and without mistakes. We believe you will read the book with interest and pass it to your office force. It is free to business men. We invite you to send for a copy.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, Erie, Pa.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper



Here is the book, "Printing Gets Things Done," many thousand copies of which have been read, we believe with profit. A copy to you on request. Above are three methods of making a sales letter more effective through the use of illustrations and attractively colored paper.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 24)

two hundred and thirty members of the delegation.

"You know, we're just home folks here—just plain home folks."

He turned to Alice, who had come up beside him.

"A man in my position," he whispered, "must be like Cæsar's wife—all things to all men."

The chairman of the delegation, a stout florid man, whose coat was completely hidden by a large red-and-white-and-blue badge that hung from his lapel, gave a preliminary cough and said: "In behalf of the National Association of Postage Stamp and Cigar Coupon Collectors, of which I have the honor of being president, I desire to present you with this small token of our appreciation of your splendid efforts in behalf of Universal Peace, Industrial Harmony, and Plain and Fancy Elocution. *(Loud cheers and applause.)* This gift is a suit of clothes, made entirely of canceled two-cent postage stamps. It was made by little Harriet Blevitch, the six-year-old daughter of Roscoe Blevitch, our distinguished and loyal corresponding secretary. I am sure the suit will fit you, for we have your measure. May you long wear it in memory of our faithful and loyal appreciation."

The White Knight's eyes filled with tears.

"My friends ——" he began, and then paused.

"Is the broadcasting apparatus set?" he whispered.

"All set," replied the chairman.

It seemed to Alice, as later she recalled the scene, that she had never seen a handsomer and more impressive figure than the White Knight as he stood there, his right hand on his chest, and his silver hair reflecting the glow of the dying sunlight. There was a tense and reverent silence as he adjusted his gold-rimmed eyeglasses. Then he drew a roll of manuscript from his pocket and in a rich vibrant voice read the following reply:

With steadfast heart and valiant
I'll fight—if fight I must.
Though cravens sneer no foe I'll fear
Because my cause is just.

Though enemies surround me
And clamor at my door,
Though bruised and hurt I'll still assert
That two and two make four.

My shield is Honest Courage;
The Truth my trusty blade.
Alone I go to face the foe,
Dauntless and unafraid.

And if I perish fighting,
As others have before,
My life I'll give that this shall live:
Two and two make four.

As the uproarious applause died away the White Knight took Alice by the arm and led her into the garden.

"I'd ask you to stay and take pot luck with us," he said, "but today is Friday and we have cabinet pudding"

He shuddered, and Alice politely refrained from asking the question that came to her lips.

Beneath a large weeping willow lay a very long and gaunt man, apparently sound asleep.

"He must be awfully tired," said Alice.

"He's re-tired," said the White Knight. "The poor fellow is calvinized."

"Calvinized?"

"Yes," he explained. "You see, there was a police strike, and after he squelched it they decided he needed arrest." He smiled benignly at the feeble joke. "So now," he continued, "he sleeps the sleep of the just."

"Just what?" asked Alice as they reached the gate.

"Just home folks," said the White Knight.

—*Newman Levy.*

Matrimonial

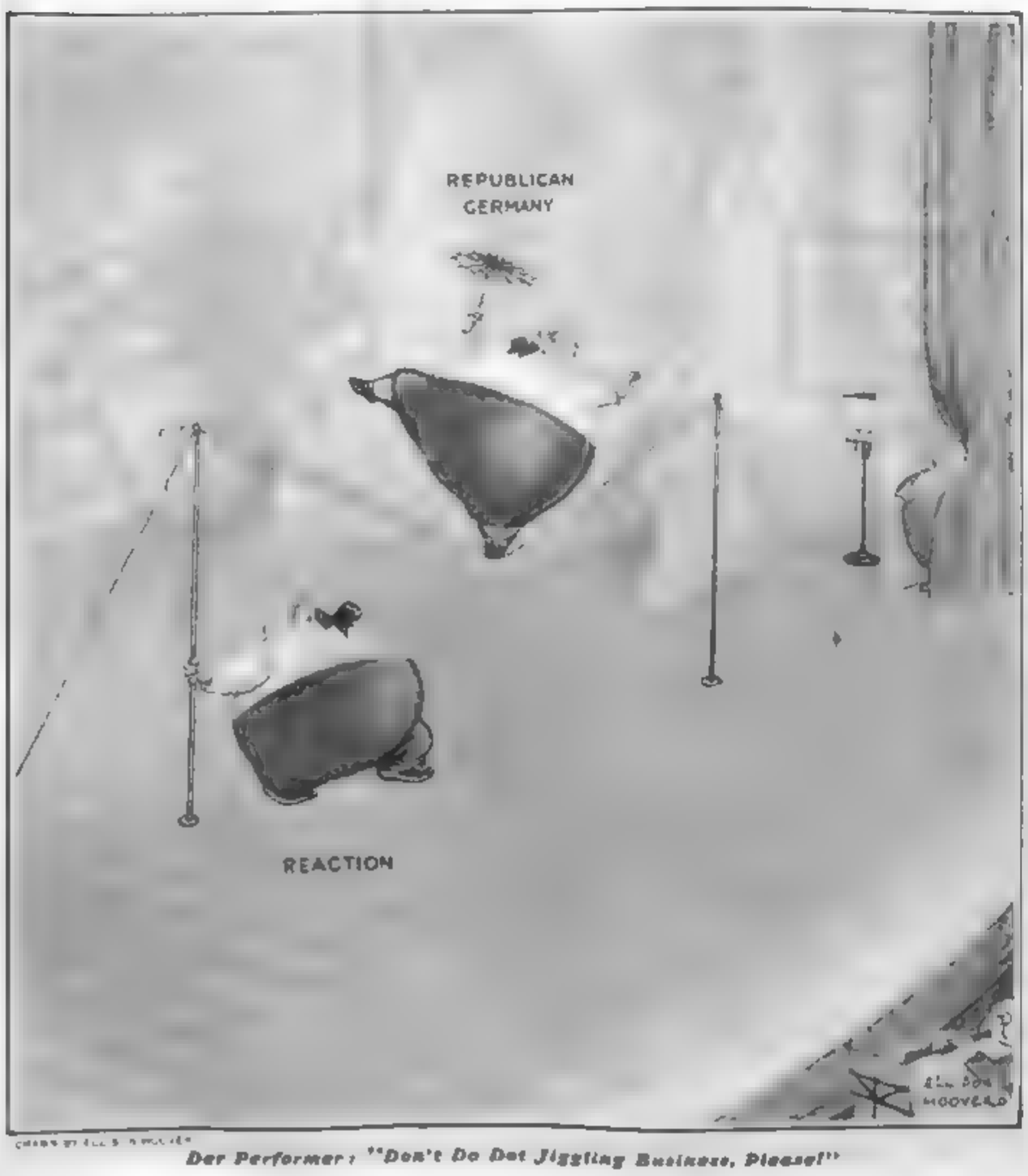
A GENTLE sow who took recourse
To legal craft and lore
Declared, "I want a quick divorce;
My mate's an awful boar!"

A lady sheep who sought the halls
Of Justice wept, "Boo-hoo!
My cruel husband never calls
Me anything but 'Ewe!'"

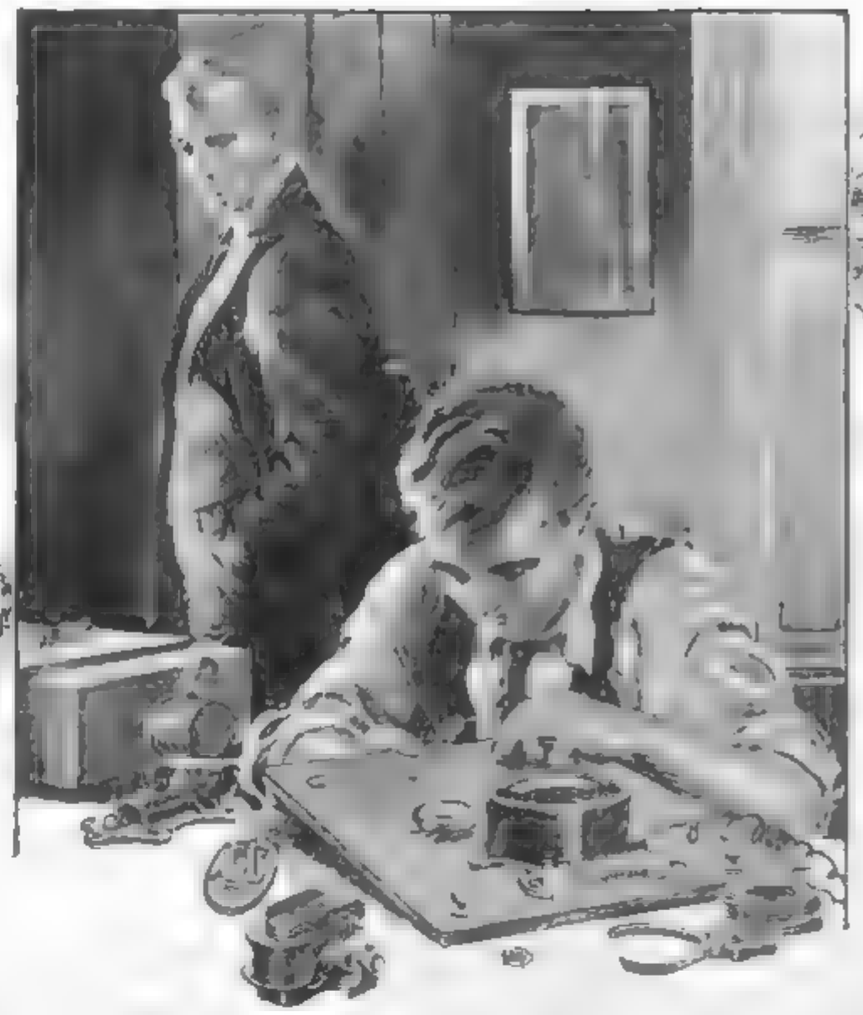
"We'll have to part!" the gander sighed;
"It's not the slightest use
To try to live with any bride
That's such a silly goose!"

The stag, however, dropped a tear
And murmured soft and low,
"My charming wife's a little deer!
I want to keep my doe."

—*Arthur Guiterman.*



Der Performer: "Don't Do Dot Jiggling Business, Please!"



Your Boy is getting ready to drop the pilot!

He used to come to you with all his problems, the cut finger, the injured pride, the rankling insult, the flush of a victory, the enthusiasm of a discovery, the pride of a compliment.

Now, he is growing undemonstrative. He is becoming reserved. You are being left out of his confidence. *He is getting ready to drop the pilot.*

From 10 to 20 years is the difficult age with boys. They feel the urge to do things for themselves. They resent interference. But they especially need a friendly hand on the helm. This is the mission and purpose of

THE AMERICAN BOY

"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in All the World"

Its editors are men who have never forgotten that they were boys. They know the boy slant. They have the gift of being able to put themselves in the boy's shoes. As a result, AMERICAN BOY stories are red-blooded, invigorating and inspiring. They handle boy problems with bare fists—their heroes are real fellows who are put to it and who find the clean, honorable, gentlemanly way out.

The success of this sort of companionship, suggestion and leadership for boys is found in the loyal, enthusiastic following of THE AMERICAN BOY. A half-million wide-awake boys look forward to it hungrily each month. They delight in its stories. They revel in its articles on sports, mechanics, out-door life and nature.

Make your boy a present of a year's subscription. You will never make an investment that will pay such large dividends in increased understanding between him and you.

Include that other boy in whom you are interested. Start with the current number or order it as a Christmas gift. Mail the coupon to-day.

A year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY costs only $2.00, by mail. Single copies are 20 cents at news-stands. Subscribe for a year or leave a standing order at your news-dealer's.

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO
No 483 American Building, Detroit, Mich.

Enclosed find $2.00, for which send THE AMERICAN BOY for one year, beginning with the current issue, to

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Address _____

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And there are doubtless thousands of other women who have had a similar experience.

The new patterns and colors in Bird's Neponset Rugs are so attractive. They make such practical floor coverings because they're so easy to keep clean. They're mothproof, sanitary, thoroughly waterproof. And they give remarkably long service.

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Bird's Asphalt Shingles

Bird's NEPONSET Black Building Paper

Bird's NEPONSET Wallboard, Cream White Finish

Bird's Asphalt Felt

Bird's Built-up Roof

Bird's NEPONSET Fiber Shipping Cases and Shoe Cartons

Bird's NEPONSET Felt-Base Printed Rugs and Floor Coverings

Bird's Press Board and Special Papers

TIMBER-LINE CLOVER

(Continued from Page 17

make grass grow at that two-mile elevation, and in lieu thereof they sowed oats in their front yards. Today the fine lawns of Leadville contradict that notion. Similarly, they told you that cats could not live in Leadville; today the cats of Leadville hold noisy frolic on Capitol Hill. So the pioneers of the South Park district, misled possibly by the fact that the buffalo trekked to lower levels at the first snow, believed that horned cattle could not survive a mountain winter.

Every autumn, therefore, Sam Hartzell drove his oxen across Trout Creek Pass to the Arkansas Valley, and thence to winter quarters at Cañon City on the plain. But one autumn two or three yoke of steers escaped and could not be found in time for the autumn trek. Given up for lost, they appeared in camp next spring in much better condition than the regular herd, which had wintered on the plain. That set Sam Hartzell to thinking. The great herds of buffalo proved that this was a livestock country. The condition of those steers proved that animals could winter there and keep fat. The reason for that was plain. Though in winter the thermometer sometimes stands below zero for weeks at a time, this is a semiarid country, and the mountain rim checks the sweep of the great blizzards. So there is comparatively little snow. Almost always stock can get through the crust to bunch grass and dwarf sage. If further proof were needed, the elk did not abandon South Park when the snow came. All summer they pastured above timber line, but all winter on the floor of the plateau.

Sam Hartzell had saved his wages; had even increased his pile by a conservative flyer in mining. He bought a herd of longhorns and a few horses, built his cabin at the point where the Ute trail crossed the river, set up as an Indian trader and stockman. The Utes, following the game to the summer pastures among the high peaks or returning to their winter home by the White River, visited him twice a year. With them he exchanged beads and bridles for beaver pelts, buckskins, buffalo hides. At this stage of their history the Utes were a pacifist people, asking only to be let alone. Their special pest was the raiding Arapahoes and Cheyennes, from the plains.

A Mysterious Escape

Early one summer a war party of Arapahoes swooped down on a Ute encampment near the foot of the range. Most of the young bucks were hunting in the mountains. The Arapahoes killed the old men, carried away the women. On their return they descended upon the Hartzell ranch, looted it, captured Sam Hartzell, carried him into the hills. There they tied him to a tree and made perturbing preparations to torture him to death. And then suddenly they untied him and let him go. Sam Hartzell, they say in South Park, would tell this story with fine dramatic effect up to its happy climax. There he always grew hazy.

"Just talked 'em out of it," he would say.

His neighbors suspected that he was concealing some formula he had for foiling murder. You never know what's going to happen to you in this man's West. The next year the Arapahoes came raiding again. The camp of Utes on which they descended fled before them to the mountains. The Arapahoes, pursuing, suddenly encountered the main body of Ute warriors, firing with bows and cap-and-ball guns from behind a beautiful system of intrenchments. In half an hour the invaders were in full flight; the Utes scalped Arapahoes halfway to Pike's Peak. Now, intrenching was not a native Indian art. But to the end of his days Sam Hartzell would not admit that he was the white man who taught them.

In their semiannual passage the common herd of Utes pitched their tepees about the corrals of the home ranch, but the chiefs lodged in the house. Beside that bulge which marks the old fireplace have slept the two most famous Colorado Indians, Chiefs Ouray and Coloraw. Ouray was an Indian much respected by the whites for his character and abilities. His portrait hangs in the Capitol at Denver beside those of the white notables of the state. Pioneer opinion is divided on the late unlamented Coloraw, some holding that he was a menace, some that he was a picturesque and rather funny bluff.

Meanwhile Sam Hartzell was still using his head. The only type of beef stock known to the West of those days was the longhorn, of the same breed and origin as the Spanish fighting bull. Almost as wild as buffalo, and a great deal more vicious, they were lean, stringy, muscular animals, carrying much bone and sinew to the square inch of nourishing beef. In his Eastern boyhood Sam Hartzell had known the fancy Shorthorn, bred for beef. As soon as the Civil War was over he gathered all his available funds, handed charge of the ranch to his foreman and traveled to Missouri. There he bought two hundred Shorthorn cows and bulls and drove them to South Park, pasturing on the country as he advanced. After his death he was given official credit for introducing into the West the breed which revolutionized our cattle industry.

To the end of his days Sam Hartzell was a typical old-time cattleman. He considered sheep as a necessary evil or a hideous menace, according to how his breakfast set that morning. And now, so ironical are the whims of Time, his old home ranch is center for the biggest sheep proposition in that South Park whose uses Sam discovered for the white man.

This is called the home ranch, and by right. Strung along the river, and all the property of this same company, are five subsidiary ranches, complete with houses, barns and sheds. Even these are only the nucleus of the physical plant. The really important parts, though they do not belong to the company, are the winter pastures on the floor of the park, the summer pastures on the Mosquito range and its tributary heights.

The winter pasture is open range, assigned to the company by one of those old-time agreements between stockmen, as binding as formal law. It has been the fashion of late to lament the passing of the old West.

"The longhorn is dead," wail the panegyrists of lost years; "the cowboy has become a professional showman for the movies and the stage-managed rodeos; the range is all fenced like a nester's farm."

As a matter of fact, one still finds lean, fighting longhorns even among the fat, stodgy Durhams and Shorthorns of this very South Park. In far places of the West he still encounters working cowboys, dowered with all the old-time skill in riding and roping, blessed with the old-time gift of narrative and picturesque epigram. Finally, here is open range not a morning's drive by automobile from the golf and polo, the smart shops and splendid hotels, the bustle and fashion of Colorado Springs.

The summer pasture lies all on forest reserve. There the sheep are paying guests of the Government. Last summer the ranch ran about thirty-two thousand sheep, lambs included. In seventeen bands, they fed on pasture spread over the slopes of six major peaks and as much as sixty miles away from the home ranch.

Lambing Time

On the authority of the boss, keeping sheep is just one damn thing after another; and when a man is going to crowd in a vacation search him. But if one had to choose a month for beginning the annuary of this ranch the choice would fall on April or May. The snow has gone from the lowlands by now, and the gray surface of South Park seems almost green. The herders have arrived in a body from their winter rest at Taos or Santa Fé, are getting together in the bunk houses their camping kits and simple paraphernalia. The tenders, whose functions will presently be described, are repairing packsaddles, wagons and harness, rounding up horses and burros. The flocks meantime are cropping the fresh dwarf sage of the park range. They are already in full fleece and beginning to fatten. Then arrives the ticklish week of the year—lambing time. The ewes are distributed among the six ranches, put under sheds against the accident of a cold turn in the weather, and for a few days everyone works day and night. A week or ten days more and South Park seems transformed. Everywhere little spots of white are dancing up and down like corn in the popper. These are the newborn gamboling lambs. What was a flock of seventeen thousand sheep or so a week ago has now become more than thirty thousand. Inspected closely, the lambs are not pure white, however. The boss is breeding for both wool and mutton. Your white Merino has the wool quality; your black-headed, black-legged Hampshire carries the meat. The ewes of this ranch are all Merinos, the bucks Hampshires. The lambs take after their mothers in their pure-white fleeces, but a touch of father's qualities gives them a comic black rim about the mouth, draws rubber boots over their long, awkward legs. They are almost as frail at this stage of their existence as newborn human babies. For a week or so the whole working force—dogs as well as men—watches the flocks for weaklings. These, with their mothers, are cut out and put into the sheds for special observation and treatment.

By now the ranch is bustling with preparation for still more arrivals. The shearers are coming. Separating wool from live sheepskin has become a highly specialized trade. The boss has employed for years a gang of Utah Mormons, whose foreman is a bishop. They work by contract—so much a head, plus their board while on the job. In Australian novels you read vivid descriptions of shearing time—the workmen clipping like mad with big shears which occasionally take a chunk of skin and flesh, the assistants holding down the sheep or heaving out the wool, the victims bleating piteously. That era has passed in South Park, and probably by now in Australia.

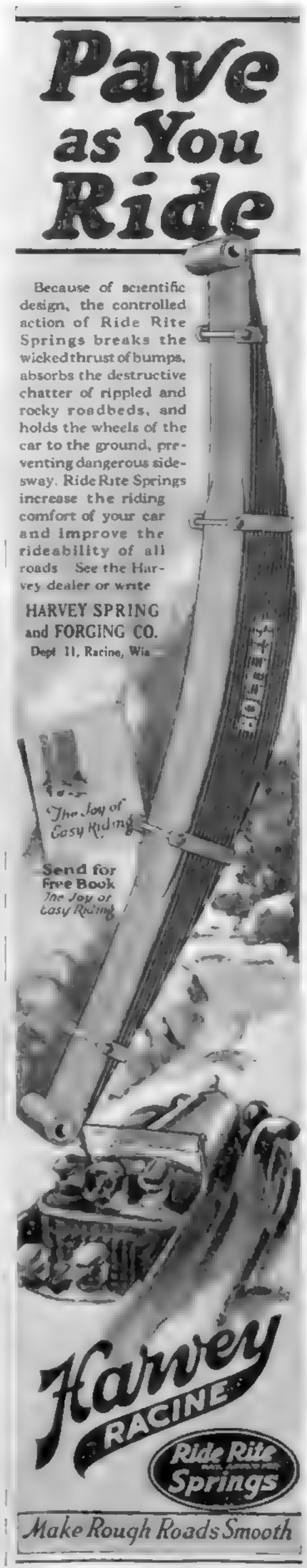
Pneumatic Sheepshearing

On the home ranch and the subsidiary ranches stand long, narrow sheds. Within, each is divided into small pens with narrow entrances and exits. Overhead there runs down the center of the building a steel shaft, from which depend flexible tubes. This is the shearing machinery—pneumatic—the power furnished by a gasoline engine. It resembles in its workings the pneumatic clippers for human hair now used by ultra-modern barber shops. The shearer stations himself in the pen. A ewe pops through the narrow entrance. He seizes her gently, expertly. He has a way with sheep—that is part of his trade equipment. The chances are that the ewe never thinks to struggle or bleat until she is shoved through the exit and finds herself in the open air, feeling chilly and missing something. A good journeyman at this trade will handle one hundred and fifty to two hundred sheep a day, and last year one of the Mormon gang sheared one ewe, for a stunt, in two and a half minutes. Washing, that other picturesque operation of the sheep business so often described by Australian novelists, is not practiced in South Park. So sanitary-clean are these mountains that the fleeces come to the shearer in excellent condition. It pays better to wash the wool as wool after it has been removed and shipped. The clip is immediately baled or sacked and piled up to await negotiations with the buyers from Denver.

Now, the lambs are still engaging bits of thistledown; but the mothers, stripped of their finery, only lean, shivery jokes. There follows another ticklish period. Shall the herds go forth at once to the mountains? It depends on the weather. At an altitude of eight thousand feet there may be snowstorms or chilly drops in temperature even as late as June; and caught away from shelter, the naked ewes and the baby lambs might die wholesale of pneumonia. No shipowner ever studied weather reports more closely than the sheepmen of South Park. There comes at last a day when the skies and the forecasts justify action; the boss gives the word "go."

The matter of pasture rights on Uncle Sam's great perpendicular farm—the forest reserve—has already been negotiated. Before the season opens the superintendent and his rangers have called together the sheepmen and cattlemen who wish grazing privileges, talked everything over and assigned ranges for the summer. As I have said, the country below timber line belongs to the cattle, the upper reaches to the sheep. The superintendent and his rangers know every inch of this involuted country. With an eye to preserving range against the naturally destructive tendencies of sheep, they make their assignments. Between

(Continued on Page 70)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Calif(

Waiting for you today, in California, is more gold—better gold—than was pictured in all the dreams of all the pioneers.

It's the gold of the great, productive valleys, the mighty forests, the almost unlimited hydro-electric power, the mines and oil fields, the busy cities—the gold there is in life where Nature is always bountiful and people are prosperous.

California's Great Valley is one enormous agricultural bowl, dotted with thriving cities. It produces not only more than half the raisins of the world, but also enormous crops of grain, rice, vegetables, oranges, [illegible], walnuts and almonds.

Around Los Angeles is the greatest citrus district in the world. The Imperial Valley is a garden spot for [illegible]

The [illegible] poultry and dairy products of the Santa Clara, Napa, Sonoma, Salinas and other valleys in the Coast Range, help to make the California farmer the most prosperous in the world.

It is possible on this map to indicate only a few of the cities, sights and advantages of this great State. [illegible] California today. In this great State, larger than all the New England states, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Ohio combined, there is room for fifty [illegible]

Will you be among them?

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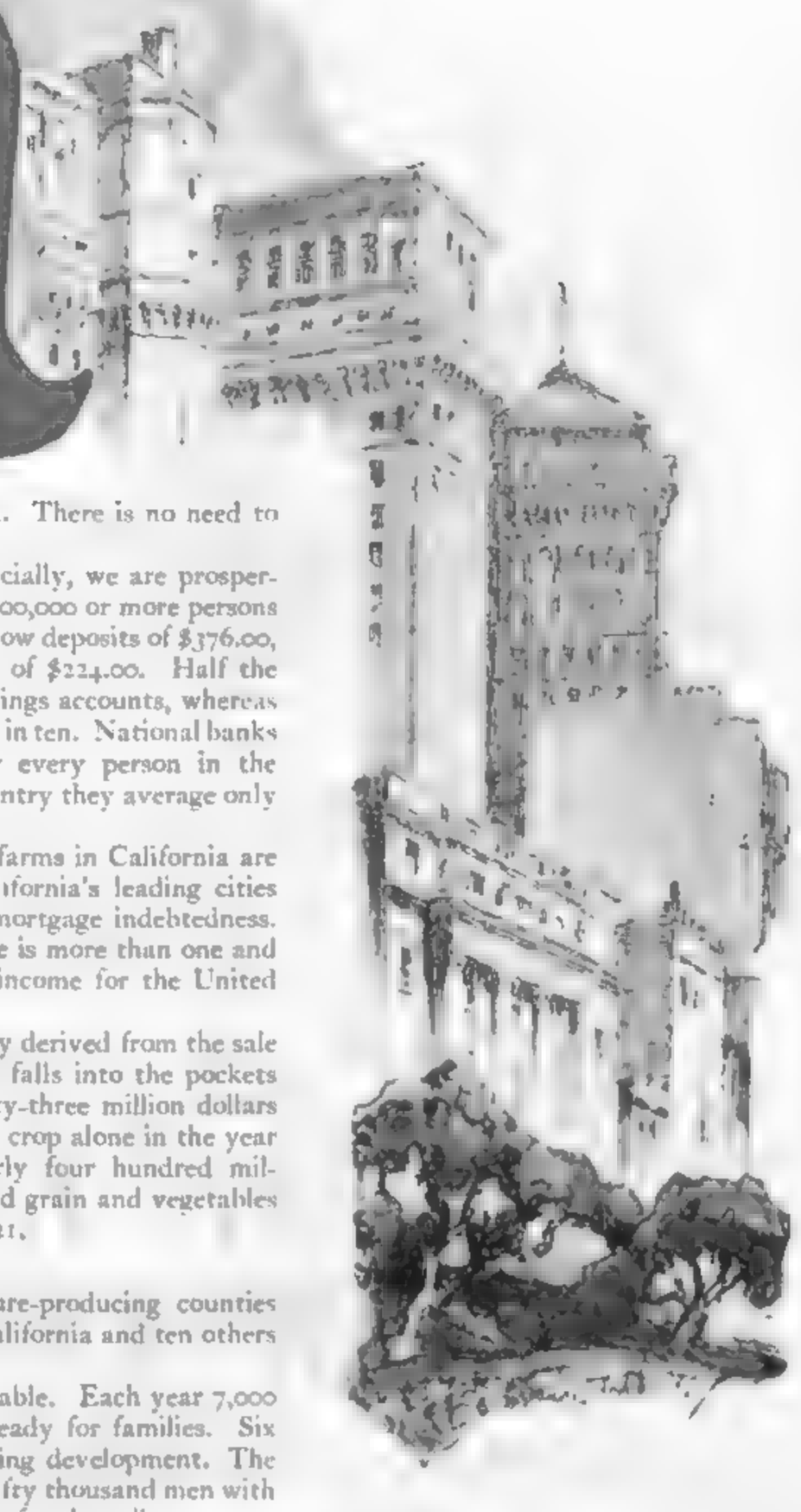

There is room for *you* in California—room for *you* to grow and prosper.

Here in California is a wider latitude of opportunities for success to the average man or woman—more contented, larger living—greater happiness and wealth—not only for the privileged few who have it in their power to select ideal living conditions, but also for every man and woman of ambition.

Whether you are an agriculturist, an industrialist, a professional practitioner, a home-seeker, or a tourist—no matter, California has a place for you.

A million acres of irrigated land lie ready for farmers—substantial, profit-making opportunities are ready for capital—every town and city is eager to welcome good citizens.

More and more people are finding that life is better here. From 1910 to 1920, California increased 44.1 per cent in population. The United States as a whole increased but 14.9 per cent. The great migration has begun with California as the objective Promised Land. This rapidly growing population is bringing business opportunities, increased property values and countless openings for those with moderate capital and good business judgment.

California invites you now—today—to come and share our life and prosperity. Your shoulders, your spirit, are needed. If your heart is hungry for better life, and your substance is sufficient, come to California. Here is unspoiled opportunity, striding, vigorous life and productive harmony of soil and elements.

Californians Inc.

Californians Inc., organized under the laws of California, represents a public movement to furnish without charge authoritative information regarding California, to the end that every settler and home-seeker may be rightly and successfully placed and every tourist supplied with information that will make a visit to California as enjoyable and as complete as possible.

Californians Inc. is a non-profit organization of California citizens and institutions interested in the sound development of the State. Its services are free. It is the culmination of the desire of hundreds of business firms, associations and individuals to establish an impartial, non-commercial body to advance the proper upbuilding of the State.

Californians Inc. is interested in finding the right man and woman for the right place in California. It is not so eager to picture California in terms that will draw myriads of people within its borders, as it is to furnish authoritative information which will assist you in an accurate measuring of the opportunities that await you in California.

You may write to Californians Inc. with confidence. Its directors include the presidents and officers of some of the largest associations, banks and businesses in California. Your letter will bring replies vouched for by unimpeachable sources, including the University of California and Stanford University, banks, federal bureaus, State farm advisers and marketing organizations. Whatever your problem or desire in regard to California, Californians Inc. will try to answer it intelligently and *humanly*.

Life is better in California. There is no need to exaggerate realities.

Life *is* better here. Financially, we are prosperous. For every one of the 3,500,000 or more persons in the State, savings banks show deposits of $376.00, against the national average of $224.00. Half the people in California have savings accounts, whereas the national average is but one in ten. National banks have $230.00 in deposit for every person in the State, while for the whole country they average only $129.00.

Forty-five per cent of the farms in California are free from mortgage and California's leading cities have as low as 15 per cent mortgage indebtedness. California's per capita income is more than one and a half times the per capita income for the United States as a whole.

Nearly half of all the money derived from the sale of fruit in the United States falls into the pockets of California farmers. Eighty-three million dollars were received from the citrus crop alone in the year ending August, 1921. Nearly four hundred million dollars' worth of fruit and grain and vegetables grew from our rich soil in 1921.

• •

The two leading agriculture-producing counties of the United States are in California and ten others are in the first fifty.

And good land is still available. Each year 7,000 new twenty-acre farms are ready for families. Six million more acres are awaiting development. The land is ready. The call is for fifty thousand men with reasonable capital and hunger for the soil.

• •

We are all neighbors in California. The isolation is gone from rural life. Six thousand miles of paved highways link country and city. Every fifth man, woman and child in the State owns an automobile, against a national average of one in eleven.

• •

Our playtime is crammed with interest. Twenty-four million acres of national forest are at hand. Four national parks, containing 1,500 square miles of scenic wonder, are at our disposal. The wonders of God's architecture are but a few hours from our cities.

• •

Life is better for industry. Unhampered by cold or excessive heat, our factories turned out products amounting to nearly two billion dollars in 1921.

Thousands of workers earn good wages under ideal working conditions. Raw material is here. With capital, sagacity, and enterprise there is unlimited field for development.

• •

Let us tell you more about California. There is a place for you where life is better. Whether you are coming as a visitor, a home-seeker, or in search of business or farming opportunities, we can be of service to you. All we ask of you is that you let us know what your particular interest is.

Write us today. Just fill out and mail coupon below and we will send you without charge or obligation an authoritative booklet about California.

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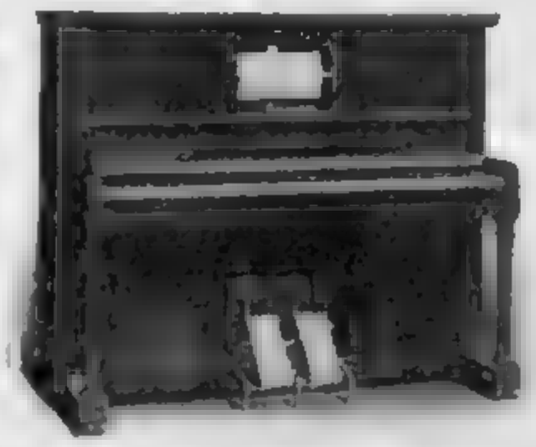

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(Continued from Page 67)

this gulch and that ridge, this summit and that patch of timber, the boss may run two thousand sheep. Over another area, marked out definitely on the profile map, another rancher may graze fifteen hundred. In similar fashion is the cattle range defined and assigned. These beasts are boarders of the Government, the rates being set by Congress. At present the summer board for sheep is nine and three-quarters cents each, with bathing privileges, children free.

Under conditions of open range the cattlemen have always considered sheep a nuisance, probably with reason. A cow, be it known, has only one set of front teeth, those of the lower jaw. Sheep have two sets, just like us. Cattle therefore cannot crop grass or herbs to the roots, while sheep can. Moreover, cattle naturally spread out a little while they are feeding, while sheep tend to huddle closely at all times. Still further, the sharp little hoofs of sheep cut the ground like steel knives. In the days of universal open range, when men were more concerned with ripping a fortune out of the West than providing for our national future, some sheepmen would graze over a given area again and again, rendering it unfit for cattle and eventually even for sheep. Hence our most famous factional feud in the West—the war between cowboy and herder. The elaborate regulations drawn up for the forest service are designed to make the heifer and the lamb to lie down together. In advancing to their own proper pasture above timber line the sheep must be driven spread out. When they reach their higher ranges the herders' camp—and consequently the flock—must be moved every three days. Those pastures above timber line the sheep have all to themselves. The herbage is so short that the less efficient teeth of horned cattle cannot get a hold.

Now, spring branding is finished on the cattle ranches, and the other sheep ranches also have finished their lambing and shearing. The floor of South Park becomes a menagerie; everywhere sheep, cattle, horses and burros are feeding or marching, their heads pointed westward toward the ranges. The cattle, more able beasts on level ground, far outstrip the sheep, establish themselves for the summer in the gulches and upland valleys. It is a more leisurely business for the flocks. The baby lambs, often started on this march before they are a fortnight old, tire easily.

"Just give them a suggestion now and then; let them drive themselves," says the boss to his herders.

Herders and Tenders

Usually these herders need no general directions; they are by way of being experts. For this work the boss employs only Mexicans, as we call them, Spanish, as they call themselves. In reality they are neither. Their white ancestors began coming to the region about Santa Fé and Taos long before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. They were citizens of Mexico until 1848, when we took over the California territory. Now they are American citizens and prove it by the ardor and turbulence of their local politics.

Yet on their personal side they cling to the old ways. Comparatively few of them speak English, and psychologically they are still Spaniards of the sixteenth century. The boss gave over the cattle and took to sheep in the Spanish country; there he learned the language and the art of getting on with the native inhabitant. He still prefers these people as herders to men of the Northern races. They have more patience and they thrive, as the Nordic breed does not, on solitude. And among them the tradition of sheep has been handed down, father to son, for as many as ten generations. They have an instinct for the desires and troubles of the wool-bearing species. Dean of the herders on this ranch is old Antonio.

"I first hired him nearly twenty years ago in the San Juan country," says the boss. "He looked as old to me then as he does now."

Yet Antonio this year drove his flocks some sixty miles over park and mountain, and pastured them all summer at an altitude of nearly thirteen thousand feet above Argentine Pass. On the other extreme, Ismael, who herded a band of fifteen hundred on the summits by the horseshoe of the Mosquito, is only eighteen years old and just graduated from apprenticeship to his father.

As rapidly as is consistent with condition the sheep are driven through the cattle range. On their brief passage they get along with the cattle as Jack Sprat did with his wife. When pasture is abundant cattle prefer grass, and sheep weeds. One pest of these heights is larkspur, which, eaten in any quantity, poisons the ox breed, but does not in the least trouble sheep. Often, by special request, sheep are sent over some given area in advance of the cattle in order to clean up the larkspur.

At last the bands are at timber line. By now the snow caps of winter and spring are becoming spotted and tattered; a week or two more and the summits will wear their summer dress gray or metallic violet, merely trimmed with rosettes or ribbons of perpetual snow.

The boss' flock went out this year in seventeen bands, each with a herder and a dog or two. There were five hundred rams, herded by themselves; except for these, the bands ran in number from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred, according to the assignments made in the spring by the forest reserve. With the flocks went ten American tenders. These men are the sergeants in the armies of sheepmen, as the herders are the privates. They have authority over the herders and it is they who are held personally responsible for the condition of the flocks. In difficult and inaccessible country there is one tender to each herder; on easier levels one may supervise as many as three flocks. The tender in his territory establishes himself at the highest point in his territory to which an automobile truck can be shoved.

Life on the Range

Here the past has been kind to the sheepmen of South Park. Sprinkled everywhere through the eastern slopes of the Mosquito lie deserted mining camps or abandoned cabins beside prospect holes that never struck anything. These buildings belong now to anyone who can use them. In chosen localities, chinks in the walls have been plastered up, interiors have been furnished with stoves, bunks and shelves for the summer uses of the tenders. Back and forth between Fairplay or the sheepmen's coöperative store at Hartsel and these stations two automobile trucks play all summer long, hauling provisions for the men and salt for the flocks. The herder lives under a little canvas shelter like an army pup tent. To him the tender brings supplies by wagon if possible, but more often by jack train. Every three days, as I have said, the herd must be shifted to preserve the pasturage. It is the tender's job to pick the new location, to take down the tent and to pitch it again. When he is doing nothing else, which is seldom, he must keep a general eye on the flock and its range. In case of serious trouble, like an unexpected snowstorm, for example, the sickness of a herder, or a raid of coyotes, he rides to the nearest telephone, usually at Fairplay or Alma, and calls up the home ranch. And whenever he goes away from the station for a day or so he leaves on his table a written report covering the location of the flock, the condition of the range and general news. This is in case the boss comes up on one of his frequent but irregular tours of inspection.

Scarcely are the flocks established in their summer routine on the summits when hay harvest begins in the river valley. Next to furnishing shelter for the ewes in lambing season, hay is the chief reason for existence of the subsidiary ranches. The company owns many a winding mile of bottom land along the bed of the South Platte—five thousand acres in all. Wherever irrigation can bring water to the soil flourishes the native wire grass. Speaking generally, in mountain regions, as compared to valley lands, vegetable growth, though scanter, is more intense. I have dwelt already on the nourishing quality of timber-line clover, and every cattleman knows what fatness lies hidden in mountain bunch grass. In the lowlands of the West wire grass rates as worthless. Here it makes good feed. Fourteen to each ranch, the haymakers cut, cock, dry and stock against the long, hard winter.

Now the pay roll of the ranch is at its highest point, and it may be interesting to summarize. With the flocks are seventeen herders, ten tenders and two drivers for the chuck and salt automobiles. Fourteen harvesters on each of the five ranches make seventy in all. On the home ranch, as a permanent force, are one irrigator, one blacksmith, one chore man who also takes

(Continued on Page 73)

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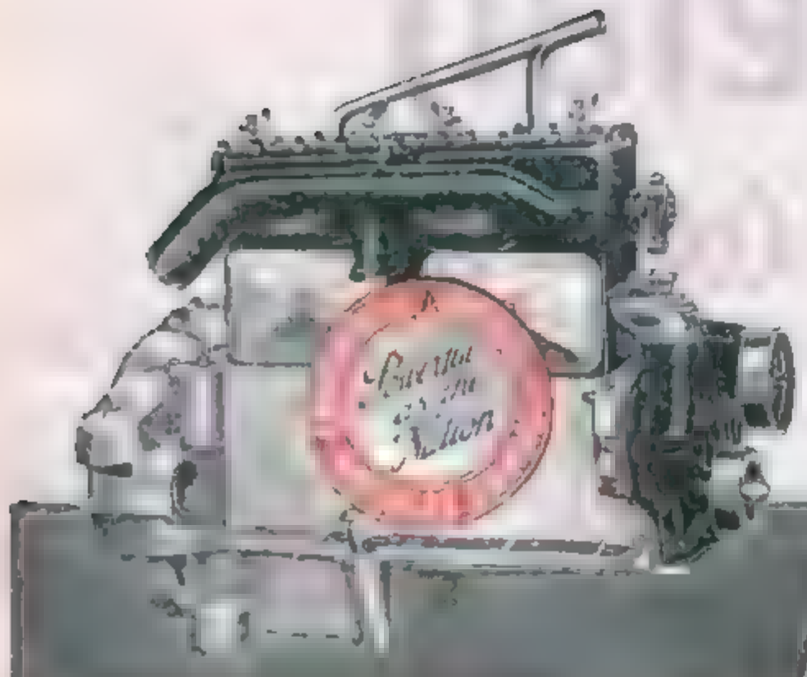

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(Continued from Page 70)

care of the cars, one extra herder kept in reserve for emergencies, one cook, for the bunk house. On each of the subsidiary ranches lives an assistant superintendent with his family. In midsummer, therefore, Mrs. Boss, resident secretary and bookkeeper, draws pay checks for one hundred and nine men. It may be interesting, also, to glance into the stock book of Mrs. Boss. There you will find enumerated more than seventeen thousand ewes, fourteen thousand lambs, five hundred rams, one hundred and fifty horses, forty pack burros, thirty-five dogs and about two hundred Shorthorn cattle.

But haymaking is only haymaking; the vital part of the work is going on up there among the peaks. Sheep herding may be a lonely job, but I suspect that in the Colorado Rockies it is no occupation for a lazy man. On these steep, broken ranges the herder must be alert twenty-four hours of the day. The country is so complicated with giant bowlders, chasms, gulches, ridges and forests that small bands are constantly separating themselves from the flock. If they are not rounded up and driven back immediately they may lose themselves completely.

An Ancient Device

To keep tabs on his woolly regiment the Colorado shepherd employs a device as old as the herding of David. To every hundred white sheep, roughly speaking, he adds one black sheep. When his charges are traversing difficult country a rapid count of the blacks shows him whether any considerable number is missing. He must gentle them to the good pasture and avoid areas marked taboo by the forest reserve. He must keep them away from precipices, on whose verges a sudden panic of a close-packed band might bring tragedy. He must watch them carefully when they are on the rich timber-line clover lest they eat too much and bloat. Similarly, when they are grazing on the highest of their ranges he must get them to lower levels before the chill after sunset frosts the herbage. Too much frosted pasture produces in sheep very disagreeable symptoms. He must look out for pests, both vegetable and animal. Of these I will treat later. He must render first aid to lambs or ewes injured by falls or rock slides. Finally, at nightfall he drives his charges into that sheltered piece of level ground where the tender has pitched the tent, sees that they are beginning to lie down and get quiet for the night before he lights his camp fire, sets his bacon to frying.

The skilled sheepman will sleep through a bombardment but wake at the slightest unaccustomed sound from the flock. Their intermittent bleating, usually irritating to an outsider, is to him only the language of sheep, by which he learns their moods. Likely enough there will come from the flock all night short solo bleats. Through that he sleeps undisturbed. It means only that some ewe does not like her bed or is reassuring herself that her precious lamb is beside her. But prolonged bleating, either in solo or in chorus, pulls him out of his blankets at once. It may mean a coyote, immemorial scourge of Western sheep, or some other trouble unknown.

"Many a time," says the boss, "I have been awakened in the night by the constant bleating of one sheep, have got up, found that a ewe had lost track of her lamb, hunted it up and restored it to her before I crawled into bed again."

Even the mere driving of sheep on these heights requires care and technic.

"When I first moved to South Park," says the boss, "I considered that I rated as an experienced sheepman. Well, the first spring I started to move a flock of two thousand to the upper pastures. As soon as we got into real mountain country my troubles began. The sheep simply wouldn't march. I'd get a bunch started; as soon as they climbed a little way they'd run back to the band. They kept knocking down bowlders, starting rock slides and I knew it was only a question of time before a lot of them would get badly hurt. About sunset I bunched them and made camp.

"I lay awake half that night, worrying. I couldn't leave them where they were. It was cattle range. I couldn't take them back to the park. They'd eat up the winter range. When I finally dropped off I overslept. The sun in my eyes woke me—and the herd was gone. I tracked them. They'd got up at dawn and marched three or four miles on their own hook. Then I understood. They wouldn't march in the heat of the day. It was too hard on the lambs. Their time for traveling was early in the morning. Now we begin our climbing at dawn. Old Antonio, when he's driving a band in winter, always starts them just after midnight, so as to use the snow crust before the sun softens it."

As September begins to tinge the quaking aspens chrome-yellow or blood-red there occurs one of the most alluring and gracious phenomena of this mountain country. It rains in the valley—a brief, rather gentle fall, soon over and soon dried. As the clouds lift in massy, Rubensesque groups from the peaks you perceive a wonderful, mystical transformation. The gray or blue summits show through a film of evanescent white. Think of a bridal veil and you have the nearest human comparison. This will be gone in a few hours, to return a little more heavily with each successive rain. Finally, one morning the peaks are all white—solid now, and permanent. To the upper level has come the first real snowstorm.

The tenders have been watching anxiously for this critical moment. From the range country rolling above Western Pass to the metallic cliffs behind Mount Sheridan, from the black pinnacles of Bross and Lincoln to the gentle contours of comely Silverheels, from the abrupt roll of Hoosier Pass, where the waters divide, to the untouched yellow-pine forests of the Argentine, runs the command "Move!" The tenders pack up for the winter; the flocks start downward. They advance rapidly through the cattle range. Not only are they marching downward but they feel that vigor which comes to all breathing animals when they descend from a stay at great altitudes. Through the gates of the mountains pour a hundred flocks. Sometimes there is in this period a premature snowfall on South Park. Those who have witnessed it tell me that then this homeward march looks like many dark serpents wriggling across a white cloth. Climb to a peak of the Mosquito and through your field glasses you could witness the same scene enacted in the wide valley of the Arkansas—below dominant Mount Massive the sheep pouring out of the continental divide.

As they come out on level ground they seem puffed with fatness. However, the boss, kneading and patting their woolly sides with his expert hands, will tell you that they are not yet ready for market.

The fat is abundant, but soft. Two weeks or so on the dwarf sage and bunch grasses of the park and that is remedied. Now, the flocks are gentled toward the ranches and cutting out begins. First, the lambs are separated from their mothers, driven away—some fourteen thousand of them in a normal year—to the runways, the cattle cars, eventually to the abattoirs of Denver or the Middle West. Within a week they will be only dressed lamb.

Breeding Stock from Oregon

Then the ewes are bunched about the sheds at the ranches, and the boss personally inspects every one. To the casual observer, any two sheep of the same breed are as alike as two spoons from the same mold, two berries from the same bush. To the expert eye of the boss, each is an individual, to be remembered as such just as another man remembers human beings. If you select one ewe from a herd of three thousand, put a secret mark of identification on her and show her to the boss, he will return to the herd next day and pick her out for you. As a ewe is driven past him he opens her mouth. If her teeth are beginning to break down, her lips to crack or to go sore, probably she can never be fattened again. Usually this occurs when the ewe is between five and seven years old. Those with good mouths go to the right for further service as mothers and woolgrowers, the others to the left. They follow their lambs to the cattle cars and end as dressed mutton.

For reasons too complex to mention here, this ranch does not raise its own breeding stock. Every year hundreds of thousands of Oregon sheep are shipped to pasture on this roof of the continent. The boss replenishes his flock by purchase of yearling ewes from these bands.

Then breeding season; and then most of the herders go home to Taos or Santa Fé for a winter of rest or of odd jobs. The tenders take their places in direct charge of the sheep. The flocks scatter over the floor of the park. Each tender lives in a kind of reënforced emigrant wagon, ceiled against the cold, furnished with a bunk and a stove. Cutting and hauling wood to keep the help warm and happy is by no means the smallest item in the labors of the winter.

As I have said, the snowfall in these regions is rather scant. Sheep, by virtue of their sharp hoofs and double set of teeth, are good rustlers. Through some winters they live on pasturage alone. In this case the hay crop is held for reserve. Because of the dry climate, it will keep for years in stack. Usually, however, come weeks at a time when little herbage tops the crust and the flocks must be fed.

What it lacks in snowfall the winter climate of South Park makes up in cold. In January the thermometer often drops to twenty-five degrees below zero. Yet the sheep thrive and even get fat, unless the west wind blows. That trying visitant of South Park comes across the glacial summits of the divide and the Mosquito, gathering a chill bite. This takes the vitality out of sheep. When the west wind comes the tenders move their flocks to the lee of the low hills which break the park surface. There they are bunched for warmth, and fed. In great emergency they are gathered into the lambing sheds of the ranches.

Hitherto I have omitted mention of that renowned and important assistant to any shepherd, whether in Palestine, the Trossachs or South Park—the dog. Looking at the matter without sentiment, the boss says dogs are more trouble in summer than they are worth. The herders could get along without them, and the trucks are always hauling dog meat. However, every herder insists on taking along one or two dogs. In the first place, they are good company; in the second place, it has always been done. But in winter, when sheep get lost in blizzards, fall through broken crust into hollows of the rocks or lie down benumbed with cold, the friend of man becomes indispensable.

An Ideal Shepherd Dog

The kennels of the home ranch are stocked exclusively with the breed generally known as sheep dogs. This is the kind from which dog fanciers have worked out the collie of our bench shows. They appear, indeed, just a smaller, leaner, shorter-haired collie. In Denver is a regular market for such dogs; they cost last summer fifteen or twenty dollars apiece. Each, as a frolicksome puppy, goes with a herder and an older mate to the high ranges. There he gets his education. And a thoroughly educated sheep dog reminds you, for uncanny practical intelligence, of a roping pony. He understands commands in both English and Spanish. Better, he understands the situation. At the slightest unusual movement of the herd he is on his feet, his head raised so that he may see over the backs of his charges, his ears cocked, his eyes alert. When the herder starts up the flock he needs, usually, no direction. He gets the idea at once. At the primary stage of his education his Mexican trainer has planted in his mind a complex against using his teeth or running sheep.

The boss says that collies, apart from their cost, do not serve so well for practical purposes as their plebeian cousins. They are too delicate, usually too timid and tend to fasten their affections for life to one man; whereas an all-round dog should be willing to go out each season with a new master. However, by way of exception he considers Laddie, a pedigreed collie now dead, the best practical dog he ever owned. His panegyric of Laddie is also a description of the ideal shepherd dog.

"If you told him to round up the rear of a band," he says, "he would range through timber or rocks back of them, looking for strays or fallen lambs. If he found a lamb asleep he would nuzzle it back to the herd, never so much as lifting his lip. If the lamb wouldn't get up, showing that it was sick, or if he found a cripple he'd come and tell you about it—look up into your face, whine a little and run back toward the trouble. When the herd marches home in the fall it tends to march too fast for good condition, and I've seen Laddie—all on his own—holding them back."

Old Amigo is patriarch of the dogs at this ranch. But he herds sheep no more. When Amigo was a yearling puppy he put

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a forepaw into a coyote trap. By the time his howls brought succor his paw was hopelessly torn and crushed. On many ranches he would have been shot. But the boss, though he sends some seventeen thousand animals every year to the slaughter pen, dislikes unnecessary killing. Long ago he gave up hunting as sport. He had the paw amputated and the dog recovered. That was nearly ten years ago. Since when Amigo, traveling on three legs, has done his work faithfully and well. The drivers of the chuck trucks always gave him a lift to the summer ranges.

Last summer Amigo went out with a newly employed herder to an area some fifty miles away from the home ranch. Two days later, very tired and somewhat lame, he was home again.

"Probably the herder didn't treat him well," said the boss; "or Amigo didn't like him."

So Amigo was put on the truck and dispatched to a flock in the nearer gulches of the Mosquito. A day passed—and he reappeared. He laid himself down at the foot of the boss and looked up with an expression both apologetic and pleading. Now, the boss understands the language of animals. Amigo was saying: "I've worked on three paws for ten years. You know I've given you the best I had. Now I'm getting a bit stiff in the joints and climbing is hard work. I like this ranch and I propose to stay."

"Well, Amigo," said the boss, "I guess we'll make you a pensioner."

So Amigo is passing his age at the home ranch, where a small herd of fancy show rams affords him that responsibility which keeps retired business men and dogs from rusting.

So passes the winter; then the spring sun unlocks the waters of the mountains, the new herbage springs, the herders and shearers arrive; another year is begun.

That new herbage introduces the subject of pests. Speaking generally, sheep at these altitudes are fairly immune from common epidemics. The pure air and the ozone probably account for that. On this and on the other South Park wool ranches all newly purchased stock is dipped as a precaution against scab, and that persistent disease has never got a foothold. The greatest dangers to health lie in the herbage itself. Anyone who tours across South Park in summer is bound to notice the prevalence of a low-growing yellow flower about as big as a bachelor button. This is called by the Mexicans pinguey and by us rubber weed. Our name is descriptive. This herb exudes a juice so like that of the rubber tree that some have experimented with raising it for commercial purposes. Cattle eat rubber weed with impunity; but on the inside of a sheep its juices congeal into hard balls which strangle the vital processes.

The Loco Weed

Studying the ways of stock with vegetable pests, one would say that they had correct instincts but poor self-control. Whatever the poisonous plant may be, they avoid it when the rest of the feed is good; but when the pasturage becomes scanty they pay with their lives for their greed. In midsummer sheep will pass by the most luxuriant patches of rubber weed. Unhappily, it is one of the first herbs of South Park to grow green in spring. At this season no flock invades new pasturage until the boss has inspected the ground personally for rubber weed. Last spring he found it growing profusely on the edge of a hill. He saw the green herder in that district, warned him not to take his charges to the infested spot. The herder got these instructions exactly reversed in his mind. Before the next dawn one hundred and ten of his sheep had died.

"And the way they died wasn't pretty to see," says the boss.

Here and there on the park floor blossoms a flower resembling a coarse yellow-and-white sweet pea. This is loco, which affects all grammivorous animals, making them go crazy in the herd and starve themselves to death. Fortunately for the boss, it grows but little on his own ranges, and only in spots where the sheep do not pasture during lean seasons. For certain of the cattlemen it makes more trouble.

So much for vegetable pests. As for those more dramatically dangerous enemies in the animal kingdom—here, by your leave, we will take testimony from the boss himself.

That day I had driven with him on one of his shorter tours of inspection. First we jammed the car up the South Fork to its sources at Weston Pass, eleven thousand three hundred feet above sea level. To one who knows the Rockies of pioneer days, this route is as suggestive of history as any road to Rome. For this was the main trunk line for the great rush to Leadville in the unbelievable boom days of '79 and '80. Up this road stages, immigrant wagons, eight-mule freight teams, buckboards, toiled bridle to tailboard between fringes of heavily laden pedestrians and horsemen. Halfway up now lies the wrecked foundation of what seems like a settlement. Of its log cabins there remain standing only one, and that unroofed. It used to be the last station of the stage line on this route. Here in summer the hostlers, working against time, unhitched the four or six puffing, sweating horses and gave the ringing command "Let 'er go!" Here, in spring and autumn, the passengers themselves were transferred to sleighs. Now the boss uses it to store salt. The coming of the railroad to Leadville made Weston Pass obsolete. The stretch between the summit and Leadville has long fallen into ruined disuse, and this eastern section is kept open only by the sheepmen.

As we climbed still higher the magnificent forests of severe lodgepole pine to right and left suddenly lost their foliage. Up to timber line they stretched away as bare gray poles, like the masts of a submerged ship.

"Forest fire—maybe twenty years ago," commented the boss. "Funny how they still stand; but this climate is a great preserver. We took to forest conservation just in time. The fires would have beaten out the lumbermen."

Above Timber Line

I remembered then how Leadville, in old years, used periodically to be drenched with the heavy, pungent smoke of burning evergreens.

Now we were past the timber, and the car of the boss, with a final spasm of boiling, rested on the summit. High, bare hills of gentle contour rose on both sides. They were colored a dull red, marbled with irregular belts of low green vegetation. This was not only timber-line clover, but many another fair and miniature herb—harebells no longer than a child's finger nail, violets that seemed to have been transplanted from a fairy's garden. Just below stood the slab and log buildings of a lead mine, intermittently worked these many years. It has been closed since the war on account of metal prices. Just above it glittered a crystal pond, the visible source of the South Platte. Its true sources showed in patches of perpetual snow lining the hollows of the hills.

"A Scotchman and his wife wintered with that mine once," said the boss. "I asked him about it later. He said, '"Twas har-rd, but the Lord sent mountain sheep so that if worst came to worst we could avoid star-rvation by breakin' the law.'"

But squint as we might toward the red ridges above us, we could get no glimpse of sheep; strain our ears as we might, we could hear no bells. The boss, muttering that the herder had been showing signs of wanting to go to Leadville, climbed the southward slope. I followed, spasmodic drawings of my breath informing me how high we had come. We stood at last on a ridge, below which unfolded the wide glories of the Arkansas Valley, of the divide, of Twin Lakes. The sharp ears of the boss caught bells at last, traced them beyond a crevasse far below. It was too much of a climb, he reflected aloud, if we expected to make the Horseshoe before night. We turned back, therefore, to the tender's cabin in the group about the mine.

Within, all was very shipshape—the summer provisions of bacon and canned vegetables stacked neatly on the shelves, the bed made, the stove polished. On the walls, a pretty-girl calendar, family photographs and pictures from the Sunday newspapers indicated that the occupant had settled down for a stay. On the table lay the tender's report, addressed to the boss. Everything was O. K., he said. The band seemed to be fattening up as well as could be expected. Moved camp yesterday from the gulch two miles across the North Slope. If the boss hadn't brought up the mail, wish he'd send it by somebody. That Mex had a girl in Taos, and was getting plumb anxious.

So, past many miles of hanging crag, gigantic bowlder, clean, fertile, upland valley, shady forest, we slid back to the floor

(Continued on Page 76

Keep Christmas with a Kodak

While far too excited to dress, little Jane has popped into bed again to pose for a picture with mother's new Kodak.

And that only starts the fun. Even now father and Uncle Stan are renewing their youth in a snowball fight—and there's another picture.

Kodak is a gift that slips out of the holiday box into the spirit of Christmas.

Autographic Kodaks $6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

Spontaneous Combustion

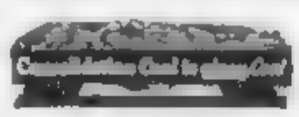
Few things cause greater dismay to a plant manager than to see smoke rising from his coal pile.

This means a spontaneous combustion fire—stubborn and costly.

Of 2000 large coal consumers who were queried by the Government, 260 reported instances of spontaneous combustion; thus indicating how important a problem it presents to the industries of the country.

The low sulphur content and cleanliness of Consolidation Coal tend to prevent spontaneous combustion.

Industrial executives who have had to charge off losses due to spontaneous combustion are invited to communicate with us for information as to the resistance of Consolidation Coal to this destroying force as well as operating economies which are made possible through the use of our fuel.



THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Munson Building - New York City

FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG.,	*Detroit, Mich.*	UNION TRUST BLDG.,	*Washington, D. C.*
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(Continued from Page 74)

of the park, worked upward again to the bronze arena formation of the Horseshoe behind Mt. Sherman. Now, the boss is one of those articular Westerners who, at the slightest jog, will spill authentic, dazzling narrative. And all the way something was reminding him of something else. The beaver dams breaking the Platte into wide tree-sedged ponds recalled that once he ran across a bunch of those critters plumb frozen out of home by the ice. Couldn't navigate at all. You could pick them up by their tails. The slate-gray, black-eyed camp birds, privileged characters of these mountains, fluttering nearer and nearer in hope of graft and pickings, reminded him of tourists. Ninety per cent of the tourists were all right, probably, but the rest! He'd caught them shooting camp birds and chipmunks. The idea of shooting a chipmunk! Not enough meat to feed a mouse, and cute little animals. Last spring a bunch of tourists stopped and took a crack at two wild ducks on his pond down by the south ranch. Shot them sitting, too, and left the carcasses. Did I ever know why no old-timer would shoot a porcupine? It was because this is the only animal that a man can run down and kill with a club. Porcupines were a sort of reserve in case anyone got lost in the mountains.

Over there was Lost Park. Up to fifteen years ago it had a herd of buffalo. Then somebody told a pothunter about them - and good night! You could still find buffalo skulls in some of the inaccessible places. Last summer he walked onto a bunch of twenty-one lying close together. Big mountain buffalo too. No bullet holes in the skulls. Must have stayed up there too long and been caught in an early blizzard. Away over yonder were still two hundred antelope.

A bunch of bandits used to hang out in those hills. They didn't mind the game laws, and you could still see piles of deer and antelope and bighorn bones around their cabin. Finally the sheriff raised a posse and rounded them up. He made a serious mistake, though. Shot too low at one of them and only got him in the stomach. State's put to the expense of boarding him for life in the Cañon City pen.

Saw three deer last week sneaking up through that patch of blue spruce. If he, the boss, had his way he'd protect deer absolutely for five years and give the herd a chance to come back. Three days a year was too much, now that everybody in Denver laid off his job and came up to the mountains gunning—including tenderfeet that didn't know the bore from the trigger. Those three days he, the boss, spent sitting by the telephone getting statistics on the casualties among his lambs. Was always in mortal terror for fear they'd wing a herder too. Down there by Buffalo Peaks scared up a brown bear on the road last spring. I should have seen him step on his accelerator when he saw the car coming. The park was getting settled up some. Less open range than there used to be. Government revised the Homestead Act a while ago so a man could take up six hundred and forty acres of grazing land. Well, what then? Can't get water onto any of that land, and six hundred and forty acres as they stand won't keep a family. But the nesters are trying it just the same. Had a church sociable in Hartsel last winter. First prize was a box of candy, second a six-hundred-and-forty-acre homestead.

The Bronc and the Eagle

Now, at last, we drew up at some eleven thousand feet altitude beside the abandoned mining camp of Leavick. The Horseshoe glowed pink in the shadows of the retreating sun, and out from the last line timber below a gray stream was flowing gently upward over the rocks, the hillocks, across the green stream bed. This was a flock of Ismael, the young herder. Presently he came into sight, a lithe young figure shaded with a great beaver hat. Beside him Bob, his dog, was urging the laggards gently. Now and then he loped as lightly as a yellow thistledown to some rock or rise from which he could survey the situation; then with an air of great responsibility he would descend and urge a loiterer back into the flock. Ismael was making by easy stages toward that shelf above, where the tent gleamed like the patches of perpetual snow all about, and where his charges would pass the night. The boss interviewed him in sonorous Spanish, seemed to satisfy himself that all went well.

A trash heap by the dilapidated blacksmith shop of Leavick caught our attention, raised in our bosoms that universal human passion for loot. We poked about in it, turning up horseshoes, that obsolete object, an oxshoe, pieces of shovels, and finally the head of a prospector's pick, one prong finished with a hammer head. The boss, discoursing on various breeds of sheep, squatted with his legs under him as all out-of-doors men learn to do. Absently he began playing with this rusty implement that game which the West calls mumble-the-peg and the East knives. He spun it, landed it fair and true from the palm of his great hand, from the back of his hand, from his chin, as you or I would handle a jackknife. I looked up. A great bird had cut a curving course across a pinnacle above us. The boss squinted.

"An eagle," he said; "you can't mistake that sweep." He squinted again. "Small golden eagle," he pronounced; "probably a young bird.

"Did I ever tell you," he went on, the bottle of anecdote uncorked again, "about my big time with an eagle? No? San Juan country when I was a young cow-puncher; thinner than I am now. I'd often watched their habits. You know, they fly like an aëroplane. They can't rise straight up from the ground—have to take a run and start up gradually. Well, one day I was riding down a cut between two hills when I saw a standing eagle. He started to rise. I was wearing a pair of heavy buckskin gloves and mounted on a fast, lively little horse. The idea came into my mind that I could ride under him and catch him alive. I poured leather into the bronco and got my eagle, before he could rise high enough, tight round the anklea. And he dug every claw he had into my hands. I tried to let go, but the harder I tried the harder he clamped his claws. All that time he was screaming and flapping. The bronco under me took fright and began pitching." I break the narrative here to commend this group to the imagination of some sculptor.

War on the Coyote

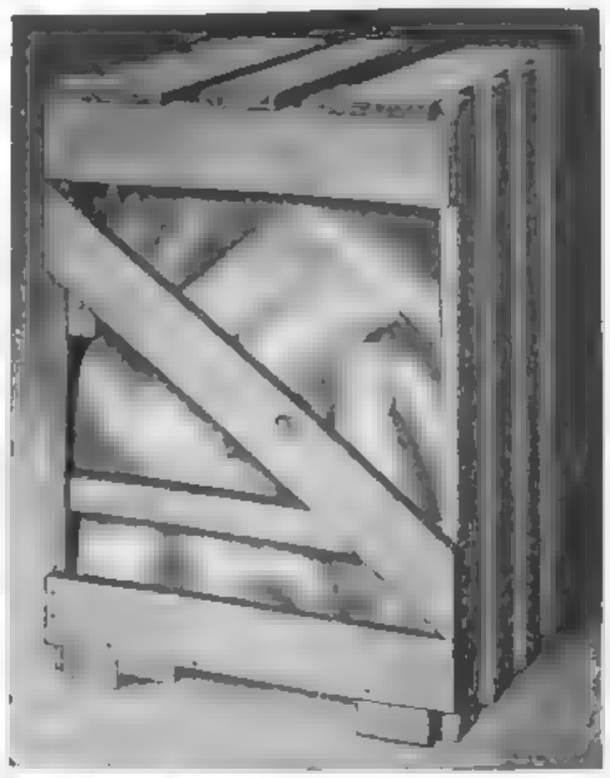
"Before the bronc could throw me," continued the boss, "the eagle tore loose. I was laid up for two weeks. There's the marks yet." He held out his hands. Breaking their tan was a series of long white scars.

"Is he looking over your sheep?" I asked, indicating our golden eagle, which still traced his majestic curves against the steel-blue sky.

"Probably not," said the boss. "I've read every bit of literature I could lay my hands on, ancient and modern, about sheep. It includes a lot of bunk and moonshine. Now, eagles—up here their special meat is rabbits, with rock chucks, prairie dogs, chipmunks, and small birds for variety. An eagle doesn't sit down on the spot and eat his kill. He carries it away to a high crag or to his nest, and he can't lift anything in the sheep line larger than a newborn lamb. Those five-month-olders over there"—he indicated a bunch of black-mouthed, black-legged young sheep, slimmer than their solicitous mothers, but no less tall—"he can't raise them, and he knows it. Once or twice in spring I've missed a newborn lamb or two and figured that an eagle got them. But if we had a thousand eagles on this range they'd bother us less"—here the expresaion of the boss grew unwontedly disagreeable—"less than a dozen coyotes.

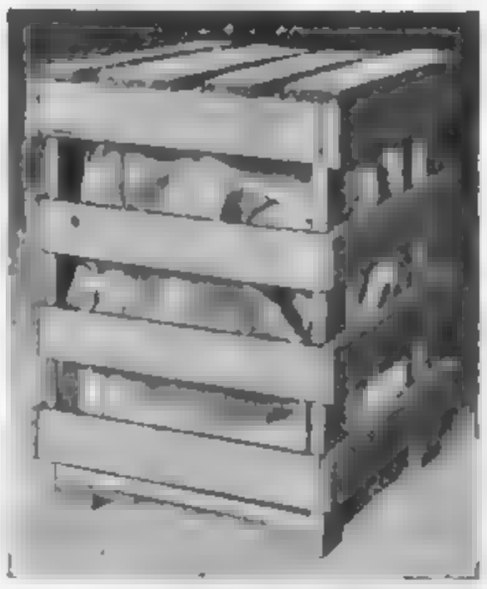
"The wolf breed is the scourge of sheep just as much as it used to be in Scriptural times. Funny, isn't it, that we've bred out of the wolf strain the best friend a sheepman has—his dog? The big timber wolves used to be an awful nuisance in this country. One of them would do as much damage as ten coyotes. They're gone now, just like the grizzly. But I don't know whether we'll ever get rid of the coyote. There are too many inaccessible places for him to breed. He's just a sneaky, cowardly killer. If he caught his sheep and carried him away it wouldn't be so bad. But he will kill a dozen, for the love of killing, to one that he eats; and he simply won't be exterminated. The sheepmen's association in South Park employs a hunter to keep down the coyotes. He traps them and poisons them. When one of them is trap-shy and poison-shy he goes gunning with a rifle. He turned in more than three hundred scalps last year. But still they're a long way from extermination. You can count

(Continued on Page 78)



The 3-way corner, efficient bracing, and improved skids make this crate a better protector of contents than the one opposite. The new crate saves material and labor. It requires 18% less lumber. It is made with only 26 pieces of material; the old crate required the cutting and fitting of 37 pieces.

This crate was formerly used by an American manufacturer for packing a piece of heavy machinery. This shipper, alert to the possibilities of reducing damage to goods in transit and of rendering better service to his customers, sought the co-operation of a Weyerhaeuser crating engineer. The crate opposite was evolved.



Do *Claims* Compensate for *Damaged Freight?*

A DEALER has waited several weeks for a shipment ordered by wire. His customer is patient but insists that the delay is proving costly.

The goods finally arrive—in badly damaged condition. More delays and disappointments.

A claim can be filed against the railroad, but arguments and damage claims are poor substitutes for goods sorely needed.

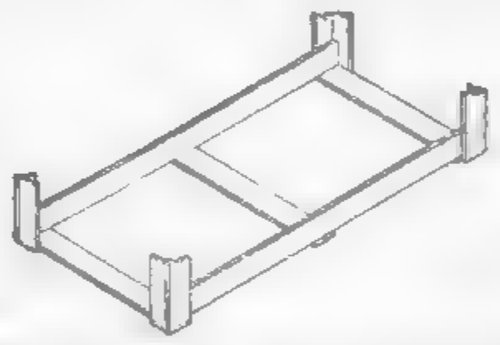
THE mere monetary loss involved in a freight claim is but one chapter in the story of damaged freight. That priceless adjunct of a growing business, the good will of the dealer and his customer, is impaired.

That is why broad-visioned executives in all lines of business are investigating the subject of better packing. They are looking to their shipping departments as one means of reducing the percentage of customer turnover. Using safe packing as a new selling tool, as another aid in outstripping competition, and as a creator of good will.

THROUGH the redesigning of crates and changes in packing methods, damage to goods in transit can be materially reduced. At the same time substantial savings can often be effected through reduction in packing costs and transportation charges.

One shipper, who uses 300 cars of crating lumber annually, reports that, through the co-operation of a Weyerhaeuser crating engineer, he is now saving 25% of the lumber formerly required for one of his crates, and 18% on another; another shipper states that, through the use of a lighter species of lumber and a new design, he has reduced the shipping weight of one item sufficiently to effect an annual saving of $10,000 in freight charges alone.

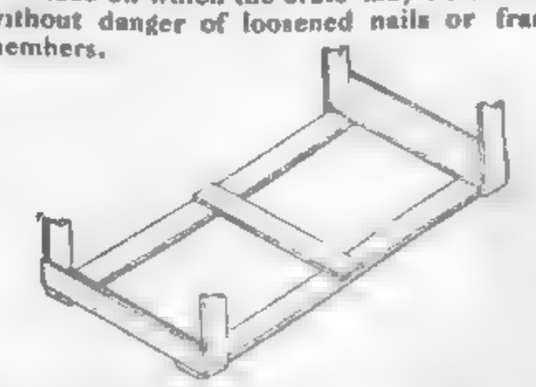
Every day Weyerhaeuser crating engineers are on the job showing shippers how to prevent shipping losses, and in many cases pointing out large savings that can be made in their packing practices.



Frequently, crates that appear sound to the casual observer fail in action because certain hazards of transportation have been overlooked or disregarded in the crate design.

The drawing above shows the bottom of a standard crate used by a manufacturer in shipping an article weighing several hundred pounds. Heavy packages of this character are seldom lifted. They are usually dragged or skidded in the direction of the long dimension. The bottom of this crate is such that the crate cannot be dragged across the floor without danger of tearing loose some of the frame members with possible consequent damage to the contents.

Chance for damage from this particular hazard has been eliminated in the redesigned crate shown below. Note that two bottom members extend the full length of the crate and provide a surface on which the crate may be skidded without danger of loosened nails or frame members.



WITHOUT obligation or cost to you, a Weyerhaeuser practical crating engineer will come to your plant, and with the co-operation of your shipping department, redesign your shipping containers to fit the product to be packed.

Lumber is the standard material for shipping containers. For this purpose, this organization offers to factory and industrial buyers, from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of lumber of uniform quality and in quantities adequate to any shipper's needs.

A booklet, "Better Crating," which outlines the principles of crate construction and explains the personal service of the Weyerhaeuser engineers, will be sent on request to any manufacturer who uses crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 South LaSalle Street, Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Building, Baltimore; and 4th and Robert Streets, St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS

SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Sold also in barrels and half-barrels

Smooth, white —washable as tile

The interior white paint that resists dirt

Dust, smudges, fingermarks—these are the things that soon spoil the freshness of most white paints.

Interiors painted with Barreled Sunlight actually *resist* dirt!

This paint produces a lustrous, white surface so smooth that the finest particles of dust and dirt find no lodging place. Month after month its original freshness remains the same. And even after years of service it can be washed as easily as white tile!

In addition, made by the exclusive Rice Process which removes the yellowing tendency from the oil, Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Costs less than enamel, covers better and is easier to apply. Leading dealers carry Barreled Sunlight. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.

Factory and Main Offices

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New York—350 Madison Avenue
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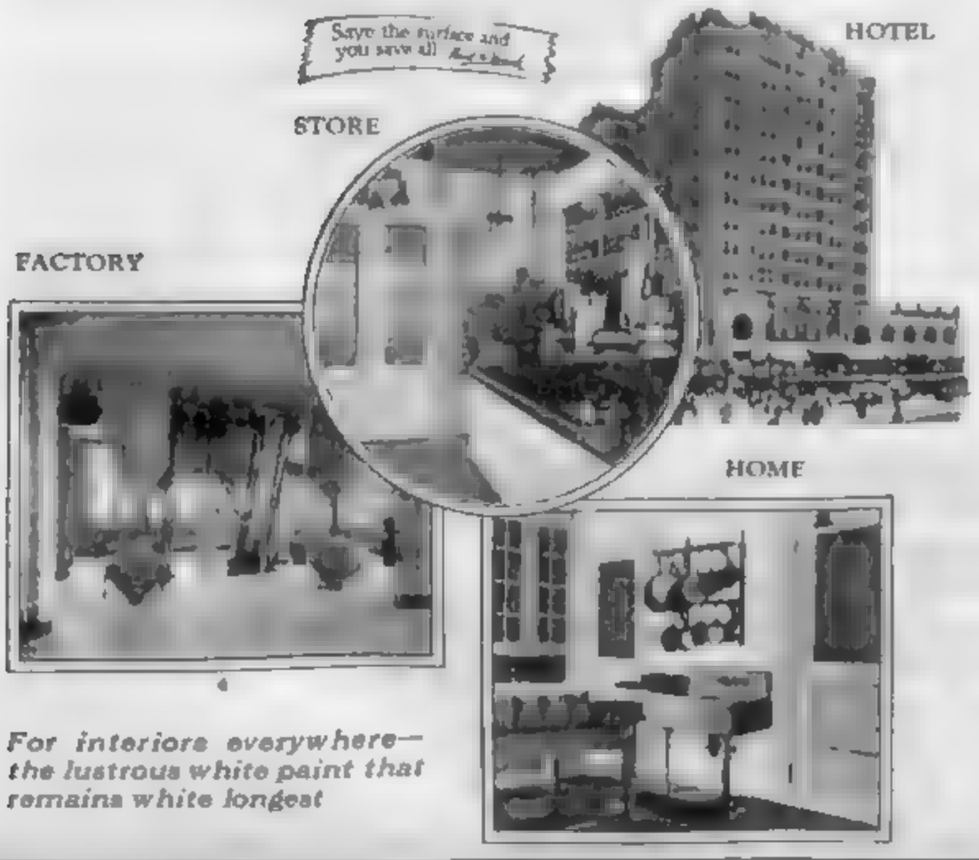


For interiors everywhere—the lustrous white paint that remains white longest

(Continued from Page 76)

on a certain steady loss from coyotes every year.

"Probably my business suffers less than most. I've been studying coyotes for twenty years and know something about their ways. If they see anything unusual they don't attack at once, but take a long time spying out the land and getting up their nerve. Now I instruct my herders, when they bunch the band for the night, to hang a lighted lantern in a conspicuous place. Also, they're supposed never to bed their sheep on two successive nights in exactly the same place. Brother Coyote smells sheep and crawls up to look over the location. He sees the lantern. It looks to him as though maybe a man were awake somewhere—anyway, it's unusual and he's a little ringy about it. He sneaks around all night; nothing happens. He makes up his mind that next night he'll go in and get his fun and his meat. He comes back. The herd is gone. He finds it in a new place—with that lantern burning again. He's got to spy out the land once more. I may be wrong, but I notice that the coyotes get very few of my sheep at night."

"Do your dogs ever go wrong?" I asked, remembering Bob, Son of Battle.

"The sheep-killing dog of the breed we keep," said the boss, "is mostly a myth, I think. I've never heard of a real sheep dog laying a tooth on a sheep."

Had the boss said this to me some three weeks later, I could have matched him with an authentic story. The whole world now knows that intelligent breed which, according to the degree of our recovery from the war, we call the Belgian police dog or the German police dog. The Germans, occupying Alsace in 1870, found there a fine native shepherd dog. Specimens of this breed were mated with wolves at the Hagenbeck Menagerie in Berlin; the result was the police dog. Everyone familiar with these dogs must have noted how in some a restless disposition, a set eye and a strict one-man tendency reveal the prevalence of the wolf strain. As a matter of fact, careful breeders note the manners of the puppies when first they drink water. If they suck it instead of lapping, they are wolf dogs and must be drowned at once.

Now in Mesa Verde National Park I encountered a fine specimen of this breed. From his wagging tail to his kind eyes Wampus was all dog. I mentioned this to his owner.

A Bet on a Mountain Lion

"Yes," he replied; "but I was worried when I first got him, because he has a bad ancestry. I didn't feel sure until the tourists began to come in the spring and Wampus took to them all. His father went wild, ran away to the hills and began to kill sheep. He got to be a leader among the coyotes—dog intelligence and dog courage, I suppose. He gathered up a band of about twenty and they would raid a flock of sheep in broad daylight, killing right and left.

"The ranchmen finally killed all the coyotes, but they haven't got him yet. He's poison-shy, trap-shy and gun-shy. In summer he must average to kill a dozen sheep a week—just for the joy of killing."

However, to return to the boss.

"The mountain lion is an overrated animal," he continued. "He's even more cowardly than the coyote. A coyote will fight when he's cornered. A mountain lion won't go even so far as that. Do you know how they catch them for menageries? Well, they find their lion and tree him with a pack of dogs. A man climbs the tree to a branch above him and drops a loop over his neck. Another one gets hold of his hind legs and ties them up, and does the same with his front legs. He doesn't scratch. He's scared stiff. That's all there is to it.

"Bill Sturdevant"—name disguised—"went out once with a lion-catching outfit in Wyoming. He was sitting at night in the cabin with a guide, looking over a lion which they had caught and tied up that afternoon. And the guide was telling just exactly how chicken-hearted mountain lions are. 'What do you suppose this beast would do if we turned him loose right now?' Bill says. 'Crawl under the bed, most likely,' says the guide. 'Bet you five dollars he wouldn't,' says Bill. 'You're on,' says the guide. So they cut the ropes. As soon as he saw he was free the lion jumped onto a shelfful of medicine bottles, bounced off that to the hot stove, gave an awful caterwaul and went under the bed. They stirred him up with a poker. His nerves were plumb spoiled by now. He went like a streak right through the window, sash and all. They had to go out next morning and catch him again. The bet was never settled, because Bill said he meant to go under the bed right away, and the guide said he meant to go under the bed eventually.

"They're sports in a way, though. They like hard game. Fawns and young mountain sheep are their specialty. They don't touch sheep until they get too old and rheumatic to chase deer. Then look out!

"One of them made us all kinds of trouble a couple of winters ago. It was a hard season. For weeks at a time we had the sheep in the corrals, feeding them. He'd sneak in among them at night. I don't suppose he ate more than twenty sheep in all. But we lost a total of three hundred, because they got scared and they'd pile up and smother. We couldn't seem to trap him or poison him. Finally I put two men with guns on night watch at every corral. One of them caught him sneaking over the fence, fired and wounded him. In the morning we trailed him and finished him off. It was just as I suspected. He hadn't a good tooth in his head and his joints were puffed with rheumatism."

The Butting Bighorn

"The same rule holds with bears. The grizzly is gone, of course; but black and brown bears are still plentiful in spots. They haven't troubled us much, though. They don't take to sheep until they get old and feeble. A little while ago the Government sent out a bulletin ordering the rangers and asking us to shoot all sheep-killing bears on the forest reserve. One of the old sheepmen wrote a letter back to Washington. He said: 'What do you expect us to do? Catch him first and open his mouth to see if there's wool between his teeth?'

"It's rather curious about the mountain sheep. You'd think they'd have an affinity for the tame species—you know dogs that go wild begin at once to run with coyotes. But although I often find bands of our sheep grazing side by side with deer, I've never seen a bighorn among them. But last fall a herder told me a curious thing. One day a bighorn came out onto a rock above his band and stood for a long time looking down at them. All of a sudden he lowered his head and charged through them, butting like a billy goat. Of course they ran every which way. The herder had scarcely rounded them up before the bighorn came back and did it again—kept on doing it until he'd scattered them. Took the herder and the tender all day to round them up. I don't know what was his big idea. I guess he was just expressing his feelings on that bunch of tame, citified dudes."

The belt of shadow which had been sweeping down the Horseshoe suddenly enveloped Leavick. It was still glaring day in the valleys, but sunset for us. The rear of the herd was just topping the crest above their camping ground. They were pink sheep now, and Bob, standing with cocked ears as he surveyed the flock below, was salmon-red. A night chill blew down upon us from the patches of perpetual snow. The boss heaved erect his gigantic frame.

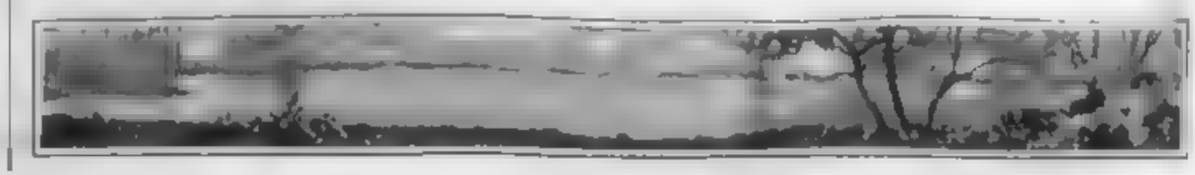
"Well, another day's gone," he said, "and I'm ravenous."

But he stood for a moment gazing southward.

"There's a beautiful little hidden valley over in there," he said at length. "All quaking aspens and columbines in summer, and a trout brook, and prettiest rock formation you ever saw. You can get an automobile up to it. My daughter's got the rights to that ground, and if ever I can find the time I'm going to put up a cabin there and she and I are going to fix it up."

"What for?" I asked.

"Oh, just for a place to go when we want to get away from things," said the boss.



Civilization has turned the corner in prolonging human life

Latest official figures indicate that we live five years longer than our fathers did

IN the last twenty years the span of human life has been lengthened by *five whole years*. This startling piece of news is contained in the census figures for 1920.

Are you one of those who will be fit at fifty to enjoy these extra years? Or are your health and strength already slipping away?

We are beginning now to understand that health and vigor are normal, not exceptional—that the loss of them is always due to some violation of Nature's laws. It all depends on how well we are able to adjust ourselves to the racing speed of modern civilization.

Why many people lose so early their freshness and power

When a man "slows up"—when a woman begins to show constant signs of vague ill-health—it is due to the fact that the body, from some deep underlying cause, is failing to perform *two vital functions*.

Either it is failing to build up properly the living cells which compose it or it is not throwing off the poisons that gather in the intestines.

Now Science tells us that the fresh, living cells of Fleischmann's Yeast contain a natural food, with the very elements which help the body perform these two vital functions.

Like any other plant or vegetable, yeast produces the best results when fresh and "green"—not dried or "killed." Fleischmann's Yeast is the highest grade living yeast—always fresh. It is not a medicine, it is a natural food. Eaten regularly day after day it helps to "tone up" the whole system and assures regular daily elimination.

Physicians and hospitals throughout the country are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast.

Eat two or three cakes a day. If you prefer, get six cakes at a time. They will keep in a cool, dry place for several days. Begin at once to know what real health means.

Appetite and digestion restored

The great problem for those with lowered vitality or faulty digestion is first to stimulate the appetite, and at the same time make it possible to digest the increased food that is eaten. Fleischmann's Yeast has this remarkable effect on the digestive system. It enables you to eat more, and to get more benefit from the food you eat.

Laxatives made unnecessary

Fleischmann's Yeast does for you naturally and permanently what drugs at their best do only artificially and for a short time. In hospitals, even chronic cases respond to it and normal functions are restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks. People all over the country are telling how Fleischmann's Yeast has helped them.

Skin and complexion cleared

A poor complexion and even actual skin disorders are usually signs that your vitality is being lowered. Fleischmann's Yeast by increasing the number of white corpuscles in the blood acts as a powerful agent in clearing the skin.

Eat it plain—or spread it on crackers—or mix it with water or milk

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

builds health naturally and permanently

Send today for the absorbing free booklet telling what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for others and can do for you. Use this coupon.

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BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

1 *Home of R. I. Patrick, Burlington, Vt. Architect, F. L. Austin. Byers pipe used for Plumbing, Heating and Vacuum Cleaner lines.*

2 *Masonic Temple, Chicago. Erected 1889. Byers pipe used for Plumbing and Heating Systems.*

3 *The old London and Liverpool and Globe Fire Insurance Bldg., New York City. Erected 1882. Byers pipe used for Heating System.*

40 Years' Service and Still Like New!

SUCH is the record of six miles of Byers pipe installed in the heating system of the old London and Liverpool and Globe Fire Insurance Bldg., New York City, erected 1882.

Another striking example among many is found in the Masonic Temple, Chicago, erected 1889, in which Byers pipe has for 33 years maintained its original serviceability.

Wherever you travel, equally impressive records of pipe durability can be found in old buildings equipped with the genuine wrought iron pipe—the only kind of pipe ever made by Byers. The Tacoma Building, Chicago, America's first skyscraper; the Iroquois Hotel, Buffalo; the German Insurance Building, Buffalo; Cleveland Arcade and Garfield Building, Cleveland—these are just a few notable examples.

In many of these buildings, plumbing and heating fixtures have been replaced by more modern equipment, but the old pipes have been left undisturbed, being in an excellent state of preservation after 30 to 40 years' service.

And this is a most fortunate circumstance, for cutting into walls, floors and ceilings to replace rusted-out pipes, is an operation entailing staggering expense, loss of rentals, endless confusion, and inconvenience to occupants.

Whether you build a home or a large building, Byers pipe is the most economical pipe to use for Plumbing and Heating. It represents the "happy medium" in *first* cost, and —due to its high rust-resistance—the lowest *ultimate* cost.

Note: Black or galvanized pipe of every variety is erroneously called "wrought pipe" or "iron pipe". Byers pipe is made by the old puddling process in use for over a century. The rust-resisting quality of the metal thus obtained has never been approached by products of cheaper modern processes. Byers is the genuine wrought iron. Judge its future by its past.

Genuine wrought iron pipe, from County Jail and Criminal Court Bldg., Chicago, in perfect condition after 44 years' service.

Send for Booklet, "On the trail of Byers Pipe"

A. M. BYERS COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Established 1864

New York Philadelphia Boston
Chicago Cleveland Houston

Look for the Name and Year rolled in every length

BETWEEN KAISER AND DEMOCRACY

(Continued from Page 23

my papers. After my having displayed the passport, its French translation and the German visa, all of which were in perfect order, the official handling my documents asked a few questions before he seemed satisfied to let me go my way. Next came the usual ordeal of our trunks' examination; first by the French officials to go out of France; then a little farther down the room we passed German officials, for permission to go into Germany. The French were exceedingly amiable, polite and smiling. They asked me if I had anything to declare, and on my assurance that all was in good order they passed my baggage through with a friendly smile. I offered the man who had done this a twenty-franc note.

He looked at me, smiled and said, "No, thank you, madam, we take no money. You had best use it elsewhere."

I apologized, expressed appreciation and put my money back into my purse.

As we were moving on, the porter carrying my bag said to me in his bad Alsatian patois mixed with French, "Madam would do well to offer that money to these other gentlemen on the German side. They will take it and be glad."

I said nothing at the moment, and we approached the officials, of whom there were two. The younger one undertook to question me. He gruffly made the usual inquiries and I replied I had nothing dutiable. When he mentioned cigarettes I admitted I had one box which had been opened, and he inquired where it was.

I said "In my trunk," whereupon he growled something as to why should I carry cigarettes in my trunk, and why were they not in my bag.

On my reply that I had not known they should be in my bag, but would gladly show them to him, he asked me, "Which trunk are they in?"

I pointed to the larger of my two modest pieces of baggage and asked him if he wished it opened, whereupon he said suddenly with some roughness, "Open this instead"; and he pointed to my suitcase. I opened it; he gazed in and saw nothing of any interest. Then he said, "Lift up some of those things. Show me what is there." I removed a dressing gown and a bag with sponges from the tray, and the official saw my slippers and other small belongings underneath. "That is sufficient; you may put them back; you need not open anything else," he said, still roughly. He made chalk marks on all my belongings. Again I drew out the twenty-franc piece I had offered the French official and held it towards the German.

"Will you accept this with my thanks?" I said.

He pushed the thing away and said with loud indignation, "Who are you offering it to? Give your money to the man who carries your baggage, not to us officials"; and then he looked me squarely in the eye and said, "You can go now, and take your place in the first compartment of the first-class car on the train."

Tip-Taking German Officials

This came as an order, though I was much surprised he should tell me where to sit. Quite a wait must occur before the remaining travelers' belongings were examined.

My porter, carrying my luggage, was wiser, though, than I; and as he moved along by me he said:

"Madam did well: there was no trouble; and now we will go and wait in the compartment for what may further happen before the train departs."

So he settled me and my bags around me in the first compartment. Ten minutes had not passed before the door on the far side, a door which gave out on the railway tracks instead of on the platform, opened quietly and my German official from the customhouse appeared. He asked where I was going, politely, in a tone entirely different from his previous one. Then he inquired if he could do anything to give me indications for the route. I questioned him as to a change of trains which I must make before I reached Frankfort. He answered all this fully and politely, and when we had finished I glanced out of the window vaguely, whereupon he said with some hesitation, "Madam was so amiable as to say in the customhouse ——"

I smiled and replied, "I thought you wouldn't take it; but if you will, here is the twenty francs," and he humbly replied "Thank you," saluted and departed with the money in his pocket.

It means a great change from the Germany of old. Officials never took tips then, so far as I can remember. During all the traveling which in my early life I did back and forth over this land I had found the German Government employes above graft. It gave me my first impression of the change which war has made and of the poverty which has come upon these people, to see an official of such rank stoop to this sort of subterfuge for a small tip. Tips are not allowed, of course; so indignation must be expressed; yet the money is needed and pride is sacrificed in private. I can't say I much blame them. After one has been a few days in Germany one realizes how difficult life is. Everything has become 600 per cent more expensive because of the slump in marks; and the rise in prices to the average German citizen, with no benefit from foreign exchange, makes keeping body and soul together a terrific problem.

Travel Costly and Uncomfortable

My trip from the frontier to Frankfort also gave me some insight into the changes in various other things. Instead of the usual punctuality of trains I had known in old days, our express was some three-quarters of an hour late in arriving at Frankfort, and the travelers complained of habitually missing connections. *Verboten*, as in old times, still is a sign posted up on every side; but if rules are obeyed at all it is done under protest. The trains are dirty, too, and there is much more overcrowding than in old times. Cars, instead of being new and in good order, as was always the case in Germany, now have springs and cushions that are greatly worn. Even the public, always so self-controlled and so phlegmatic, seems rather agitated and excitable. I heard loud conversations and arguments on every side. In the restaurant cars food prices are very high. It isn't hard on us with francs or dollars; but for people whose incomes are in marks it must be difficult to face this necessity of feeding themselves on trains at such rates. Everything served me was separately counted. The roll or the small pat of butter, as well as each dish of our short meal in the dining car, had a price. My neighbors glanced anxiously at the bill of fare, and instead of eating the whole dinner as they used to do with hearty appetite they chose some one or two of the courses and were content with those.

I changed trains once between the frontier and Frankfort, and caught an express coming from Switzerland. I had occasion then to find myself in quite a crowd, but an amiable porter who was carrying my baggage discovered the right car, showed me in and piled my bags in the corridor. A number of people were standing there, and I expected to do the same; but luck was with me. Through a glass door I saw there was a little space in one compartment space enough to sit down if one were fairly slim—and as I was gazing at it, wondering if I dared intrude, a gentleman who occupied one of the neighboring seats opened the door and said, "Madam, would you like to come and sit with my mother and me here? There is room by crowding a little."

I accepted the invitation, glad of this chance to be with them and talk, for I was curious as to the mentality of the people around me. My kindly rescuer fetched my bags in from the corridor, placing them with his own and those of his old mother. She was quiet in her manner, but very polite, and she spoke both French and German well. She seemed to think me French, for she began speaking that language. Then, finding I could speak German, she gladly changed back. At intervals we talked of the conditions under which we now must live. The mother and son had been in Switzerland for a time to rest; but life was very expensive there, it seemed,

(Continued on Page 83)

SELZ $SIX

On Broadway
In New York
The Empire City

In Washington
The Nation's Capital

All leather

Full grain Cherry Red Calfskin

Also other styles and leathers in high and low shoes

Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heel

Goodyear Welt

Natural Finished Oak Sole, bringing longer wear

In Boston
The Heart of New England

IN the capitals of every section the Selz $Six is the preferred shoe.

In New York, the world's greatest metropolis, the Selz $Six is featured by Gimbel Brothers' famous store; in Boston, center of culture, by the exclusive Kennedy Company; in Washington by Berberich, one of America's largest shoe merchants. These famous merchants illustrate the type of progressive dealer that features this metropolitan favorite everywhere.

Every merchant handling it accepts less profit than usual, and his willingness to do so proves that greater sales volume offsets smaller profits.

The low price—due to smaller profits to both merchant and maker—is the reason why the Selz $Six outsells any other single shoe of its kind.

If your dealer lacks the Selz $Six, write Selz, Chicago or Pittsburgh.

1871 SELZ 1922

11 FACTORIES—30,000 DEALERS

MAKERS OF ALL-LEATHER SHOES, INCLUDING THE FAMOUS "ROYAL BLUE" LINE, FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS

CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

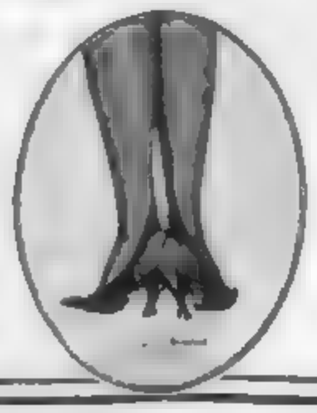
© E & B CO. 1922

Heavy silk sox for the man who doesn't like wool

—for the man who likes to wear low shoes the year 'round but can't bear the scratchiness of wool—who likes the softness and weight of heavy sox but prefers the "feel" of silk. We make these heavy-weight, accordeon-ribbed silk half hose to supplement our line of *"Onyx"* wool sport sox. They come in many two-tone color combinations, and can be bought at most department stores and better-class haberdashers.

Emery & Beers Company, Inc.
Sole Owners and Wholesale Distributors · New York

"Onyx" Hosiery



Note: One Christmas gift that's always sure to please Her is a pair of "Onyx Pointex" the famous hose shaped to make trim ankles even more graceful.

(Continued from Page 80)

and the mark was worth so little, and one was really glad to be back home again. Everyone wished naturally, however, to take a breath of air and forget pressing problems.

The son was about forty. He put the bags in place, engaged our places for the evening table d'hôte and was pleased to be useful, but he had nothing much to say. Neither was the mother a talkative person. I noticed the clothes they and other travelers wore; and though we were in a first-class car, and people evidently previously well-to-do were sitting there, there was no woman who had on a silk blouse or a dress of any elegance.

The men's clothes, too, seemed to be of half-wool, half-cotton stuff, and fairly worn. They gave a decided impression of poverty, and I fancy everyone is seriously anxious as to the price of each small thing, even among the necessities of life.

I spent a night in Frankfort and left next morning on an early train for Berlin, and though my ticket had been taken through from France first-class, I chose a second-class compartment for this trip. I hoped to see another group that would be interesting. One occupant of my compartment, who came in just after I did and settled down opposite to me, was a chubby, rosy old lady with white hair. She had been visiting friends in Frankfort and was going back to Berlin; and although she was quite ready to say that times were hard and money very scarce, she personally was evidently comfortable. She was dressed in a black satin skirt and a silk sweater and had a fairly new coat, with gloves and shoes that seemed all right. Several small diamond rings, with a gold chain and brooch, completed her outfit.

Besides this amiable person, there was a young German woman, pretty of her type, which was heavy and blond, with highly colored cheeks and blue eyes. With her were her fat, rosy baby boy, about two years old, and a modest little servant girl, evidently German and his nurse. Then there were two women of quite a different kind: dark, with perfect features and great luminous black eyes, with delicate hands and feet, and slim, graceful, swaying figures.

They spoke in an unknown language, which I discovered to be Greek after they drew out newspapers from Athens. The younger one of the two spoke German. Of course the baby made introductions all around and conversation became general at once; but unfortunately he also took most of his mother's time and became the subject of our talk, so we got nowhere so far as what particularly interested me went.

An American Girl's Opinions

The baby's father was in a compartment near by, and I had occasion to discover that the German women have not changed in their sense of duty very much since the war; anyhow, not in their attitude toward their men folks. Both father and baby tyrannized over the young mother. She belonged to them, and they called on her for all sorts of things in a good-natured way, yet with the assumption that she was there to attend to them. She seemed fully prepared to fulfill their expectations, and was very smiling and grateful when her husband from time to time gave her a pleasant word by way of thanks. It was she who lifted the bags and took care of the child and unpacked food for them all. It seemed not to occur at any moment to her husband to do anything towards aiding her. Once he lifted down two bags which she said were too heavy for her, and which she asked him to move.

When at last the baby slept she and the little nurse engaged in an animated conversation, which they seemed greatly to enjoy. They were evidently habitual companions, and their mentality was very much the same. In fact I was struck by the fact that the mother of the child seemed more at ease talking with the little servant girl than with her husband.

The German women in the car were all quiet and very well ordered, and sat still through the whole trip; whereas the Greeks got up and down constantly and talked violently with their hands, as well as with voices raised in apparent excitement. They moved often, slept and ate and called for coffee and mineral water. I felt rather impatient with them, though their hands and feet and their features, like the shape of their heads, were worthy of the best ancient statues, and they rejoiced one's eyes against their Teuton background.

I asked an American girl who has been living here, doing newspaper work for some time, and who has been in touch with many German groups and has local friends with whom she talks of these things, what the feeling in general was towards the Jews, and what it was towards other aliens who lived in Germany. She said she had questioned a great many on these subjects, and that she thought there was general and intense dislike of the Jews. The Germans feared them to a certain extent, and protected them officially; also used them largely, making a place for them in political and economic circles. She thought the Germans hated the French with a deep hatred, feared France's rising military power, envied them the victory, raged at having to give over Alsace-Lorraine and the use of the Saar region, with its rich coal and other industrial assets. She added that now the Germans are doing their best to make the world feel how much better they are in every way than the French.

German Attitude Toward America

The attitude of Germans towards Americans, she said, was—at any rate, in bourgeois circles where she moved—one of dislike; but on another basis. They feared America in economic competition; they also felt that America had been unjust to them. Mr. Wilson having announced his fourteen points, the Germans thought they had accepted these as a basis of peace. Then had come the Versailles Treaty. Both that and the League of Nations were created with no sign of the fourteen points in their make-up. Mr. Wilson had been willing to sign both these documents, swinging around completely from what he had laid down as his first principles. That was Germany's first disillusion. Following this, America had refused to ratify the peace treaty or to join the League of Nations; so Germany's hope of protection and justice after she had been caught in the trap was gone, and she was left by America's fault in the hands of England and of France.

As to England, the Germans hated her, too; but with a mixture of contempt caused by the vacillations of Mr. Lloyd George's government. Germany feels he is a demagogue of the worst type and that his policy has led nowhere.

Afterwards I checked up all this information in talking with German friends of mine; and though they were less categorical about the Americans, they were very insistent that America now owes Germany some protection, because Germany had really signed the peace believing in America's ability and willingness to aid her with the Allies.

What one man said about the French and English and the Jews corresponded with the impressions of my little American acquaintance. I found him quite ready to discuss the foolishness of the English policy, and he shrugged his shoulders hard and got red and hot over Lloyd George and over the situation he had created.

"Of course," he said, "it is a difficult thing, handling peoples not used to democracy. Europeans have always been guided by rulers who were sure of their places; who did not have to think about remaining popular, but could give their whole attention to looking ahead, planning their measures in statesmanlike manner with a clear-sighted understanding of what results would follow certain actions taken. Now, with all the talk of the Paris Conference which came to naught, and the false promises of the Versailles Treaty, people have gone mad all over Europe on the subject of democracy. Europe has reached the state where God Almighty himself, if he came down among us, could not put it in order on the present basis. The German people understand this, and though they are unhappy over their economic position and disappointed in the peace results, they are nevertheless standing nobly by their leaders."

The Germans, according to this man, blame the present situation on war fatigue, America's withdrawal, the Allies' illogical and unfair demands, and finally on the new half-baked democracy. He does not blame the German leaders, who are, he contends, surprisingly good. Ebert, for instance, he thought, shows an extraordinary instinct for government and an extraordinary talent for politics. The president has developed rapidly under the strain of these troubled days.

The man who plays fair

BROKER
(actual size)
Formerly 15c
Now 2 for 25c

He doesn't tamper with his health—doesn't gamble with his efficiency. He plays fair with himself and his family—he smokes Girard—the cigar for health as well as pleasure. The cigar that never gets on your nerves; that never "back-fires" on your digestion; that never leaves a heavy "hang-over" in the morning; no brain-fag, after a day's heavy smoking.

Girard is a friend that cheers, comforts, stimulates and inspires. It is the cigar for active, keen-witted, clear-headed Americans—a cigar that helps you through the busy day. Doctors recommend Girards, and smoke them too.

Mellow, fragrant—with true tropic flavor, Girard has the thoroughly satisfying qualities found only in real Havana tobacco naturally and fully matured.

Make Girard your regular smoke. Play fair with yourself.

10c and up

at the best cigar counters from coast to coast

ANTONIO ROIG & LANGSDORF, PHILADELPHIA
Established 51 years

GIRARD

America's Foremost Cigar

Never gets on your nerves

Ellis Parker Butler

Notice: This is the sixth and last of a series of six consecutive weekly advertisements in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, written by Ellis Parker Butler, world-famous humorist and author of "Pigs is Pigs," telling America about a new screen play, "East is West." Mr. Butler accepted the assignment only on condition that he be permitted to say exactly what he pleased on the subject.

"She—Ming Toy—belong to Charlie Yong—" "Not if I know it," says Billy Benson

This is the last of the six advertisements I was to write about "East is West," and it has been good fun to talk to ten million people, writing what I pleased, and getting paid for it. I think I have done pretty well as an advertisement writer and I'm going to be disappointed if at least ten million do not go to see "East is West" because of these advertisements. My whole family will go — and we are seven — so there are only 9,999,993 to be accounted for.

And now for my grand finale and bow. Before I agreed to write these advertisements I went to see "East is West." If I had not thought it was a good picture I would not have agreed to write anything. I *did* like the picture. I only remember one picture I liked better—and I wrote that one myself "East is West" has drama, thrill, fun and pathos and some of the best acting ever photographed. Constance Talmadge as Ming Toy reveals shades of emotion—from broad fun to appealing pathos—such as she has never shown before. Her Ming Toy will be one of the best loved characters on the screen, or I miss my guess. If I am not mightily mistaken "East is West" is going to be a tremendous success. That's what I think. I wish every one of my 9,999,993 readers who see the picture could tell me whether they think as I think—the other seven will. What I think is that it is a delightful motion picture and I do not hesitate to urge you to see it at the first opportunity. You'll thank me.

And I thank you!

Ellis Parker Butler

Joseph M. Schenck presents

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

in

"EAST is WEST"

Directed by Sidney Franklin

Adapted by Frances Marion from the play by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. Originally produced by William Harris, Jr.

A First National Attraction

"But all republican statesmen must win suffrage by fair promises of what can be gained from a given line of action. Necessarily, in order to appeal to public imagination and public opinion, they must make a mirage which will lead the crowd on. Therefore they take to fairy tales, and it is a dangerous game."

I asked this German friend of mine what he considered might be done to aid the world's great troubles, and had he any plan to propose as a remedy to Europe. It was a long time before I started him into really telling me what possibility he saw. He went back to the beginning of the war and claimed that Germany had not started it. I had not suggested to him that Germany had, so I merely listened and let him go over this ground. He said the German people were a gentle, simple crowd. Their government had not needed to excite them to make them patriotic, because they were that by nature.

I added, "By the training of forty years as well," and he said yes. A paternal government which had handled their affairs well had made them feel their greatness; they were ordered out and had marched to war.

"I and all those around me, without excitement or discussion, went simply because it was our duty to go," he told me.

He said the Emperor had not wished for war; that there were many groups in Germany who felt opposed to it. He remembered in those early days of August, 1914, he chanced to be on several occasions at the Foreign Office with friends. Some of these had walked the floor in agony and had then said Germany would be beaten and that the war was the wildest sort of foolishness.

"If she had had but two or three divisions more she would have finished it within a month, winning on the Marne. She would not have had to remove any of her troops from France to go against the Russians."

I was glad he spoke of Russia's energy in those first days, and admitted thus the real help we had given to the Allies by our sudden and enthusiastic move on East Prussia. I asked him if the Germans had not wished for war why had they an army and navy, and especially such vast supplies of weapons and ammunition; and why had some party—for there must have been somebody to do it—actually declared war. He admitted that there was a war party, and that at that time they had considerable power, though normally they made only a minority. He added that the Emperor was afraid of war, but had through a false and foolish idea built up the German fleet. I got the impression that, having stated Germany did not want war, he was admitting a good deal.

The Menace of Bolshevism

He went on to say Bolshevism was now dangerous to all Central Europe. Just as Germany had before been surrounded by France and Russia, and been afraid of them, so now Germany was surrounded by weak nations in the south and by Bolshevism and Poland on the east. She still had her enemy France on her western side. Therefore she was now as much in danger as before the war, and was much less prepared to face it. She had lost her colonies. He considered they had not been worth much and had only cost her money, which meant prestige in outsiders' eyes. Germany had lost the best of her provinces to Poland on one side, and on the other side to France; and she had lost her foreign property in the United States and elsewhere. She had lost her fleet, the ships in which she sent her manufactured goods abroad, as well as her fighting navy; she had lost much of her raw materials and all her possibilities of home-produced fuel.

Germany, always an overpopulated country, now with great portions of her land lopped off by the Treaty of Versailles, was overpopulated to a still greater degree. She would have to continue importing food even in larger measure than before. Only her poorer territory remained to her. If she was now to live at all she must at least have quiet, a moratorium, with a sufficient loan to stabilize the mark at the point it is. She must also have a fair opportunity to buy her raw materials at prices which could be foreseen, and finally she needs an even chance with others in the markets of the world.

"If Germany has these things she will recover; if she does not get them there is grave danger of collapse. Who knows what might happen after?"

He feared that Bolshevism might cause uprisings that would be serious. Then I asked him if he thought Bolshevism a real danger to Germany.

He said, "No, not in the final instance. The Germans would never have a Bolshevik government—anyhow, not for any length of time—because they like law and order, and because they are a thrifty people, also conservative, inasmuch as they nearly all own land or other property. There might, however, be riots, pogroms and great disorder, with complete financial collapse, which would be very serious. Something must soon be done or it will be too late."

I asked him why the war had ended so suddenly and what had caused the breakdown of the Germans; if it was real disapproval of the government or a feeling that the people did not want to fight. He replied that it was lack of material resources behind the lines, and a general state of nerves which had become quite unbearable.

He added, "It is very hard for an outsider to realize to what extent our people were exhausted. Almost every soldier on our firing line had been wounded two, three or four times. Their nerves and those of their families simply broke down."

Germany's Ambitions

I said, "I suppose in that case the Germans would not like another war. Even feeling abused at the present time, as you do, if their government wanted to declare a war it would not be strong enough to make the people march. Soldiers with only four short years in which to forget such wounds would probably refuse to fight."

Whereupon my friend immediately said, "Ah, no, that is not the case! One could go out and merely whistle, and the Germans would at once answer the call for any patriotic cause. They are good fighters always. They have had four years of rest. What now makes a war impossible is the economic situation. Our arms and all furnishings for military work are thrown away or given to the Allies. An army could not be formed overnight, even with the best material in men. Discipline and training, as well as arms and ammunition, are needed, even with every man willing to fight again."

It was quite evident he did not feel Germany was unwilling to fight if there were reason. I wonder does this man's mentality extend far among his people. I made several inquiries, and it seems that there is a militant party, but not in actual government circles.

In a political sense, I asked what were Germany's present ambitions. After a little desultory talk I was generally given to understand the people want tranquillity to reëstablish their economic situation.

"Naturally, as they are Germans, and want a normal course of things, they feel all Germans in Europe should join together and form one nation. Equally naturally, they want what belongs to them back."

I admitted the natural feeling in this ambition, whereupon I was answered:

"Germany has always been a great power for constructive civilization in the world. Necessarily she feels deeply the misery she is going through today. Her people are gentle and patriotic. The so-called cruelties of the late war were due to stupidity or misunderstanding of orders. Here and there necessities existed for destruction of things that might be useful to the enemy, such as the complete abolition of the mines at Lens."

The library of Louvain or the Cathedral of Rheims are never mentioned at all. The talk of all the things done to children and women was, it seems, mostly propaganda, and false. Here and there, of course, there was accidental roughness; but always when men are fighting it is difficult to watch each one. Those who had been among the soldiers said, generally speaking, German soldiers were as good or better than others. One man put into our talk that he hated to think what would have happened if the French had been fighting on German soil. They were much more cruel and fierce than Germans. I suggested it was possible the French would have done a good deal of destruction; but it also seemed possible to me they would have considered themselves simply following the German example. Then he contended the French were a much

more military nation through their history than the Germans; and, without contradicting him as to this, I suggested Germany had also furnished a number of good soldiers to the world, which was admitted. This informant told me that because of the Germans' great patriotism and patient nature they had always made good soldiers. Then we passed on to other things.

In the immediate situation Germans make a point of declaring, among other injustices, the promise forced by the Allies from the German Government that no further paper money should be issued was frightfully unfair. It was responsible in part for the difficulties now, since there is actually too little money in circulation to pay for the nation's living expenses. One acquaintance claimed that before the war, with the mark normal, a man with about twelve or fifteen thousand marks as his salary could live well and support a family; while now, with three hundred thousand marks, this man was almost starving.

An incident was brought in to prove this. It had happened a few evenings previously, and the man who told me is entirely truthful. He said he was walking home from a dinner party with one of his official colleagues. The colleague had said to him suddenly, "Wasn't that an excellent roast we had at dinner?"

"I am not much of a *gourmet* and eat very little meat, so I replied I hadn't noticed; thought I didn't eat it.

"Then my comrade turned violently on me in the street and said, 'Didn't notice and eat it? Why, man, what are you thinking about? It was the first meat I have eaten in more than a week!'

"Now, princess, you will admit these are not natural conditions under which we Germans live today. No wonder our leaders are anxiously looking around to see what can be done, trying first one and then another road. The world cannot drift as the Allies have let it since the Versailles Treaty.

"In order to win their peoples' support and keep their own power the politicians of England and France have talked of a given sum to be paid by us as indemnity. Germany has already paid, in one way or another, vast sums. More than sixteen billion marks has left Germany in one form or another since the peace was signed. Whether it has reached the Allies' coffers or not, Germany has paid.

"Now they are asking for further astronomical numbers of billions; more gold than there is in the world."

Military Expenditures

"The only thing to do, I believe, is either to establish a balance of power now by alliances, or make finally a general effort at a solution, working all together. If the effort all together could be made it would be best; but could it be made? Germany has been willing. Germany would be content to accept as a beginning the proposals made by Mr. Morgan at the reunion of bankers some time ago. If America made any offer, if only it understood the need and made it, every European people would be obliged to make concessions. Only the United States has power to force all nations to do this."

My friend claimed that the Germans have never been given a chance by the Allies, or shown any confidence; especially have they never been given a chance to show their good feeling and good intentions since the Versailles peace. I took occasion to remind him of the efforts made as far back as the first and second Hague conferences, when Germany had been invited to take part and had refused. Then I pointed out that since then she had gone on spending vast sums on armament. This wasn't contradicted, and we closed the subject; but I have found it very interesting to note how they always begin by defending themselves, even when no accusation is made.

The talk on Bolshevism and its dire effects for Russia obtained ready listeners, who said it was a very bad thing, not only for Russia but for other countries all over the world. Someone gave me a sketch in a few words as to how the Russians, being what they were, of course, were prone to Bolshevism by nature. I stopped him there and said I knew the road our Russians had taken towards Bolshevism. It was a German importation, a war measure for the destruction of Russia's power on the Allies' side. I realized from first hand how the Russians had been first trapped, largely through their idealism, then debauched and afterwards told they were compromised when they awakened from the orgy; how the terror had been established.

To my surprise, my listener took this very well, and after a moment's hesitation he said, "Yes, that was really how it happened."

Later on I asked news of several Germans who had been friends of ours in old days among them Count Mirbach, whom I had known well when he was in the embassy at St. Petersburg. I said I was sorry he had been the one to head the German mission during the Bolshevik triumph in Russia.

My German looked at me squarely and said with a sigh, "Yes, I am sorry too. Mirbach was a fine man, and I know his mission was a terrible one to him."

I said I thought it must have been so because I had always thought him a thoroughbred. I mentioned two or three others whom I had liked in St. Petersburg long ago, and this man gave me news of them. Some were dead, a few were living on their estates, waiting with anxiety to see what would happen to their land.

Once a gentleman with whom I was frankly discussing said gently, "It seems strange, does it not, princess, that we should be sitting here chatting of all these things after the years and events which have passed and all that has happened to us ourselves?"

Individual Effort

And I said "Yes," and told him that these years, although they held so much suffering, which I necessarily felt to be so wrong, had left me without bitterness. I was glad to hear and to do justice to the tale of each country. A great many people, both among the Allies and in America, would be glad to see the threat to Europe's life removed. People across the seas were anxious to understand what was happening over here, and this was difficult because of the haze of propaganda. It seemed fair to the world that Germany, having lost the war, should pay at least for the frightful destruction on the battlefields of France. The Germans admitted this, though I think it cost them an effort.

"I have to admit that Germany has had some bad leaders," said one. "It is like other countries; but we have good leaders too, and we have a good people, who are suffering very much just now. We must get on our feet, because if there is a collapse here it will be dangerous to all the world."

This seems only too true as one looks at Berlin. During my stay I have been to two or three dinners, at none of which was a single German present. It seems that no Germans entertain. They are too poor, and they are either not invited or do not accept hospitality from strangers. One of the chief topics of conversation is the arrangement between Stinnes and the Co-operatives of the Liberated Regions of France. It seems to frighten some of those who speak of it, as meaning a certain defiance of the government; but mainly people say it is at least something constructive being done. One or two diplomats from neutral countries expressed irony over the fact that all this has been done apparently without consulting the German Government. Stinnes held the conference and attempted to adjust the reparation question; then he announced casually to the newspapers he would notify his government.

"It shows," one chief of mission remarked, "that the world is coming with a vengeance to a government of the people."

The answer which came from one of his colleagues was that perhaps it might be a good thing to see the people take hold through such individuals as Stinnes, or such organizations as the Coöperatives of the Liberated Regions, instead of leaving public affairs to officials who act as all the traveling ministers have in the last three or four years.

Among the American group who are here for observation or study there is a tremendous feeling that America must take a hand in the European situation, reestablish law and order, at least in the economic field of Europe.

Some six or eight months ago I had a chat with an old friend of mine, one of those men who in the Washington Conference last winter played an important rôle. He said to me then that the Washington Conference was a good beginning for the

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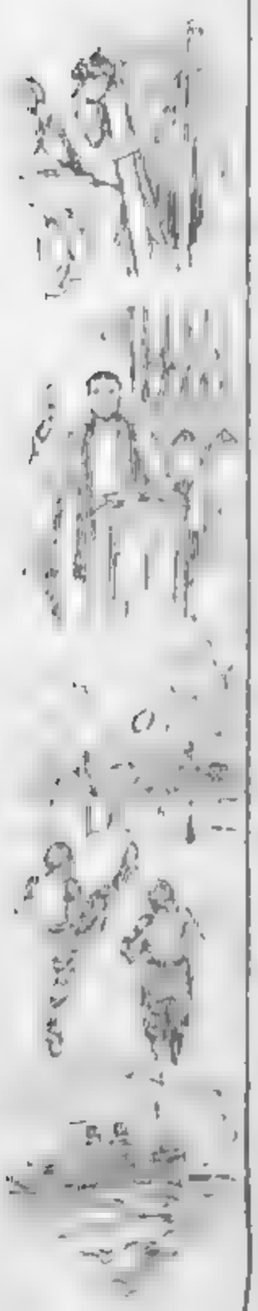

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United States, and that it meant America was going to take a leadership that was hers by right, to aid the world. He thought then that some day in the not far distant future she would do for Europe what she was doing at that moment for the Pacific and Far East. He acknowledged the time was not yet ripe, since the European countries, both Allies and enemies, were still trying to win their game of politics through old-fashioned intrigue. They were still disinclined to be honest with one another. He added with a deep sigh:

"I fear that the only way they can learn is through real suffering, and we will see Europe go downhill until such time as she finds herself upon her knees. Then she will be willing to listen to reason and take to practical idealism. We can help her then. For the good of each there must be concessions among the many nations trying to live on Europe's troubled surface."

The other night I reminded this man of that conversation and asked him if he did not think the moment was coming when what he had predicted would take place.

He said, "Yes, I am sure that within a short time now we shall see action taken. I am beginning to feel that the days and weeks are precious; Europe is in such a bad way."

It seems frightfully sad here, and one has an oppressive feeling of danger; yet I don't see any evidence of action to take hold of the European situation. Everyone is still waiting, while this nation totters. The German people are growing hungry, like a good many others, and a number of inexperienced leaders are trying various expedients. One can't be otherwise than very sympathetic with these masses of human beings who are going to live through the coming winter in Germany. No one talks of anything else but food, fuel, clothes and poverty, with their political background and meaning, yet no one is whimpering over the prospect. They mean to die with their boots on. To me the Germans—or, anyhow, the Prussians—have not the charm the Latins, Slavs and Celts possess. The German's old official honesty is gone, and one loses by depending on it.

Adventures in the Deutsche Bank

There is no good money, and even bad money is scarce. Many times I gave a ten-thousand-mark bill to pay for my meal and was told it couldn't be changed. The hotel office held a check on the State Bank for two days before it could hand me a matter of twenty thousand marks change on the account I was paying. The worst of it is that one misses the honesty, thrift and discipline which were once among the best of German characteristics. I saw a marked example of disorganization and lack of discipline one morning at the Deutsche Bank. I rubbed my eyes to think I was in Germany! I went to the department specially designated to attend to letters of credit. Handing mine to the head man at the counter, I asked for one hundred and fifty dollars. I was told that in money I could have but twenty dollars. Twenty dollars did not seem much to live on or to pay shopping bills, where it takes thousands of these degenerate marks to pay for anything; but I was told I could have checks on the Reichsbank, and that these circulated for the full value of whatever sum they represented. Of course, I accepted the arrangement. After some haggling I was even allowed twenty-five dollars in actual currency.

A great many foreigners were in the letter-of-credit department of the Deutsche Bank that morning—Americans, English, Japanese, Jews of every land, with here and there someone who spoke in French. The confusion was immense. We were much too crowded in the space allotted and the procrastination was such that everyone felt cross. Behind the counter there were half a dozen men, who all looked flurried. They had an immensely efficient, short manner with their clients; they did not get through their work with any comfort to themselves or satisfaction to those who applied for money.

My own experience was typical. It was placarded that ten thousand marks was the limit to be drawn, because money was short. This advertising of poverty doesn't establish confidence; but the men continued to explain the hard facts to us, saying there simply was no money. One official wasted a number of minutes over this. He made out the various papers needed for me, put them in a file and gave me a number corresponding to the one he pasted on this file. Then the whole thing was sent off to some distant point of the Deutsche Bank for signatures.

The performance had begun at twenty minutes of eleven o'clock. At half past twelve my file came back, was handed to a young man who was going to give it to me, I hoped, when he discovered one of the needed signatures had been forgotten. He was very angry; said it was the second time this had occurred that morning, but the file had to be sent off again, to wander over the great building. About a quarter past one I recognized my letter of credit returning in the hands of a bank messenger, who put it on a table behind the counter. I waited another five minutes for it to be handed out to me. Nothing happened; so finally I went across the room to the messenger, who was then standing gazing idly at the crowd. I told him what had happened, and that I was very indignant and would certainly report to the head of the bank unless my letter of credit was given me at once. Would he go and tell somebody to attend to the matter? He said at first that all the people were waiting, and he tried to put off my insistence. I was not in the least excited, and not in the least afraid, so eying him squarely, I told him he was going to do what I asked, since it would be worth his while. He at once looked keen, and changed his mind.

Chaotic Banking Methods

He, an ordinary messenger, then went inside the bank counters and walled-off space, behind the clerks in charge. He sorted over the letters of credit lying waiting for delivery and took mine out, putting it in the hands of one of the clerks. The messenger spoke quietly to the clerk and returned to me, saying my letter of credit would be the second one served out. For this service I gave him twenty marks. I waited until twenty-seven minutes past one. Nothing had happened. Finally I went back to my friendly messenger and told him my new trouble; whereupon he returned inside the counters, picked up my letter of credit, with all the accompanying papers and the file, and carried it over to the cashier. The cashier paid me at once.

I was among the lucky ones of that gathering, as my experience had lasted only from about twenty minutes of eleven until half past one. There were a number of men and women standing about who impatiently and loudly exclaimed they had come in at 9:30. Some of them were considerably annoyed and some seemed amused.

A good-natured young American, who viewed the whole situation from the heights of his overseas citizenship, said, "What can you expect? They need just one good business man here to straighten matters out and organize some system."

An angry Englishman, who was hungry for his lunch, grew with time very noisy in his protests.

"I never saw such people! They have no money, and they don't even seem to use their brains just now. They are going all to pieces. Someone ought to come here and simply give these men hell!"

A large audience agreed with enthusiasm. I was forcibly impressed by the fact that the bank clerks, in as great a concern as this, showed such uncertainty and excitement. It was the most positive sign I had noticed that Germany's nerves to an immense extent are giving way under the strain put on them, and again I felt sorry for what the tragedy of such an exhibition stands.

The Germans never seem able to handle any machinery that goes wrong. They lack the personal initiative some other races have, and they fall to pieces surprisingly. A little calm bluffing would have given us foreigners a totally different impression of their present banking conditions; whereas, now, one man, really enjoying the situation, shrugged his shoulders and remarked *"C'est boche!"*

Certainly the scene there in that letter-of-credit department was the best French propaganda possible. After I had received my money and turned to depart the messenger who had finally carried out my instructions with such energy and success followed me. He told me quietly if I came again, to find him at once and I would get my money within twenty minutes of the time I asked it. However agreeable this promise was to think about from my personal point of view, it is hardly a

(Continued on Page 89)

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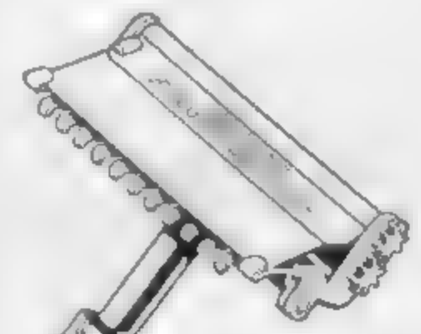

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(Continued from Page 86)

recommendation of the system of the Deutsche Bank. I took the man's advice, though, and several days later got what I wanted within an hour. I spent a hundred marks on a tip to my humble protector, naturally.

My general impression of the public here in Berlin is that of crowds held in check for so very long that they depend on real authority. They lack individual initiative completely and are getting out of hand a little in the unsettled conditions. To those who know them well this seems to be the worst danger ahead. One wonders what Germany, hungry, ferocious and loose in the world, would mean to civilization—and one shivers a little.

I hear the most varied opinions, but several Americans in the know say there will be a move towards betterment from now on. Though a number of Germans say this, too, their talk isn't completely convincing. One merely hopes the prophecy is going to prove true. Everybody I talked with feels the same on one subject—of America's power to aid here morally at least. A good many don't mention aid in money being necessary, though no doubt Germany needs relief from Allied pressure. Everything the Teutons propose is opposed by one or another of the Allies, and America's value simply as a buffer and arbiter in negotiations is immense.

General Allen's Valuable Services

In proof of this assertion stands the tremendous success of General Allen at Coblenz. I had been told a great deal of his popularity, and to learn more of its basis I suggested in several conversations the departure of the American army from Europe. A German with whom I was talking of this cried out against it, though he had just been complaining of the expense of keeping the Allied armies of occupation. I got the same kind of reply from Belgians, French and British whom I spoke to. They are always harking back to the importance of the American occupation being continued. Some told me one thing, some another, and by degrees I have put together the various parts of the following story. I think it explains the secret of General Allen's tremendous value in the general European situation.

First he has great dignity and is friendly to all. Also he has excellent judgment, which is always at the service of his colleagues. He is a born diplomat and peacemaker, everyone says; but the most curious and amusing point is that he is a protection, or is so called by each one of the other nationals I saw. I am told by each person of whichever country that from time to time the French Government tries to put through some extramilitant measure in the occupied region. Perhaps it is one to which Belgium objects; yet the latter country feels unable to protest, depending as she does on France in many ways. The Belgian representative therefore goes to see General Allen, exposes Belgium's point of view and the United States general protests in the good cause; whereupon the French immediately drop their plan or modify it.

When Germany wants to escape the Allies' rough handling her appeal is laid before the American commander, who speaks to his colleagues. When the French commissioner himself thinks his own government in Paris is going too far for wisdom he begs General Allen to ask a change, sure that attention will be given the affair. Concessions are generally brought about easily in this way, whereas the French commissioner could hardly obtain the same result. He might even lose his place if he acted alone.

The British feel, it seems, that if General Allen were called home, within six months they also would be obliged to leave Coblenz, as they would be unable to withstand French encroachments.

Pathetic Europe! It is unable to understand itself these days, or settle its disputes alone. Nerves strained, blood hot, suspicions roused, one race against another, the nations stand, suffering, groaning, trying this and that to get upon their feet. To think that one American, among them all, keeps peace, suggests solutions all are willing to accept! It thrills one to think the fair-play attitude and common sense of the great nation across the sea are such a power.

No one suspects this American general of intrigue or injustice, and all turn to him at Coblenz. In Berlin apparently the same spirit reigns. It is a pleasure to see everybody's attitude towards the American ambassador. He has a unique position with all with whom he has come in contact since his arrival a few months ago. He is frequently consulted by his colleagues, while the Germans turn to him constantly, with confidence in his sense of fairness and his desire to aid them. Quiet, kindly and quite simple in manner, very sympathetic towards the general suffering of Europe, Mr. Houghton is acknowledged to be just the man to create and keep good feeling going. He shows a sense of humor as well as a warm heart. The complications all about him appeal evidently to his resourcefulness of character and brain. He takes it for granted that his duty lies in being the Germans' friend as far as possible, and the splendid embassy on the Wilhelmsplatz is a symbol of American power. The ambassador's activities, and those of Mrs. Houghton, are typical of the spirit of the nation they represent. Their doors are often thrown open to their friends and their hospitality is perfect; both elegant and cordial, with a charm of home for the traveler they welcome or for their colleague diplomats. They enjoy their life, it would seem, and give generously of their hearts, brains, time and means to help their fellow creatures.

There is little gay life in Berlin. The court, of course, is quite abolished; the ministers are facing a continual crisis; no one has any money. The palaces of those who in old days composed German society are closed, while the nobility are trying to save by living in the country. All officials, great or small, are facing great trials, with families dependent on them and salaries quite inadequate to the cost of life. The daily effort to make both ends meet makes one long hideous grind. Nerves are on edge and the general morale is lowered. There are but two subjects of conversation—the slump of the mark, with the misery this causes, or politics at home and abroad. One is depressed after hearing these discussions for a time. Such bitterness makes one desperately sorry for any people facing such terrible emergencies.

The Germans never were a light-spirited race, and now they are too broken to enjoy life, save for a group of profiteers. Foreigners sit about with the profiteers in the fashionable hotels, eating, drinking, spending money lavishly. They are much criticized, and I was told some of Germany's young men are being drawn into the whirlpool of this circle, throwing away their last money and their health. They are going rapidly to the dogs in their discouragement over their own and their land's situation. I saw nothing of all this, however, and I was also told of another, finer movement of the youth, both girls and boys, who are forming secret or open societies in an effort to better German life. In some cases it is a sort of back-to-the-land movement they have inaugurated; in others their activities take a religious turn, making members of the organizations turn to their old religious practices again, after long neglect.

German Women in Politics

In some cases these groups are making an offensive against abuses, or what they consider unhealthy influences. They have raided shops where obscene literature was sold, on several occasions, and are starting gymnasiums or outdoor-exercise clubs. It is rather complicated to gather information as to this stirring of the youth, but it seems to be a development all to the good.

There is an odd development among the women too. When they were given equal rights it seems the Socialists had counted on their votes to uphold that party. In rebellion from long years of their oppression, the Socialists supposed the women would swing towards enjoying emancipation as far as possible. Another group—composed, perhaps, of husbands—considered that the women would be guided as of old and would be wives in politics as they had been in other things. But the women, of course, took a third and unexpected road. It seems they are not following their husbands, nor are they following the Socialists today. They have swelled the ranks of the Conservative Party instead, and in overwhelming majority. Germany is really changing when even its women do not fit themselves to expectations or show their discipline. In many ways Germany, after ten years, is new. It is less thrifty than before. The most optimistic of Germany's friends admit to anxiety and foresee disorders and bread riots in the near future. There have already been occasional outbreaks at provision shops in the past weeks, when windows were smashed and counters overturned. I saw long lines of people waiting for flour which was being doled out in packages near the Deutsche Bank. I understood this was being given by the bank to its own employes. In general, I am reminded of the days we lived through in Russia at the end of the provisional government's short life. Every face in Berlin is anxious, apparently all the population is living from hand to mouth, expecting black tomorrows after the gray todays; not knowing what is coming. Uncertainty like that wears terribly, of course.

There are a few groups, though, who make an exception to this rule. The hotel keepers, for one lot, are simply coining money. Where I am stopping, though the rooms are good and at a reasonable price, the restaurant and the door porter's bills are quite amazing. One forgets to be angry in surprise. Some dishes are so unbelievably high that their price isn't even mentioned on the bill of fare. The waiter merely suggests that one take chicken or lobster or *pâté de foie gras*—"which is especially good today"—and each portion appears on one's bill later at over one thousand marks! The porter buys one's tickets, sends telegrams, and so on, and it is disastrous to pay him for anything in cash without taking a receipt; for the item thus paid for goes on his bill anyhow, and without proof positive there is no use protesting. I am stopping at one of the best hotels, or supposedly so. Things I never ordered figure on my bills, also other things for which I have paid in cash. Heaven only knows how many items escape my notice, besides those I have removed! Service is casual, but 10 per cent is added to all bills for this; and there is an arrogant expectation of further and larger tips, for which thanks expressed are a rare treat. Two or three among the hotel's servants cared well for me, but I noticed most people are treated with cold arrogance. Servants' manners have generally disappeared. The sharp tones of the usual "*Ja wohl*" answer most questions.

Poor Service the Rule

With honesty and old-fashioned manners German thrift has also passed away. People who used to save carefully now feel they have so little and their marks are slumping so they had better spend all they own quickly. When to buy a pair of boots or a coat requires a month's salary by a man well off; when bread, not to mention meat, is beyond the reach of those a trifle poorer, principles give way and thieving and graft are the order of the day. I had several times a very modest lunch of two dishes, with a cup of coffee, and paid two thousand marks or thereabouts. Waiters openly scrape up the leavings on the plates in the dining room of this hotel. Restaurant portions are reduced to the last limit. Two lumps of sugar extra cost one hundred and fifty marks.

A simple dinner of soup, fish, salad and cold meat, with ice cream, black coffee and one bottle of Rhine wine, cost in my presence eleven thousand marks!

Service is hopelessly casual. I watched the system in the restaurant with some interest, as it is different from that of any other place I had been to. A client enters, and a head waiter, a waiter and a cellar waiter—for drinks—buzz about him, help him choose his table and order his meal. Once this is done, he gets the things ordered at the leisure of the waiters, who generally care for him in most disdainful fashion. I am an old European in many ways, so after the first meal I gave it to be understood I was aware tips were now charged on the bills; also, that further tips were hoped for; that I was entirely willing to be both just and generous to those who served me well; but that I expected proper attention and knew good service, and when I did not get it the optional tip would never be forthcoming. After that there was no further lack of care, though several amazing things occurred, like the charging of three expensive cigars on my dinner bill, when, of course, I hadn't had them. I drew the director's attention to this curious item, and with profuse apology it was at once removed.

Positively, life in Berlin lacks charm. The people travelers come in contact with are too evidently attempting to fleece

Helping to Make Glass

See that big, white, glowing bowl in the above illustration? It is full of molten glass! The latter is being conveyed from the melting furnace to the casting table, where it will be rolled into 300 square feet of beautiful plate glass.

It is obvious that the success of glass manufacture depends largely upon the ability of the bowl-like *melting pots* to successfully withstand the attacks of the molten contents.

L-C Melting Pots

These refractory melting pots are made by Laclede-Christy. They are of the same high grade quality as our famous LACLEDE Fire Brick. We make Covered pots for lead, lime, opal and colored glass; Open pots for plate glass; and Porcelain type pots for optical glass. They withstand the intense, prolonged heat of the melting furnace, as well as the corrosive action of the liquid glass within. And they resist sudden changes of temperature without checking or spalling.

Other kinds of glass, such as bottles, jars, window glass, etc., are melted in huge *tank* furnaces—containing lakes of molten glass averaging 75 feet in length, 18 feet in width, and 5 feet in depth.

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"I'm right with you. Wear Arnold Shoes myself. Won't wear any other kind. I get a pair that's good looking and I don't have to worry about the comfort."

ARNOLD Glove-Grip Shoes have that happy but rare combination—good looks and *comfort*.

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Below is illustrated one of the newest additions to the Glove-Grip styles, the "Trim Arch" for women—a smart-looking oxford, particularly well-suited for walking.

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them, and all the exploiting happens without a smile of welcome and without the least expression of a desire to save one trouble. You step outside your hotel, and the man whose obvious duty it is to call your cab gives no sign of life till you say to him with a show of energy, "Call me a taxi."

"*Ja wohl.*"

I am glad to leave an atmosphere which seems so harsh as compared to that of other lands. The city is ugly in its imposing grandeur of huge buildings, but everything looks down at heel. There is evidently plenty of money for building. Houses are going up or are being done over on every side.

I did no shopping, but I am told the shops are quite expensive and have no great variety of goods. Of course there is little French merchandise, which means an absence of all the dainty, luxurious things one is tempted to buy. There is still a flavor of *Ersatz* about a good deal of the material and most of the food. One lady told me she couldn't get pokers, shovels and such things for her fireplaces, as the metal shortage still exists. Everything was melted up for use during the war.

I have friends in Germany I sincerely like, even though some of them told me stock stories about the beginning of the war or Bolshevism in Russia. I knew these weren't true. When I brushed these tales aside, saying I knew a few facts, they didn't try to argue and we went on to other things.

They keep their faith in German strength of character, in final reconstruction, and they count on a helping hand through this period of crisis. Certainly they keep their old ambitions, for every single person I saw told me this.

Undoubtedly at the present time the Germans' case against the Allies is an excellent one. The Allies' injustice and vacillation make it impossible for Germany to plan anything ahead, and one can't help wishing a generous and just decision might be taken soon by those who hold the fate of Europe in their hands. Fair play is a good thing, but that and common sense as well seem really half forgotten. There has been so much suffering that I for one can't but feel sympathy for the grim, despairing courage all about me in Berlin.

The National State of Mind

The inexperienced men at the helm, who are trying to bring order out of what is almost chaos, deserve encouragement and help. A Russian said to me as we compared Germany of today with Russia of 1917, during Kerensky's short dictatorship: "I would say that Bolshevism was due here soon, except they have not the German propagandists here who organized and spread Bolshevism in our country. Besides, the German people are less idealists; so the propaganda won't take easily; and they have had more discipline and education than our people ever knew."

Some of the Americans who think they have a finger on the German pulse feel a way may yet be found to save the economic situation. The nation has had enough of fighting for some years at least, though German ambitions haven't greatly changed, nor has the people's character been modified by war. As far as I could judge, they are still dominating, arrogant, sure of themselves and their good cause; they still feel any means to be worth trying to gain the end they have in view. They feel the Allies are against them, some definitely, some in a vaguer way; and the injustice of the recent policies, decisions and actions of the Allies are gall, of course, to German pride. Portions of the population expect severe famine this winter. Workmen, peasants, profiteers and certain other groups are less in danger, I suppose; but the landed proprietors, officials, professional classes and those who lived before on small stable incomes fear misery. They are being told it is caused by foreigners' manipulations, and by the administration of the peace conditions by the Allied governments and the League of Nations. On the other hand, it is said on various sides abroad and in Berlin that the economic situation here has been caused by Germany's own bankers and industrial profiteers, with the consent of government authorities, in order that Germany should prove unable to pay the indemnity as it came due.

I asked a great many people about this. The Germans indignantly deny it, of course—even those who are not of the governmental party, and who are quite ready to abuse their profiteers. Americans who are officials and who ought to know deny it, too; and I for one am ready to give Germany the benefit of any doubt. I have talked lengthily with several American officials or business men, and find they have faith that those in charge are disinterested, patriotic, capable men, trying honestly to bring order out of chaos. They think Germany should be aided and justice done, now, while there is time. I also talked with the American wife of a diplomat from one of the neutral countries, who has lived in Berlin all through the war and since the reconstruction, and who has occasionally had a bad time because of her origin and American sympathies. Yet her heart was full of pity for the trouble all around her, and she showed a wish to help. She praised the patience, the courage of the Germans.

Germany at the Crossroads

Russians who have lived here as refugees since the revolution have said in clearest terms that though they all know what Germany has done to Russia in past centuries by way of exploitation, and know also they owe Bolshevism and the martyrdom connected with that to Germany, yet with the exception of a single man they seem fully to agree that it is now right to forgive and to save this nation. They couldn't wish even their worst enemy the harm they themselves have suffered at his hands; and they believe that Germany, debased and in collapse, would mean only further world disorder. I find myself always lost in admiration of the Russians' spirit in such matters.

The Germans want help. I heard them plead no sentimental cause; nor do they seem to ask the world's affection, or even understanding. They are quite hard when they talk to anyone about their troubles. But they claim justice and a common-sense settlement immediately of the European confusion. They want some practical basis established so they may know what obligations they must face, and when. They ask that the things they are ordered to do shall be possible things, settled once for all. They seem to believe America can help them to obtain this much of the Allies.

Civilization stands thus at the forking of the roads, and statesmen hesitate which way to move. One side, they fear to meet the Kaiser's spirit, which they see riding towards them. In the other direction, the leering face of Bolshevism seems to block their way. Time flies and suffering and bitterness are spreading out their dangers daily. Shall we play the good Samaritan, or shall we walk by on the other side? Well may one dread and wonder! Europe apparently can't make up her mind to be generous. But can America help her? Can she lead the way? And where shall she begin? And how?

A lot of serious questions to be answered by our people to another people far across the earth. As one turns towards them one is puzzled and distressed, but I would vote to see full justice done the enemy of old and to leave the rest to fate.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The next will appear in an early issue.

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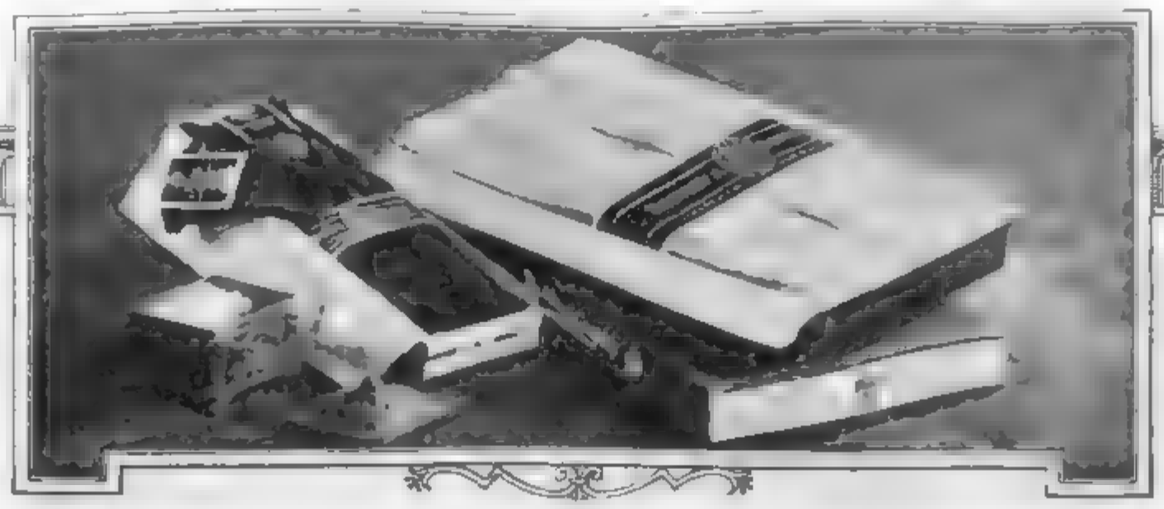

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NOTES ON THE WAR DEBTS

(Continued from Page 4

of the allied governments having proposed as a financial question affecting peace the reapportionment and consolidation of war debts, the proposal was strongly supported by the French representative, M. Klotz. The French replied, March 18, 1919, that it was the Italians who had raised that question; all the French did was to ask that it should not be discarded *a priori*.

And after that the American Treasury advanced $750,000,000 more to France and nearly $250,000,000 more to Italy.

Reflect upon the spectacle of the American Treasury continuing to advance hundreds of millions of dollars, without security, to foreign governments which at the same time are debating a cancellation of those very loans! When did a Shylock lend money in that manner?

More than a year elapsed. Then Mr. Albert Rathbone, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was sent to Europe to ask our debtors to make their I O U's into regular loans. This you might think would be a purely formal consummation, seeing that all the borrowing governments alike were pledged in writing on the face of the paper to do this thing on request. The record speaks.

On February 2, 1920, there is a memorandum from Norman Davis, then Assistant Secretary of State, to President Wilson, saying:

> As you are aware, efforts beginning with the peace negotiations were made to bring about a cancellation of our debts against the allied governments, but the question was not presented in such a definite way as to require us to take any formal action. Much to the surprise of the Treasury, in connection with negotiations which have been under way with the British Treasury regarding the funding of short-time obligations of the allied governments, the question has been formally raised by the British Treasury, both in a communication to Mr. Rathbone and also in a message from the Chancellor of the Exchequer sent through the British embassy, in which, among other questions, the Chancellor in effect invites the American Treasury to a consideration of a general cancellation of all intergovernmental debts. . . . While the Allies have never bluntly so stated, their policy seems to be to make Germany indemnify them for having started the war and to make us indemnify them for not having entered the war sooner.

To these suggestions from the British Chancellor of the Exchequer the Secretary of the United States Treasury replied as follows:

> As to the general cancellation of intergovernmental war debts suggested by you, any proposal or movement of such character would, I am confident, serve no useful purpose. On the contrary, it would, I fear, mislead the people of the debtor countries and arouse hopes the disappointment of which could only have a harmful effect. . . . The United States has shown its desire to assist Europe. Since the Armistice this Government has extended to foreign governments financial assistance to the extent of approximately four billions of dollars. Their need now is for private credits. . . . This nation has neither sought nor received substantial benefits from the war. On the other hand, the Allies, although having suffered greatly in loss of lives and property, have, under the terms of the treaty of peace and otherwise, acquired very considerable accessions of territories, populations, economic and other advantages. It would, therefore, seem that if a full account were taken of these and of the whole situation, there would be no desire nor reason to call upon the Government of this country for further contributions.

Negotiations Postponed

Well, after that there was nothing for it but to abandon the proposed cancellation plan and perform the obligation expressed on the face of the I O U or to refrain from doing so.

In May, 1920, the papers were all ready to be signed, and Mr. Rathbone was on his way from Paris to London to take the British signature, when suddenly he was notified by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer that he need not come. Negotiations were off. It appeared that it had been decided that the general situation must be further explored, and Mr. Lloyd George would write to President Wilson about it.

Mr. Lloyd George did write to President Wilson about it, but not until the following August. He expressed regret for the delay, saying: "I come now to the other question I wish to write to you about, and that is the knotty problem of inter-ally indebtedness. Indeed, I had promised Mr. Rathbone long ago that I would write to you about it, but I have had to put it off for one reason and another until now."

The British and French governments, he went on to say, had been trying to fix the German indemnity at a reasonable sum, but the French could accept nothing less than all they had hoped for under the treaty unless Great Britain would forgive them their debt to the British Treasury, and this Great Britain could not consider except as part and parcel of an all-around settlement of inter-ally indebtedness. He added: "I recognize that in the midst of a presidential election it is impossible for the United States to deal with this question in a practical manner; but I should very much welcome any advice which you might feel yourself able to give me."

To this President Wilson replied: "The United States Government fails to perceive the logic in a suggestion in effect either that the United States shall pay part of Germany's reparation obligation or that it shall make a gratuity to the allied governments to induce them to fix such obligation at an amount within Germany's capacity to pay."

A Tardy Proposal

All that has happened since has been monotonous. The campaign for a general forgiveness of debts has continued without cease and has culminated in the suggestion that the American people are treating the debts in the manner of traders who will have their due though it ruins Europe.

This brings us to the moral and controlling aspect of the question: Should Europe's indebtedness be paid as a matter of right?

It is bound to be admitted that cancellation may be morally urged upon one ground only—that is, upon the ground that the war was a common enterprise in defense of civilization: wherefore no money account should have been kept at all, and no defender should charge another for things contributed.

Americans understand that view romantically. They might have accepted it, indeed, if it had been presented at the time, or at any time before the war was won and the money account that had been kept of things contributed was as it is.

The amazing fact is that neither Great Britain nor any other allied government in Europe is proposing even now to take that view of the case actually. What is proposed only is that America shall uncharge Europe for the things Europe borrowed in the United States. It has never once been suggested that Europe should uncharge America for the things America bought and paid for in Europe during the war, for the war.

While Great Britain, France, Italy and the other Allies were giving us their I O U's for the war things they got in the United States, we paid at once for all the things we got in Europe. The difference between giving one's I O U for things as others gave us theirs and paying for things as we paid them is the difference between plus and minus. For example, there is an extra pair of shoes in England. General Pershing wants that pair of shoes for his Army and buys it because that will be a little quicker than to get it from home. Now, if he gives England an I O U for that pair of shoes it is just a matter of one pair of shoes some time to be settled for and nothing more. Instead he pays at once with an order on the United States Treasury for so many dollars. Britain spends those dollars in the United States for another pair of shoes and then there are two pairs of shoes for the soldiers in France.

Thus America's expenditures for war things in Europe gave Europe more dollars to spend for war things in the United States and increased the means to victory; and the aggregate of these expenditures was enormous—four or five billion dollars.

If now America's debtors, the allied countries, were proposing really to treat the war as a common cause in the faith of mankind wherein no one should have been charged for the things consumed, they would be obliged to say: "Uncharge us for the war things we got on credit in the United States and we will uncharge America for the corresponding things it bought and paid for in Europe." Nobody says

that. Why not? Why, for a very obvious reason. If you uncharge a nation for things that were bought on credit you simply tear up its I O U's. But if you uncharge a nation for things that have been actually paid for you have to return either the money or the equivalent in things. That is precisely what Europe has not been prepared to do.

There is no thought of uncharging all around. There is no thought of uncharging America. There is only the idea of cancellation all around, which would mean to uncharge the allied countries for what they borrowed in this country, enable them to forgive Germany and leave the United States holding the bag.

So far one discovers no shape to the idea, beautiful and romantic in itself, that to a common purpose all things were in common and not chargeable to one another.

Did this idea ever exist?

During the war we did not encounter it.

Did it exist when we were charged rentals and port taxes and rail mileage for our cars and locomotives and damages for the roads we built in France? It was all right. We paid and were good friends still. But we were charged and we did pay and we hear no suggestion that we shouldn't have been charged or shouldn't have paid or ought now to be uncharged.

Did the idea exist when the British charged us $90,000,000 for transporting 1,000,000 of our troops to France? That was all right too. We do not owe for the service. We have paid.

The Jute and Silver Episode

Clearly it did not exist when our War Industries Board was struggling with the British Ministry of Munitions, and could not by persuasion fully open its eyes to see how unfair it was that we should be charged trade prices for the war things we bought in the British Empire while Great Britain, on its purchases in the United States, received full benefit of war-control prices.

The American Government had created price-fixing agencies, and these agencies not only determined the prices to be paid by the American Government to its own people for the things of war but those same prices applied also to the purchases of allied countries. These allied countries were charged exactly what the American Government paid for food, raw materials and manufactures.

In the same way the British Government fixed prices for itself in its own country and throughout its empire, but those prices did not apply to American purchases in the British Empire. We were charged more. Our War Industries Board sent a mission to Great Britain to deal with these matters. On page 84 of its report we read:

> The mission had an important struggle with the British Government on the question of jute. All the jute of the world comes from India, and the British Government urged that it could not control the price, because it was an affair of the Indian Government. The mission pointed out that our Government was supplying silver to the Indian Government through the mediation of the British Treasury, and that if the British Government could not exercise control in India our Government might find it necessary to withdraw from the arrangement of supplying silver, and by thus causing a depreciation of Indian currency buy the jute at reasonable prices.

There is a story by itself—a story of silver and jute and deviltry. German propagandists started a rumor in India that the Indian Government could not on demand redeem those millions of paper rupees which the people of India had been taught to believe were as good as silver because the silver was always there and they could get it when they wanted it. And the rumor was true! The Indian Government had let its silver hoard run down. The Indian people began to present their paper rupees and demand silver, and the Indian Government was embarrassed. It could get gold, but gold would not go. The people demanded silver, and if they did not get it their faith in Great Britain would be ruined. It was a very serious matter. Revolution might be the least of its consequences.

Jute comes from India and nowhere else, and jute was an essential war material. At that moment the only available supply of silver in the world was a pile of two hundred-odd million silver dollars in the basement of the United States Treasury, sacredly pledged to redeem an equal amount of silver certificates passing from hand to hand as currency in the country. Great Britain appealed to America. What was to be done? A conference was held. Leaders of Congress undertook to pass, and did pass, a law that no one could understand who did not have the secret, authorizing the Treasury to melt those silver dollars and lend them to Great Britain. Thus a calamity was averted.

But while we were melting a portion of those $200,000,000 and lending the silver to Great Britain, who made it into rupees and sent it out to India—it took some time—while we were doing that the War Industries Board came to an impasse with the British Government over the price of jute. We had to buy our jute in the English market because there was nowhere else to buy it, and the price we were charged for it was very much more than the price at which the British Government bought its own military supply of the same material. The War Industries Board insisted that the American Government should be permitted to buy jute at the British Government's military price because the British and all the allied countries were permitted to get anything they wanted in the United States at the American Government's military price.

The British Government was very sorry. But that was a matter for the Indian parliament to deal with, and the Indian parliament was deaf and independent. At last the War Industries Board, backed by the whole United States Government, in substance said: "All right. No more silver dollars to be melted up for rupees. Then we shall see what happens to the price of jute."

At that the British Government discovered in the Indian parliament a very acute and hitherto unsuspected sense of hearing, and within forty-eight hours the American Government was able to buy jute at a fair price.

So it was, to some extent, with wool, of which the British Government got a tight monopoly at the beginning of the war by taking the whole Australian and New Zealand clip at a low price on a yearly basis; and with tin, which is a natural British monopoly; and with practically everything else we bought in Great Britain or the British Empire.

The Ten Per Cent Surcharge

It came to an episode with the British in wool. The excuse for charging the United States more than Great Britain paid for the wool was that America had no original risk in the monopoly. That seemed a far point. However, we went on from there, and the American Army contracted with the British for a large quantity at the trade price. It was left to the War Industries Board to arrange transportation and other details. It sent two American ships to Australia for the wool, and they were there waiting when the foreign mission of the War Industries Board in London was suddenly asked to sign a contract to pay, above the purchase price, an additional 10 per cent for overhead and administrative expenses. The War Industries Board refused to be charged that extra 10 per cent. Whereupon it received an ultimatum. Unless it signed the contract the American vessels waiting in an Australian port, within the British Empire, would not be permitted to ship the wool.

The War Industries Board said: "We have got to have the wool. Maybe we will sign that contract to get it. But if we do 10 per cent will be added to everything you buy in the United States." That brought about a change in the British attitude.

After the war the United States sent a liquidating commission to square the books. Among the unexpected claims presented by Great Britain against America were what came to be known as hidden costs, proposed to be charged in addition to the prices already paid. On page 58 of the commission's report we read:

> An example of such indirect charges was an item covering bonuses paid by the British Government to manufacturers of silica brick for the purpose of stimulating their production, that the brick might be used in the building of furnaces for the production of steel for the manufacture of shells, some of which were sold to America. The commission pointed out how impracticable it would be for each government to trace every remote and indirect element of cost which had entered into the production of materials furnished to the other. Attention was called to the fact that, under the principle

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which Great Britain was seeking to apply here, she might ask America to participate in the subsidy which she had paid on the bread which the workers in her steel mills had eaten.

Other incidents passed unmentioned. Before America got into the war allied vessels were exempt from port taxes in French harbors. After we got in the rule was changed. Our vessels were taxed in French ports.

We paid. We could afford to. We were not thinking of it in those terms at the time. It seems now very lucky that we had a War Industries Board that knew how to play this thorny game of trade, for otherwise our expenditures abroad for war things would have been perhaps $1,000,000,000.

The view changes. It is the record still.

What were the things—the things the allied governments bought in the United States with dollars borrowed from the American Treasury on their I O U's? They fall into several classes, to wit:

I. Things like food, cotton and munitions directly consumed for military purposes.

II. Things, especially food, bought on credit in the United States by the allied governments and resold by them in their own countries for civil consumption.

III. Things such as steel, cotton and other raw materials bought on credit in the United States by the allied governments and resold by them in their own countries to private manufacturers for the purpose of sustaining trade.

IV. Things of all kinds bought in the United States on private credit before the American people entered the war and afterward paid for with dollars borrowed from the United States Treasury.

V. Things, both food and industrial commodities, bought on credit in the United States after the Armistice for purposes of postwar relief and reconstruction.

That these different classes of things require different symbols is obvious.

Goods for Civil Issue

If there had ever been the idea that everybody's war things were in common, or if that idea now existed so as to include their things as well as ours, and if in the fulfillment of that idea we were happily uncharging one another all around, then, of course, those things of the class first mentioned that were directly consumed in military uses would have to be charged off.

In the same way those things of the class next mentioned—food and other vital supplies taken from us on credit and resold for civil consumption—those also would have to be charged off. Civil welfare was essential to victory.

But when we come to Class No. III—to the steel, cotton and other goods and materials bought on credit in the United States by the allied governments and resold to private manufacturers for the purpose, so far as possible, of sustaining trade as usual—perplexities begin.

The effort to continue business as usual in England during the war was heroic. British Government and British business were almost as one. That was quite right. The survival of British trade was a matter of vital importance. Only that is not the point.

The government of Great Britain took arbitrary control of essential raw materials as a military measure, and in its wisdom divided them between the uses of trade and the uses of war. Then when the United States came into the war private purchases for British trade ceased in the American market. The British Government did the buying for both military and trade necessities with dollars borrowed from the United States Treasury; and then there were two prices and two uses for the same things in Great Britain. There was one price for a thing resold by the British Government for military issue and a higher price for that same thing when resold for civil issue.

Things bought in the United States with borrowed dollars were resold in Great Britain for both military issue and civil issue. In what proportions we do not know. We could never find out.

We do know as to certain great groups of things, such as food products and cereals, that if the entire British Army had been sustained exclusively from what was bought in the United States less than half the total would be accounted for. The other half, therefore, was resold by the government for civil issue. That applies only to food.

As to raw materials, such as cotton and steel, we cannot guess in what proportions they were divided between military purposes and civil issue. The reason we cannot guess is that the British Government lumped the figures and we accepted them. For example, in reporting to the United States Government how it had been spending the borrowed dollars it put in one item as follows: "Exchange and cotton purchases, $1,682,419,875.31."

What did that mean? More than $1,500,000,000 for cotton and exchange! That item alone is more than the national debt of the United States before the war.

Well, the cotton means cotton, though how much cotton nobody knows; and the rest, maybe $1,000,000,000, represents things bought all over the world with pounds sterling—that is to say, with English money—and the dollars borrowed from the United States Treasury were used in the international exchange market to buy pounds sterling; the point of this being to keep business doing as usual in English money, which had been the paramount money of the world, and then to support the value and prestige of that money with borrowed dollars. Instead of purchasing American cotton at New York with American dollars the British Government bought American cotton at Liverpool with English money and then used dollars to redeem its own money at a fixed price in the international exchange market. But for this sagacity on the part of British finance the pound sterling would have declined in prestige and the dollar instead might have become the paramount money of the world. After the war, when dollars with which to support the pound sterling were no longer forthcoming, the exchange value of English money suffered a great fall.

To what extent the pound sterling, while sustained in value with borrowed dollars, was employed to buy things in other markets which were then resold to British trade we cannot tell. We knew all the time, however, that materials bought on credit in the United States were replacing materials consumed in British trade. Our War Industries Board was continually vexed at the procedure of taking steel away from private industry in the United States while British steel makers, our competitors, continued to export steel products from Great Britain for profit.

These things are cited for illustration. What they illustrate is how impossible it is for us now to imagine that the wartime transactions between the United States and the Allies were governed by the sentimental idea of all things in common.

Early Loans Refunded

In the fourth class we spoke of things of all kinds—food, cotton, steel and munitions—first bought in the United States on private credit before the American people entered the war and then afterward settled for with dollars borrowed from the American Treasury. That is an interesting item. It appears in the record as "Maturities, $648,246,316.94," of which more than half was for Great Britain and nearly all the rest for France. It is thus explained:

In 1918 certain loans fell due that Great Britain had floated in Wall Street through J. P. Morgan & Co. before we got into the war. These were what are known as secured loans. That is, valuable British securities were pledged thereunder. It was thought better to pay them off than to renew them, because to renew them might hurt British credit and also conflict with the sale of Liberty Bonds. The easiest way to pay them off, perhaps the only way, was to do it with dollars borrowed from the United States Treasury. That was all right again. Yet the fact stands out that the proceeds of Liberty Bonds to the amount of more than a third of a billion dollars were loaned to pay off debts contracted by Great Britain with private bankers before this country had put itself into the war. And this now is a part of that debt owing by Great Britain to the American Government which we are urged to forgive. The securities pledged under those private loans were not received by the American Government.

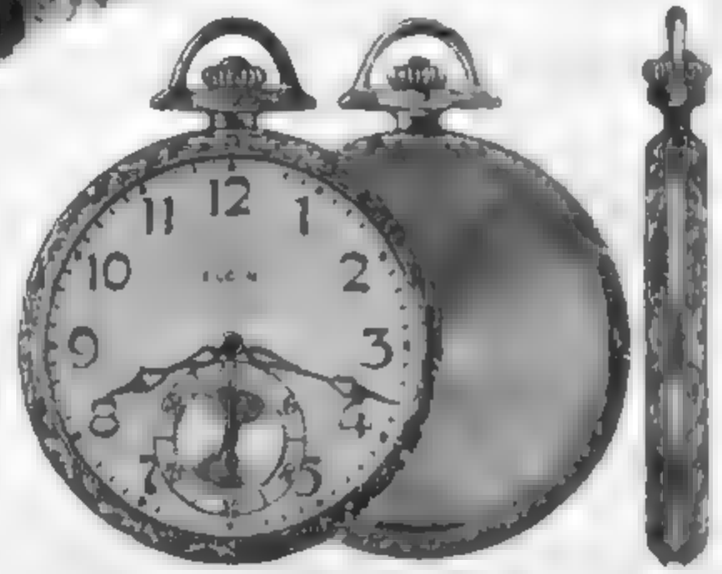
In the same way French loans amounting to more than a quarter of a billion dollars, floated in Wall Street through private bankers before this country entered the war, matured while we were at war and were paid off with dollars borrowed by the French Government from the United States Treasury.

So our public loans to the Allies were retroactive. More than that, they continued

(Continued on Page 96)

New Presentation Series
$300 to $500

"Ah! An Elgin!"



New Corsican Series $175

CHRISTMAS gives eloquent expression to the appreciation that has been steadily deepening throughout the year. For great presentation occasions, as well as the ever perplexing family gift problem, here is the happiest of all solutions—"*an Elgin!*"

No timepieces yet created by the Elgin designers have met with more universal approval or achieved such instant popularity as the four new series pictured on this page.

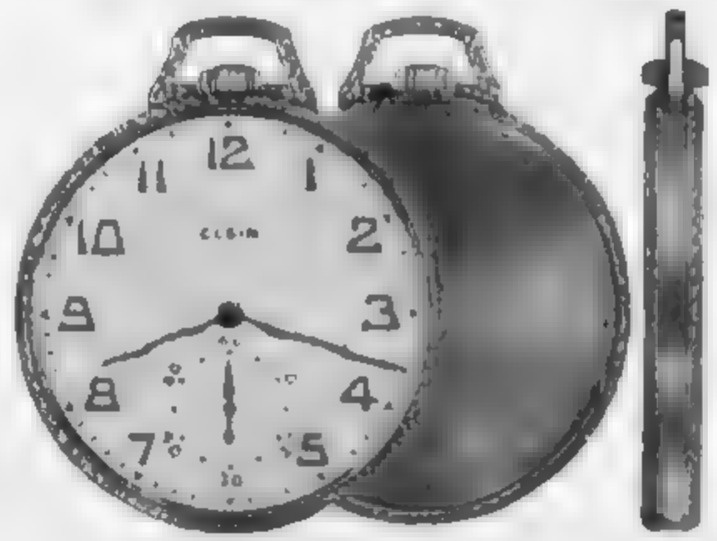
The new Streamline Series, specially designed to meet a wide variety of tastes, includes five models ranging from $35 to $100. (The model pictured at lower right is the $35 Streamline.)

The new Classic Series presents the 19-Jewel Lord Elgin movement, cased in 14K White or Green Gold, at $150.

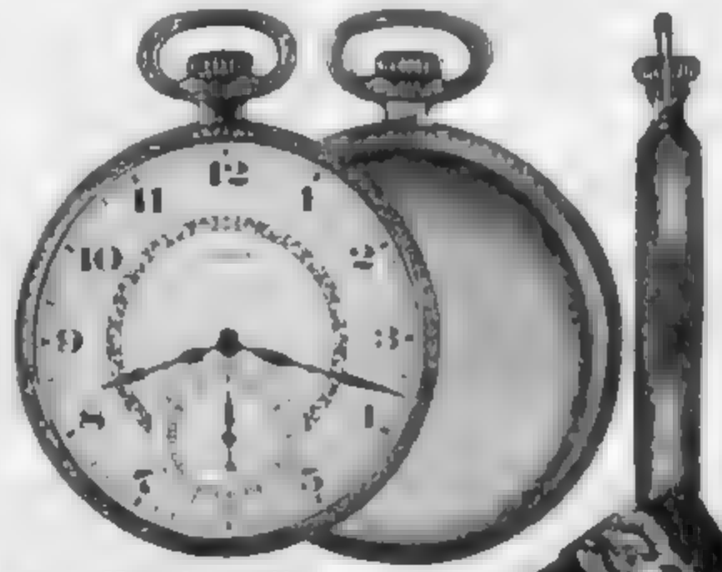
The new Corsican Series is named for its characteristic bow, "shaped like Napoleon's campaign hat." In two beautiful combinations of Green and White Gold, at $175.

The new Presentation Series of Elgin Watches for men is pronounced the last word in the Gift Idea as applied to modern social and business requirements. New C. H. Hulburd movement, in 12-size extremely thin bridge model, with Invar Steel balance. Each individual Presentation Watch is a distinctly different creation. Priced from $300 to $500.

Lady Elgin watches, tiny but practical embodiments of Elgin craftsmanship, are priced from $45 upward according to grade of movement and quality of case.



New Classic Series—$150



New Streamline Series
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Lady Elgin
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Your Jeweler joins with thousands of others in inviting you and your friends to come in earlier this year, while the assortment is complete, and see this beautiful new line of *Gifts that Last*—

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PIONEER Brighton WIDE-WEB GARTER

HERE at last is the garter that is easy to attach to woolen hose—and then is worn with perfect comfort. Every man who wears woolen hose will want a pair.

The button has been made much longer and bigger than in ordinary garters. An ingenious shaping of the loop gives still more room to attach the thick wool easily and in perfect comfort. And the famous Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Web insures perfect support without a trace of tightness around the leg.

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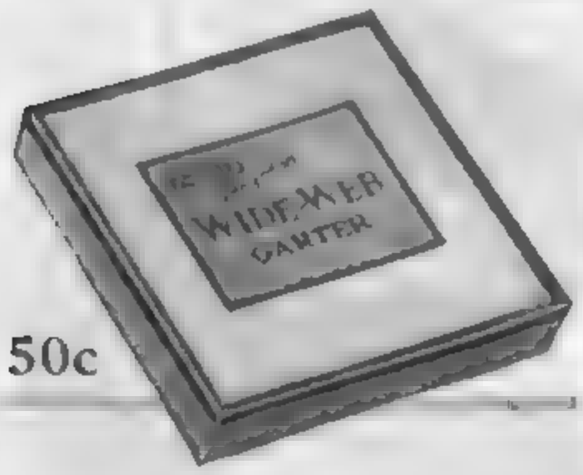
Merchants: There is a big demand for this new No. 19 garter. Be sure it is displayed on your counters. Order by mail NOW.



50c

(Continued from Page 94)

for nearly two years after the end of the war. The Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918.

After the Armistice, down to July 1, 1919, the United States Treasury advanced $576,000,000 more to Great Britain.

After the Armistice, down to May 11, 1920, the United States Treasury advanced $629,789,000 more to Italy.

After the Armistice, down to August 26, 1920, the United States Treasury advanced $176,834,467 more to Belgium.

And after the Armistice, down to September 28, 1920, the United States Treasury advanced $1,027,427,800 more to France.

The total of these post-Armistice advances to Great Britain, France, Italy and Belgium amounted to nearly $2,500,000,000. What did they represent? Things, to be sure. But things of what kind and for what purpose?

There is no definite accounting in this post-Armistice period. Hundreds of millions of dollars went to settle contracts for war things that were running when hostilities suddenly ceased. The remainder—an undetermined amount—went for food, for relief in many forms and for materials very urgently needed to make the swing from war to peace.

Directly and indirectly, a very large proportion of these advances represented the loan of American things toward reconstruction. France, for example, the largest after-the-war borrower, got enormous quantities of American foodstuffs, and to the extent to which she was supplied with foodstuffs and other peace materials on American credit her own resources were released for works of reconstruction.

All of this is a good deal like the item received from the British: "Exchange and cotton purchases, $1,682,419,875.31." We cannot break the figures up. Only the borrowers could do that.

Although the record in this respect is dim and confused, owing to the involved nature of the transactions, still it does reveal these "traders" in a very strange light. Having raised billions from taxation and Liberty Bond sales to be advanced to the Allies explicitly for the purpose of the prosecution of the war, as provided by law, they strained the law and continued long after the Armistice, long after the signing of the peace treaty, to make advances, without security, to Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium and even to new and enemy countries, ostensibly for relief, but in effect to aid reconstruction.

The Debts Analyzed

The Committee on Judiciary of the United States Senate explored the record and reported:

That: "Millions of dollars of this Liberty Loan money were loaned to Great Britain after all hostilities had ceased for the purpose of allowing her to build up her export trade."

That: "Millions of dollars of this Liberty Loan fund were loaned to foreign governments and by them loaned to various relief and reconstruction organizations."

That: "Money was loaned to these various governments so that they could repay it to the United States as interest on loans already made."

That: "Millions of dollars' worth of products purchased with United States money loaned to foreign governments were sent directly to Germany with our consent."

That: "Forty-eight millions of dollars of the American people's Liberty Loan money were used for the purpose of sending supplies into Austria, which country was then our enemy."

Nowhere in the record is there one fleeting glimpse of an idea existing in Europe during the war that war things were everybody's in common and should not be finally charged for.

Nowhere in all the subsequent talk of cancellation of debts is there any suggestion that the things the American Government bought and paid for in Europe should be so regarded. There is only the idea that the things the Allied countries borrowed in America should be treated as things in common.

America's debtors have never offered to make distinctions. They have never said: "There were things of many kinds. First let us set apart those things (a) which contributed to the relief and reconstruction of Europe after the war, and (b) those things which contributed to the maintenance of trade during the war, and (c) those American things that we bought on credit before the United States got into the war and afterward paid for with dollars borrowed from the United States Treasury. We propose that a commission shall be appointed to go into our accounts and trace out all those three kinds of things in order that we may put them aside and treat them for repayment. The remainder will be war things as such, consumed directly in the common effort, and so much of our debt as these represent we propose to you for cancellation."

No; they have talked only of a cancellation of the whole debt; they have talked of this as persistently and doggedly as during the war they resisted every suggestion that anything we got from them should be charged against their obligations to the United States, which is further proof that never did they regard their things in common with ours. There came a time, with 2,000,000 Americans in France, when the American demand for francs in France was greater than the French need of dollars in the United States. Instead of taking the opportunity to reduce their debt to the United States the French insisted upon charging us dollars for all the francs we needed and having the dollars they got in exchange and didn't need put aside in the United States Treasury as a special credit to be available after the war.

Europe Misinformed

Since the only ground upon which the cancellation of war debts may be urged morally is that all war things were in common and not to be charged for, and since clearly that idea never in fact existed during the war and does not now exist except as to our things, not theirs, the question, Should the war debts be paid as a matter of right? is answered.

Then shall it be supposed that Europe is willfully perverse and fills itself with rage against America in order to rid her conscience of a debt that cannot be collected by force or otherwise than as a moral obligation voluntarily paid?

The record, remember, is not a popular document. It is written in a technical language. If Lord Balfour himself could be so misinformed as to fall deeply into error with the subject, how much more excusable it is for the people of Europe—without access to the facts, with no capacity for analyzing the facts—to get a wrong point of view. And Lord Balfour was misinformed on a vital point. There is no other way of accounting for his statement that:

> Our liabilities were incurred for others, not for ourselves. . . . The United States insisted in substance if not in form that though our Allies were to spend the money, it was only on our security that they [the United States] were prepared to lend it.

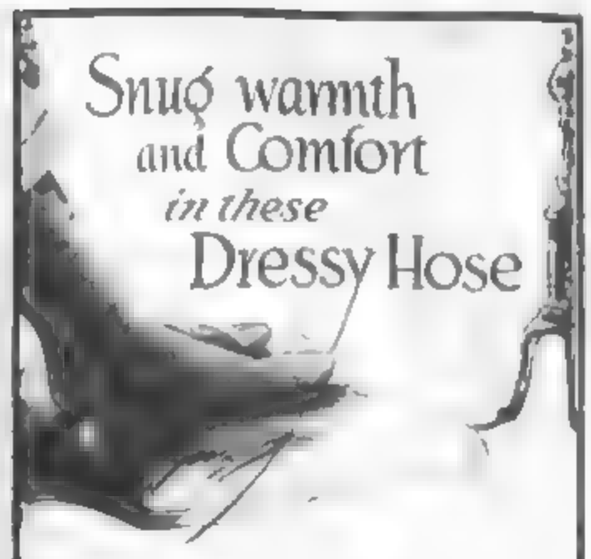
What his countrymen did propose was that Great Britain should act as a conduit for all American loans to the Allied cause. This arrangement the American Government declined to consider. It insisted always upon making its loans direct to the country requiring credit. On this the record is very clear. In a memorandum addressed to B. P. Blackett, Esq., of the British Treasury, from Mr. Albert Rathbone, Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury, November 8, 1919, the whole matter is summarized thus:

> You will recall that the reply of the Secretary of the Treasury to the then Chancellor's communication, in which he referred to the British Treasury acting as a conduit pipe, was delivered to Lord Reading in the late spring or early summer of 1918. This reply reviewed the situation and definitely refused to make reimbursement to your government for any of its expenditures for France within the British Empire or for all its like expenditures for neutral purchases. This formal statement of the position of the United States Treasury was in effect a restatement of the position that had been taken during the previous months, as to which the representatives in Washington of the British Treasury had been fully informed.

There is the hand of trade again. The advantage to Great Britain of converting billions of dollars into pounds sterling and spending those pounds throughout the British Empire and over all the world on behalf of the Allies is rather obvious. We had at least enough trade sense to see that.

There is yet that bleak other question: Can Europe's debt to the American Government be paid as a matter of fact?

If the answer to "can" is "no," we have only beguiled ourselves with "should." Shylock had done much better long since



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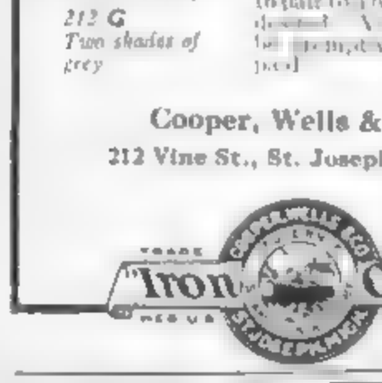

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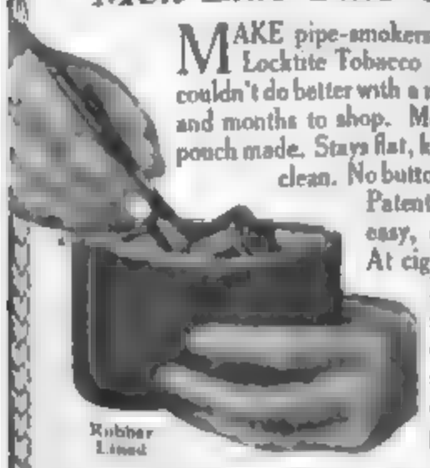

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to write his rue upon those I O U's and post them back to their makers.

But consider what this debt represents—what it represents actually, not in money but in things.

It represents a surplus of things produced in nineteen months by the labor of 100,000,000 people above their own peace needs and war needs combined and loaned away to other people. That is all it can represent.

What would repayment represent? Merely a return of those things or the equivalent thereof.

Does anyone pretend to say that the 172,000,000 people of Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia and Greece, in twenty-five years, cannot with their labor produce in excess of their own peace needs a surplus of things equivalent to the surplus of things produced in nineteen months by 100,000,000 people in excess of their own peace and war needs combined?

It will be—has been—said: "That is all very well; but if we produced the things we could not sell them in the United States. They have raised a tariff wall against us."

The answer to that, if it needs to be answered, is that there is all the world in which to sell things. Besides, here comes Mr. Reginald McKenna, formerly Chancellor of the British Exchequer, with an argument for the cancellation of war debts that entirely disregards the tariff. In a speech before the American bankers' convention in New York he proposed the riddle that a country cannot afford to receive payment of a large debt, and cited the fact that with the payment of the French indemnity to Germany after the Franco-Prussian War Germany suffered a depression of trade while France became more prosperous than ever. At this point the propaganda for cancellation of the debts becomes too complex for human understanding. For if this thesis were true the way for Europe to become fabulously prosperous and lay the United States in commercial ruin is to pay her debts as fast as possible.

However, it is not always absolutely necessary for one country to pay its debt to another in things. It happens that our principal debtor is able to pay out of pocket. In that same speech Mr. McKenna said, "England still owns sufficient foreign securities to cover her debt to the United States two or three times over."

This means that the great bulk of Great Britain's foreign investments, probably $15,000,000,000, survived the war intact. Possibly, too, Mr. McKenna was thinking inaudibly of the fact that since the war, with interest accumulating on their debt to the United States Treasury, the British have made large new investments in Germany, Austria, the Balkans and Asia Minor, in banking, shipping, industry and oil—oil particularly. During the war the government of Great Britain bought into the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, that now, engaged in private trade, is blotting out American competition in Egypt. This investment has recently been referred to in Parliament as comparable to the Suez Canal.

It would be a great wrench, of course, for Great Britain to sacrifice a third of her foreign investments in order to pay her debt to the United States; but if she had not been able to borrow American dollars all those foreign investments would perhaps now belong to the late Imperial German Government.

If the allied countries did not owe us they might be paying the Germans.

And if the allied countries do not pay us we shall, to all intents and purposes, have paid the German indemnity.

Future Legislation

If the Welfare Bills Continue to Develop

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

69th Congress, 2d Session H. R. 114711.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
April 1, 1926

Mr. Yapper introduced the following bill, which was referred to the Committee on Irrigation of Arid Lands and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

Providing Federal aid in the propagation of a herd of 7,000,000 moose for the purpose of reducing the price of roast beef, corned beef, roast pork, leg of lamb, ham, lamb chops and other meat products.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to pay, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the sum of $10,000,000, which, when included in any appropriation Act, in whole or in part, shall be used and expended for the creation and propagation of a Federal Moose Herd, and for the construction of such work or works, moose sheds, moose runs, moose fences, moose licks, moose bulkheads, moose jetties and other approved devices necessary and proper to protect a Federal Moose Herd numbering not less than 7,000,000 head, including moosettes, or lady moose, and meece, or infant moose.

SEC. 2. That the plans for all such work or works built in whole or in part shall be approved by the Secretary of Commerce and Labor and the Postmaster General, and the selection or designation of the section or sections of the United States to be used as herding ground for the moose, moosettes and meece shall be determined by the Secretary of War after due recommendation by the commission or board designated by the President and known as the Federal Moose Commission, with salaries of $7000 per annum.

SEC. 3. That the Federal Moose Herd shall be regulated or herded by a Federal Moose Herder to be appointed by the President at a salary of $12,500 per annum, and that he shall be assisted by a corps of assistant herders appointed by the President at salaries of $3500 per annum, and that there shall be one assistant herder for every two thousand moose, if any.

SEC. 4. That the Federal Moose Commission shall be assisted by seven economic experts trained in the meat business, and that their duty shall be to follow the price of meat at a salary of $5000 per annum, and decide when and where, if any, there shall be a killing of moose, and how many, for the purpose of lowering the price of meat.

SEC. 5. That the word "meat," for the purposes of this bill, shall be held to consist of cow meat, sheep meat, horse meat, chicken meat, dog meat, bear meat and any other meat, including sausage, which ought to be, in the opinion of the Federal Moose Commission, classed as meat! *Provided, however*, That no fish be regarded as meat.

SEC. 6. That the meat producers of this country shall be duly protected by the Federal Moose Commission, which shall insure that the price of meat be lowered not more than three cents per pound in any one week, and that the price of no meat shall be permitted to sink below a price to be determined by a Federal Meat Commission to consist of five specialists at a salary of $4200 per annum.

SEC. 7. That this Act shall take effect immediately if not sooner.

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After the lather has been washed off, go over your face with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. The skin feels bully—no after-sting, not a chance of irritation. It comforts and prevents chafing. No, it isn't sticky and it dries quickly.

Here's another tip every man will welcome—Pour a few drops of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion on your wet, soapy shaving brush, work it in with the lather and note how quickly it softens the toughest beard. It makes shaving easier and faster.

It is well to remember that Frostilla Fragrant Lotion prevents chapping and chafing of the skin under all conditions. Keep a bottle handy to use after golf, motoring and other outdoor sports.

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Edmonds

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FOOT-FITTERS

THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 21)

of the seven administrators, Luk Wing-ting, a leading militarist of Kwang-si, got control of the situation in Canton, drove out Sun and his constitutional cohorts, and ran Kwang-tung until 1920, when Gen. Chen Chiung-ming, at the head of an army of loyal Cantonese, ousted him. Meanwhile, Sun Yat-sen lived at Shanghai, keeping his nationalist organization alive. Part of the original parliament reconvened and elected Sun Yat-sen president of the Southern Government. He was inaugurated in May, 1921, at Canton. China now had two separate and distinct governments. The Southern Republic was mainly financed by voluntary contributions from Cantonese throughout the world, principally the United States. Every laundryman sent his mite.

At the beginning of 1922 the line-up was as follows: Sun was at Canton, insisting that he was the only legal president. The Peking Government, with Hsu Shih-chang nominally at the head, was crumbling. Chang Tso-lin, war lord of Manchuria, was the real dictator of the North. Both Sun and Chang desired unification, the former to realize his ideal, and the latter to strengthen his personal power. Sun made a deal with Chang by which each would lead an expedition on Peking to eliminate Hsu. Each looked upon Wu Pei-fu as the obstacle to union. Sun delayed, whereupon Chang went on his own, with disastrous results.

With Wu Pei-fu's ascendancy Sun's star seemed to have set, for meanwhile he had dismissed Chen Chiung-ming as civil governor of Kwang-tung because he would not aid him in his northern expedition. Chen Chiung-ming seized the moment to attack Sun, who had just launched his long-deferred northern expedition. Sun was deposed, the Canton Government overthrown, and he had to flee to Shanghai, as I have already indicated.

Now for the curious kink in the Sun Yat-sen destiny, which always lands him on his feet. Li Yuan-hung, who had been installed as president by Wu Pei-fu after Hsu's downfall, immediately recalled the old parliament of 1912, which had been scattered since 1917. The Cantonese members held out for recognition of Sun Yat-sen and he therefore once more loomed up as the key to coördination.

Li Yuan-hung announced in August that he was willing to abdicate in favor of Sun Yat-sen, who declared that he would not go to Peking until all the warring cliques had been harmonized. Representatives of the factions then gathered about him at Shanghai. Such was the situation at the end of August.

On the Trail of Sun Yat-sen

With this background we can now get a close-up of Sun Yat-sen. Like his own stormy life, my approach to him was not altogether easy.

When I reached Hong-Kong I learned that he was at his field headquarters at Shuikwan, a town one hundred and thirty miles north of Canton. I determined to go there, although I was informed that it would be difficult.

On the overnight boat journey from Hong-Kong to Canton I got a vicarious glimpse of the terrors of travel in present-day China. I noticed armed guards patrolling the deck and at intervals there were stands of rifles. When I inquired the reason I was told that it was the usual precaution against pirates. These gentry have a pleasant habit of boarding the river boats as passengers, with arms concealed on their persons. After the vessel is well under way they join forces, shoot up the ship and rob everybody on board. On the boats from Hong-Kong to Macao the Chinese passengers, who must always use the lower deck, are shut in with iron gratings until the destination is reached. This prevents plundering of white passengers.

At Canton the Provisional Government through Wu Ting-fang, who had succeeded Chen Chiung-ming as civil governor, placed a first-class passenger coach at my disposal for the trip north. I was told to prepare for hardships, so I took my own camp bed, food and a Chinese servant. Accompanied by an interpreter from the Foreign Office we set forth one brilliant but broiling May morning at seven o'clock. Our car was hitched to the end of the daily passenger train, which was packed with natives. I was the only alien on the whole train of sixteen coaches. In China all trains are chronically crowded. As soon as the natives saw our comparatively empty carriage they started to pile in, and only the presence of the armed guards detailed to protect me prevented my party from being swamped.

The daily train from Canton to Shuikwan keeps no schedule and ambles along at its own sweet will. If the passengers get hungry—and Chinese seem to spend most of their time eating—it pauses and enables the travelers to buy food from the swarms of venders who seem to rise from nowhere. We also had to stop frequently to enable troop trains to pass, for Sun was rushing up reënforcements for his northern expedition. Despite interminable delays, the trip was one of the most interesting I had in China. The rails skirt the winding West River. On either side stretched the paddy-rice fields, which gleamed like jewels in the sunshine. Far away rose the mist-covered hills. Rarely have I seen such a lovely or inviting countryside.

An Evening Walk in Shuikwan

It took thirteen hours to make the trip to Shuikwan. It was dusk when we arrived, and the quaint old city with the usual centuries-old wall and crooked and foul-smelling streets was picturesque in the fading light. I was met by Sun Yat-sen's chief military aide—a graduate, by the way, of Columbia University—who told me that the president would see me in the morning. I told him that I had planned to return the next day, whereupon he said he would arrange a meeting that night. Meanwhile, I had to walk over the wabbly pontoon bridge that crosses the West River here, for the railway station is not in the city proper. I had seen many native cities, but Shuikwan, with the possible exception of Soochow, was the most characteristic I had yet encountered. It is a chunk of Old China and I am quite sure that some of the stenches that greeted my nostrils were of the vintage of Confucius.

One of the only two foreigners within a radius of fifty miles—a British engineer in charge of a big coal mine near by—offered me hospitality for the night because every available square inch of room in Shuikwan, together with the whole fleet of junks and sampans that make their headquarters there, had been commandeered for the troops. There were soldiers everywhere.

At ten o'clock the aide returned and said that Sun Yat-sen would see me at once. Preceded by a soldier carrying a lantern, we made our way through the streets. Except in the gambling dens Shuikwan had apparently gone to sleep.

There as elsewhere the pigs and poultry share the homes of the folk, and I could hear squeals and cackles as I passed the tightly shut houses. In China every door and window is locked at night to keep out evil spirits. Incidentally, all the evil air is also confined.

Before long we reached the governor's yamen, which was the usual group of structures built about a court. A Chinese residence is never one building, but a collection of houses. A guard of soldiers gave us a rigid once-over, after which we crossed a grassy open space to the entrance proper, where we were again inspected by members of a picked bodyguard, who carried their automatics in their hands, ready for instant action. Sun Yat-sen has aroused such bitter hostility that an incessant watch is kept over him. Personally, however, he is without fear.

I was ushered into a room of ordinary size, furnished in the European style. In the center hung a single kerosene lamp, for Shuikwan is primitive in more ways than one. In a moment Sun Yat-sen entered and I was formally introduced to him. He wore a curious combination of mufti and uniform, made of dark gray cloth. The coat buttoned up close to the neck. Sun is of average height and with a distinctive Cantonese cast of countenance. His face is broad, his eyes tired and dreamy. He has the look of the thinker. He, of course, speaks excellent English.

His first words were an apology for the hardships of my trip and his inability to put me up for the night. I told him that I

(Continued on Page 101)

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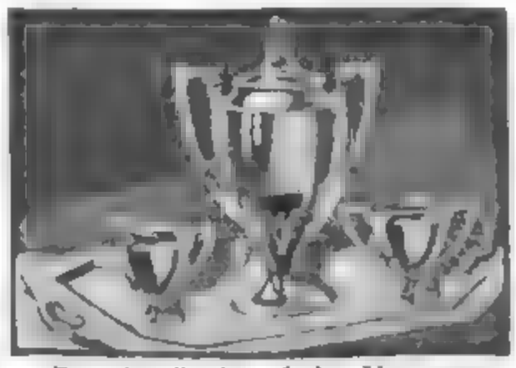

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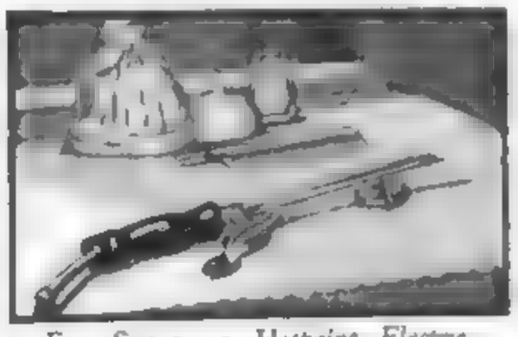

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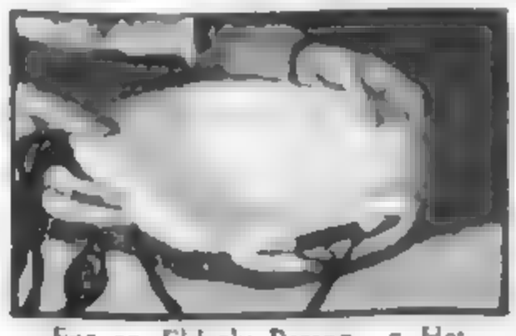

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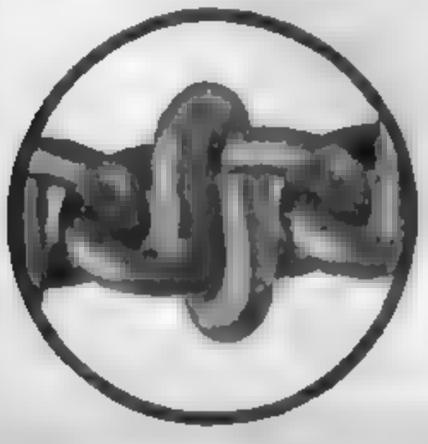

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had fared much worse in Africa and elsewhere and that there were adequate compensations in finding him at liberty. The offensive in Kiang-si had begun that morning. I therefore knew that he was not only weary—and he looked it—but occupied with other matters, so I got down to cases at once. I asked him about the future of China and his ideal of government, whereupon he said:

"My ideal of self-government is based upon the American plan of republicanism. China is fundamentally republican, but she cannot function as a republic so long as she is the prey of militaristic and capitalistic powers. She has been a greater bone of international contention than the Balkan Peninsula.

"One great trouble with China is her national insolvency, which has been due almost entirely to maladministration at Peking. Before Peking began to default on her foreign loans unification was difficult but not impossible. There can be no unification until national solvency is restored.

"Behind this is the larger fact that China can have no peace, and therefore no coördination, until the restoration of the constitutional processes. Hsu Shih-chang's whole government is illegal"—this was before Hsu's downfall—"and I can take no steps until he and his crowd are eliminated. This is one reason why I have embarked on the northern expedition, which many think a monumental piece of folly, but it proves at least that I am consistent."

"Would you make way for a compromise president if it meant unification?" I asked him.

With something of a sad smile Sun Yat-sen replied: "In 1912, as you know, I abdicated in favor of Yuan Shih-kai. I believed that he had the machinery at his back to reorganize China, and I was without means or experience for big administration. Moreover, I had incurred so many obligations in building up the revolutionary machinery that I felt I should be handicapped by them. That abdication was a vast mistake because Yuan Shih-kai was a militarist pure and simple. If China projects an honest man, willing to carry out my ideal of constitutional government, I would again defer. My sole objective has been to crush the bogus Peking Government and to eliminate Japanese usurpation in China. I am fighting Japan because I am opposed to a Japanned Chinese Government. Despite the Washington Conference, Japan still wants to colonize China. As a matter of fact, the Washington Conference gave Japan freedom of action instead of limitation of power."

Europe's Assets in China

In view of this somewhat startling remark I asked Sun Yat-sen to tell me what he thought of the Washington Conference. For the first time since the beginning of the interview he showed animation when he responded:

"The Washington Conference should never have tried to solve the Far Eastern problem without going the whole way. For one thing, it absolutely neglected the Twenty-one Demands, and so long as these odious demands are enforced China is at the mercy of Japan. No treaties will save us. We must fight or submit, and we cannot fight Japan."

Sun now returned to his denunciation of the Peking Government.

He said: "The only thing that has kept the Peking Government alive is recognition by the foreign powers. The Southern Government is the only legal government in China. If the United States would recognize me the stumblingblock to unification would vanish."

I asked Sun what he thought of the consequences of the Great War, and his retort was: "The World War taught China no lesson, for she is still in the throes of militarism. Peking has been dominated by selfish militarists for years. They care nothing for the advancement of China, but seek only their own interests. I have maintained an army solely for the realization of my ideal of republican government."

When I suggested that Chang Tso-lin was 100 per cent militarist and that he had made a deal with him, Sun answered: "I made the alliance with Chang Tso-lin because it was a matter of expediency. He had an army and the desire to bring about unification, and the most important need of China today is peace and coöperation. I would have effected the same deal with Wu Pei-fu if he had made the same offer as Chang."

In connection with the huge debts incurred by the Great War, Sun Yat-sen made an interesting suggestion. He said that many of the Allied nations that owe America debts are creditors of China. He declared that if cancellation was out of the question, China's finances could be rehabilitated by having America take over China's debts to European countries on a refunding basis, as part payment of European debts to the United States. He added: "This cannot be done until China has a stable and democratic government."

In this connection it may be worth while for me to interject a suggestion made to me by a prominent American in China, that would enable us to collect some of the European debt. This man said: "England and France maintain that they are unable to pay their war debt to the United States because they are broke. They quite forget that in China they have valuable assets, some of them still unexploited, which they could easily turn over to the United States as part payment. France, for example, has the Yunnan Railway with all its valuable mining rights. She also has valuable concessions in Tientsin, Hankow and Shanghai. France has bitten off much more in China than she can ever digest, and she should permit America to take her place. England and Belgium also have worthwhile railway and other concessions which could be profitably taken over by the United States."

"China for the World"

To return to Sun Yat-sen, I asked him about one of his favorite schemes, which he calls the international development of China. His tired voice became vibrant, for I had touched one of his heart's desires. His reply was:

"My creed is not China for the Chinese, but China for the world. China should be made the universal warehouse. No other country anywhere is so rich in resources or has such possibilities for development. I have drawn up a plan that provides for the construction of one hundred thousand miles of railroads, one million miles of macadam roads, public utilities, modern cities, the improvement of existing canals and the construction of new ones, river conservancy to prevent floods, the development of commercial harbors in North, Central and South China, three large ocean ports with capacities equal to that of New York Harbor, water power, mineral, agricultural and irrigation development, reforestation in North, Central and South China, and colonization in Manchuria, Mongolia and Tibet.

"In order to solve the Chinese question the vast resources of China should be developed internationally under a scheme for the good of the world and the Chinese people in particular. As a result, the present spheres of influence could be abolished, international commercial warfare done away with, internecine capitalistic competition eliminated, and, last but not least, the class struggle between capital and labor avoided. Thus the root of war will be forever exterminated, as far as China is concerned.

"All commercial nations are looking to China as the dumping ground for their overproduction. If my industrial program can be carried out China will not only be the world dumping ground for foreign goods but actually an economic ocean for the absorption of surplus capital as well. China today employs manual labor and has not yet entered the first stage of industrial evolution, while in Europe and America the second stage has been reached. China, therefore, has to begin two stages of industrial evolution, by adopting machinery as well as the nationalization of production.

"The industrial development of China, which is really the hope of the nation, should be carried out by private enterprise and national undertaking. Development which can best be carried out by private capital should be left in private hands, which should be encouraged and protected by liberal laws. In order to facilitate this private expansion the hitherto suicidal internal taxes must be abolished, the cumbersome currency must be reformed and adequate banking facilities provided. For the national enterprises foreign capital, experts and organizers must be enlisted. The properties thus created must be state-owned and managed for the benefit of the nation. During the construction and operation of these national undertakings, before their capital and interest are fully

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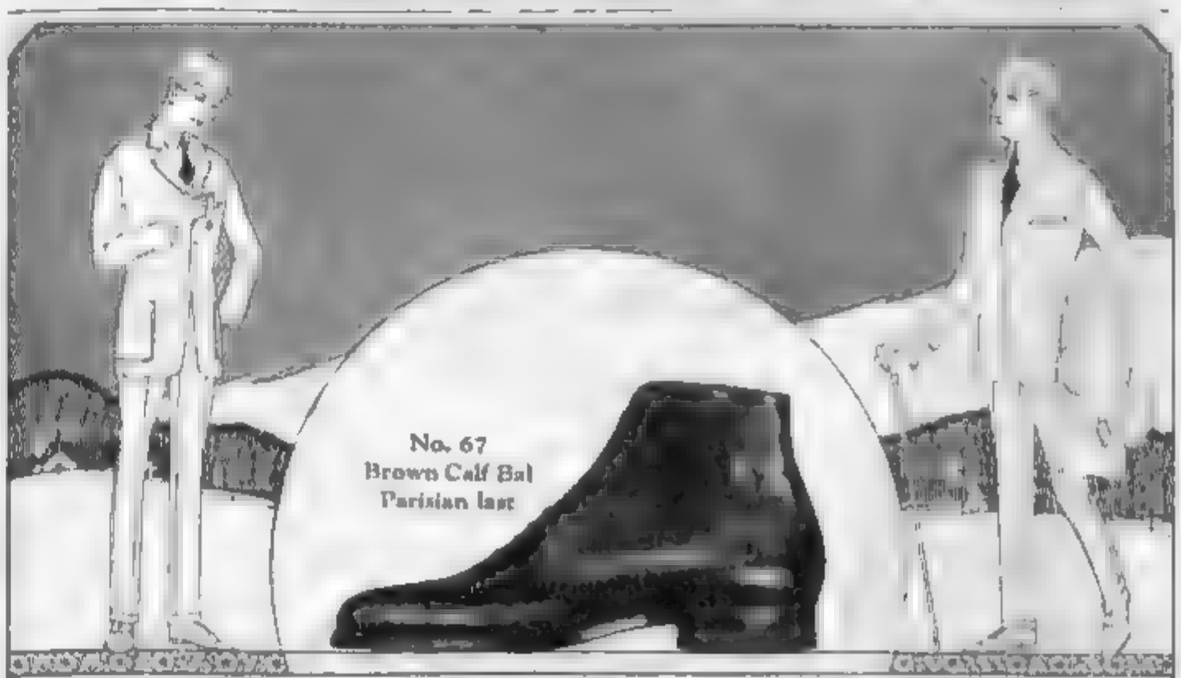

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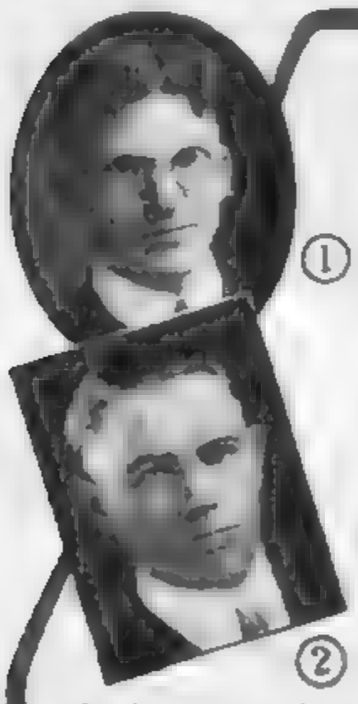

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No man can talk with Sun Yat-sen without realizing that he is a visionary hundreds of years ahead of his time, for in China everything moves slowly. This reminds me of a story that shows his unpracticality. When Thomas W. Lamont visited China last year Sun outlined to him the program of development that I have just presented in brief. He has it all laid out on a large map.

After the scheme had been described the banker remarked, "Do you realize, doctor, that this scheme of yours would cost billions of dollars? How would you raise the money?"

"That's easy," was the response. "I would simply issue currency for it."

I was curious to find out how Sun maintained his government. At that time the Southern Republic was largely Kwang-si Province, and it had its own obligations to look after. Sun's explanation was like this:

"I receive no pay and many of my important men get no compensation. In the civil administration a man takes a post at a nominal salary and then fills two or three others at the same time. My army is partly supported by loyal Cantonese throughout the world."

Here you have the first-hand confirmation of the remarkable loyalty that Sun Yat-sen inspires and which perseveres through all adversity.

As a matter of fact a great deal of the pay of Sun's troops was in notes issued by the Provincial Bank of Kwang-tung Province. The printing presses, like those of Europe, were working day and night. Frenzied finance prevailed, for the Kwang-tung note was at a discount of over 40 per cent. The foreign shopkeepers in Canton would take only Hong-Kong money for purchases. When they did accept Canton currency it was on a basis of two paper cents for each silver cent. Yet the troops accepted these wads of paper because they had faith in the triumph of their leader.

Desire for Recognition

During the first half of our interview we were alone. I then mentioned that I should like to meet Mrs. Sun Yat-sen, for whom I had a message from friends at Shanghai. The Southern President left the room and soon returned, accompanied by the mate who has shared all his tribulations. She is one of the most attractive Chinese women that I met on the trip, and wore a charming combination of native and European dress. She was educated at a Methodist college in Georgia. Sun Yat-sen not only discusses all his plans with her but has confidence in her judgment. When he was attacked by Chen Chiung-ming's army last July they were together. He elected to remain with his men, while she made her perilous way through the enemy lines at night and escaped to Hong-Kong by boat. It was a real adventure. Not until she reached the British colony did she know that her husband was still alive.

We had talked far into the night and I felt that it was time for me to go. When I rose Mrs. Sun said rather wistfully, "I hope you will do what you can for our cause," while the parting words of her husband were, "Help get us recognition by the United States, for that will mean victory."

I retraced my steps to my lodging through the dingy, smelly alleys, often rubbing shoulders with soldier patrols, for the streets in many places are scarcely five feet wide. All the while I felt that I had met a man who, whatever his emotional or idealistic tendencies, consistently followed a dream, regardless of consequence.

Another reflection was that within the space of three weeks I had talked with two presidents of China and a third person—Li Yuan-hung—who was about to be a president, although he did not know it then. Moreover, in less than a single week I had interviewed two premiers of the Northern Government, both functioning at the same time, one a nominal prime minister and the other an acting one. No other country in the world could have presented such a puzzled panorama of high public office.

Less striking but also memorable in some respects was my interview with Wu Ting-fang, who at the moment was a sort of Pooh Bah of the Canton Government. In addition to being Minister of Foreign Affairs and Finance he was acting civil governor of Kwang-tung Province. Attired in a long flowing white robe which was more Arabesque than Chinese, he received me at the Governor's Palace. Although eighty years old he seemed fairly vigorous, and the flame of his devotion to the constitutional cause burned brightly. His many years at Washington had given an American slant to his speech. He referred, for example, to Sun Yat-sen's doctrines as our platform.

After Sun Yat-sen, Wu Ting-fang was easily the most striking figure in the Southern gallery. He was wise and witty, and in his later years became a disciple of Buddhism and a pronounced vegetarian. He believed it was the ideal combination to attain peace of mind and body. When I bade him farewell he remarked that he believed his race was nearly run and that younger men would have to take up the fight.

The Last Days of Wu Ting-fang

His prophecy came true and in stirring circumstances. His last days were like a chapter out of a drama. When Sun Yat-sen was overthrown and the Canton Government fell the old man held out as long as possible although his palace was under fire. Prior to the collapse he had been offered the premiership of the north by Li Yuan-hung, whose chief of cabinet he had been back in 1917. It was Peking's first step for unification. But another and more peremptory call was coming.

On June twentieth, and after the Chinese fashion, he issued an eloquent and touching manifesto renouncing all his public posts and stating that he wanted to retire. Unconsciously he was doing what all the Chinese Emperors did, once they knew death was near. It was the custom of each ruler to write a proclamation, telling the story of his life and describing his sensation on facing the end. Wu Ting-fang's valedictory recited his long service to constitutionalism and contained these words: "My strength is spent and my heart broken. I shall rest presently 'my shadow in mine own garden,' and go back to my spiritual studies."

In three days he was dead. The shock of the merciless march of events had proved too much for him.

What Sun Yat-sen's followers call the mantle of the constitutionalist Elijah has now fallen upon Wu Ting-fang's son, C. C. Wu, who has been conspicuous in the Canton Government for some years and who is one of the most brilliant members of the group known as Young China. He declined to be one of the Chinese delegates to the Paris Peace Conference because he contended that acceptance meant recognition of the Peking Government. Whatever their enemies may think of them, the Canton group has been consistent.

The fact that it has been the seat of the Southern Government and the storm center of Sun Yat-sen's meteoric career alone would give Canton a certain distinction. But it has other claims to fame and chronicling, for it is China's progressive municipality. Until Sun's overthrow in June, it was administered by a charter commission government patterned after the best American models. As such it was unique among Oriental communities. Although the founders of the system are temporarily in exile their system stands, and it is only a question of time when they will return and continue the regeneration which worked little less than a miracle in the brief space of two years.

You can never understand the wonders wrought at Canton if you have never seen a typical Chinese city. Except the legation quarter and certain other portions of Peking, and the foreign concessions in Hankow, Shanghai and Tientsin, Chinese cities have been administered from time immemorial by the authorities of the province in which they are located. Such a thing as real municipal government was unknown because the *tuchuns*, or governors, wanted the revenues for their own purposes. The cities, like the armies, were personal assets.

Besides, Chinese life really revolves about the village idea. Each family is a little hierarchy all its own and the collection of these miniature domestic trusts

(Continued on Page 104)

STANDARD LOADS of DUPONT SHOTGUN POWDERS

DUPONT (Bulk) SMOKELESS

Kind of Game	12 GAUGE DRAMS	12 GAUGE OZ SHOT	16 GAUGE DRAMS	16 GAUGE OZ SHOT	20 GAUGE DRAMS	20 GAUGE OZ SHOT	SHOT SIZES ALL GAUGES
Turkey Geese	3½	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	* 2 & 4
Brant Large Ducks	3¼	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	4 on flight 6 over decoys
Medium Ducks Grouse Prairie Chicken	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	6
Squirrels Rabbits	3	1	2½	1	2¼	¾	6
Small Ducks Pheasants Pigeons Doves	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	7½
Quail	3	1	2½	1	2¼	¾	8
Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds		or 1-⅛					
Reed Birds	3	1	2½	1	2¼	¾	10
Trapshooting	3	1¼	2½	1	2¼	¾	7½

BALLISTITE (Dense) SMOKELESS

If BALLISTITE (*dense*) Powder is desired order by grains. A comparison follows of *Bulk* and *Dense* Loads:

DRAMS	GRAINS	DRAMS	GRAINS
3½ equivalent to	28	2½ equivalent to	20
3¼ " "	26	2¼ " "	18
3 " "	24	2 " "	16
2¾ " "	22	1¾ " "	14

* In 12-Gauge loads only, use No 2 Shot.

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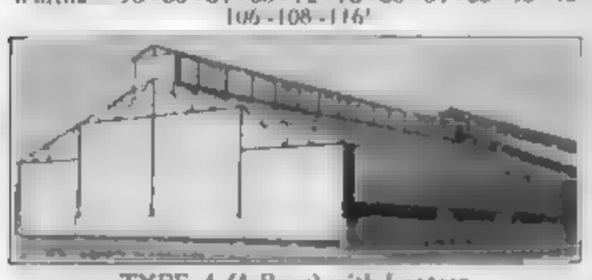
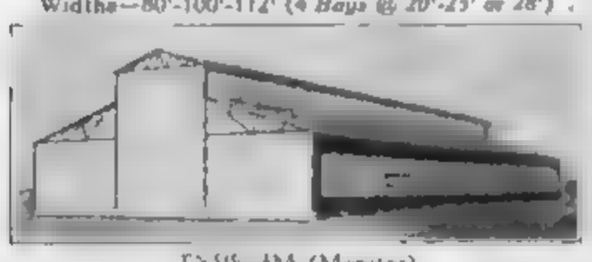
TYPE 2 (2 Bays)
Widths—40'-48' 50' 56' 60'

TYPE 3 (3 Bays)
Widths—56'-60'-64'-68'-72'-76'-80'-84'-88'-96'-98' 106'-108'-116'



TYPE 4 (4 Bays) with Lantern
Widths—80'-100'-112' (*4 Bays @ 20'-25' or 28'*)



TYPE 3M (Monitor)
Widths—60'-64' 68'-72'-76' 80' 84' 88' 90' 96'-98' 101'-106' 108' 116'

SAWTOOTH TYPE
Widths—Any Multiple of 28'-0"
Lengths—Any Multiple of 2'-0" Heights: 8'1" to 21'5"
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Continued from Page 102

makes up the cities and the towns. The unit of Chinese society is still the family and not the individual. This is why children are affianced at a tender age and sometimes even before they are born. The only semblance of city organization so far as rule is concerned is under the auspices of the guilds, the story of which will be told in the next article. So much for the administrative, or rather lack of administrative side.

Moreover, all Chinese communities are rabbit warrens. It is the result of the municipal disorganization. The principal business streets are seldom over five or six feet wide. In big and thriving places like Hangchow, for example, there is not a single motor car, because even a flivver could not squeeze through the thoroughfares. Houses are jammed up against one another and life swarms in insanitary congestion. Up to the time of the reform movement the native part of Canton presented an example of filthy confusion. Within an area of twelve square miles a population estimated to be from one million five hundred thousand to two millions has its being. I doubt if any other city anywhere so seethes with humanity.

The really quaint detail is the river life. Nearly a quarter of a million persons exist—it is the only word for it—on sampans and junks within a mile of the Bund, as all the waterfronts in China are called. On the myriad boats families are born, reared and die. Pigs and chickens, to say nothing of the innumerable broods of children, are packed into the small confines of these vessels. During the day the animal life goes ashore to scratch out a living, but it always comes back solemnly at night. Frequently there are so many children on these sampans that they have to be tied to the sides to keep them from falling overboard. More care is taken to insure the safety of a boy than of a girl, because the Chinese father must have a son to pray for him and offer sacrifices after he is dead. Every night the boatmen burn joss or paper prayers to keep off the devils, and this adds to the picturesqueness of the scene.

Modern City Government

When Chen Chiung-ming drove out the Kwang-si militarists in 1920, Canton was just like any other Chinese city. The one sanitary section was the artificial island of Shameen, built by the British and French governments after the allied bombardment in 1857, and which is occupied by the foreign element. In the native quarter gambling, vice and epidemic held sway.

Just about this time Sun Fo returned to Canton. He is the eldest son of Sun Yat-sen by his first wife and had been educated in America, where he saw the value of scientific municipal administration. He studied city government at the University of California and subsequently took a post-graduate course in political economy at Columbia University. After traveling about his native country he became convinced that if China was to be modern it must begin with proper living conditions in the cities. He therefore asked Chen Chiung-ming if he could draw up a charter for a commission form of government for Canton, and was given a free hand. The document was framed to meet the peculiar local conditions. Instead of having the mayor and other members elected by the people it was decided to make them appointive until the populace was educated both in the system and in suffrage.

On December 23, 1920, a modern system of city government—by the civil governor's decree it was applicable to all cities in Kwang-tung Province—was initiated at Canton. Under the charter Canton secured municipal autonomy and became the pioneer in a movement which, if adopted throughout the country, will mean a tremendous advance for the nation. Sun Fo was named as mayor. The municipal government was divided into three branches, consisting of a municipal executive council, including the mayor and the commissioners of finance, public safety, public health, public works, public utilities and public education; a municipal advisory council of thirty; and a municipal auditing office. A budget was devised for the first time in the history of a Chinese city.

Now began a house cleaning such as no other Chinese community has ever known. A reform crusade with every trimming known to the American new deal literally jolted the citizens out of their old rut. Gambling was forbidden, vice segregated. "Purity in morals and politics" became the slogan.

The morals were only one objective. Until a little over two years ago Canton, like most other Chinese cities, was inclosed by a wall built in the eleventh century to keep out invaders. As the place expanded, this wall impeded building and street construction. One of Sun Fo's first acts was to raze the wall and build modern thoroughfares one hundred and fifty feet wide. Today Canton has exactly twenty-five miles of these paved streets, most of them built with the old brick and stone salvaged from the demolition of the ancient wall. Where formerly the visitor had to be carried about in a sedan chair he can now travel comfortably in an automobile or in one of the city owned and operated motor busses. Sun Fo went a step farther and established the first public garden in China outside of Peking. Drainage, house inspection and a census were among the many other innovations. Though Canton may some day become a spotless town, I doubt if she can, despite all the reform, ever become a smell-less town.

The Mayor of Canton

I talked with Mayor Sun Fo at his office in the municipal building on the Bund. Like his father, he is bursting with ideas and is more American than Chinese in vigor of personality. He has a big vision for the expansion of Canton and its environs, which he outlined to me as follows:

"In Canton we have just made a beginning. We have had many difficulties because we have had to combat prejudice and lack of money. In time we expect to carry out a definite city-planning program with civic and community centers, including a huge auditorium and also a public library. It is a pity that Mr. Carnegie is dead, for I am sure that he would have given us one.

"A second feature will be the reclamation of much of the swampland along the river front. We propose to sell or lease this land and use the proceeds for the city development.

"The big improvement that we hope to accomplish has a vital economic interest for America. Our plan is to construct a deep-water harbor at Whampoa, twelve miles below Canton, which will enable big ships to come up the Pearl River, direct from the Pacific Coast. This will eliminate the costly transshipping of American goods at Hong-Kong and bring the big Kwang-tung market with its immense possibilities for American trade in close touch with the United States."

The machinery for the Kwang-tung provincial government matched the municipal organization in up-to-date methods. The office of the provincial secretary, Quo Tai-chi, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, class of 1911, was like the board room of an American corporation. On all sides were card-index cabinets. The big counting room buzzed with typewriters and adding machines. On one wall hung a chart of the province, marked with many red tabs. Each one of these tabs represented a magistrate. For centuries a Chinese magistrate ranked second in power and prerogative only to the *tuchun*. The office was appointive and the man higher up usually named the creature who would do his bidding. In Kwang-tung, however, the magistrates have been elected by the people, thus upsetting the old order, and making for justice and honesty. By glancing at his map Quo could tell in a moment who and where the various functionaries were.

While I was talking with Quo, Wu Ting-fang, who was then acting civil governor, came in. It was the first time that a civil governor in Kwang-tung had ever made a tour of inspection of the offices. It showed the teamwork that existed between the administrative forces.

With the overthrow of the provisional government in June, the Canton charter commission, together with all the other Sun Yat-sen adherents, had to fly from the city. The machine for government that they set up persists, because the Cantonese are too intelligent to cut off their noses to spite their faces. If Sun Yat-sen becomes president or even allies himself with the new Peking administration his followers will doubtless go back to their old jobs.

Any article dealing with Canton and South China would be incomplete without some reference to Hong-Kong, which is

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Many people incorrectly believe that Hong-Kong is the name of a city. The island is Hong-Kong and the capital is Victoria. This confusion is natural because the island has an area of only twenty-nine square miles.

We are not concerned, however, with scenic beauties or historic details. The big fact about Hong-Kong of vital interest to us is its immense strategic importance to Britain, and she works it to the limit, frequently to the disadvantage of the American shipper. I have already pointed out how all our goods for Canton must be transshipped at high cost there. This is why the British have not only been more or less hostile to the Canton harbor development but also to the plan to connect Peking with Canton by rail. Such direct connection would tend to sidetrack Hong-Kong At the present time 34 per cent of China's commerce enters or clears through Hong-Kong. This means that it is handled by the British on British docks and under the supervision of British police and customs service.

The Cassell Contract

Hong-Kong does for the hinterland of the Pearl River what Shanghai does for the Yang-tze and the vast region through which it flows. Its lifeblood, however, is shipping, and when the Chinese seamen struck, early in 1922, the port was paralyzed. Shanghai, on the other hand, has a varied industry of her own and is much more self-sufficient. Except for the Standard Oil Company, which is everywhere in China, there is practically no American enterprise at Hong-Kong. The British run the whole show, for here is the principal office of the great Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, the Bank of England of the Orient; and here, too, are intrenched great English firms like Jardine, Matheson & Co. and Butterfield & Swire, who have their own factories, warehouses and shipyards on the ground.

You cannot study British commercial prestige in China without realizing that the British Empire is organized for foreign trade. The Foreign Office in London, with all its ramified connections, can, through the medium of Orders in Council, put any business proposition over. A British firm in China, for example, can always fall back on the Bank of England or the Board of Trade in London for support. We have no such aid and comfort.

This leads me to one of the conspicuous instances of British commercial aggression in South China. It is embraced in what is commonly known as the Cassell contract. When Canton and the whole of the Kwang-tung Province were under the domination of the Kwang-si militarists a British syndicate, which included representatives of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank and its associates, made a contract which gave them control of an area of twelve thousand square miles in the richest coal-bearing part of the province. No stipulation was made as to price or profit. Not only did it give the British what amounted to a monopoly on the Kwang-tung coal resources but it also gave them control of the whole South China coal situation.

British Concessionaires

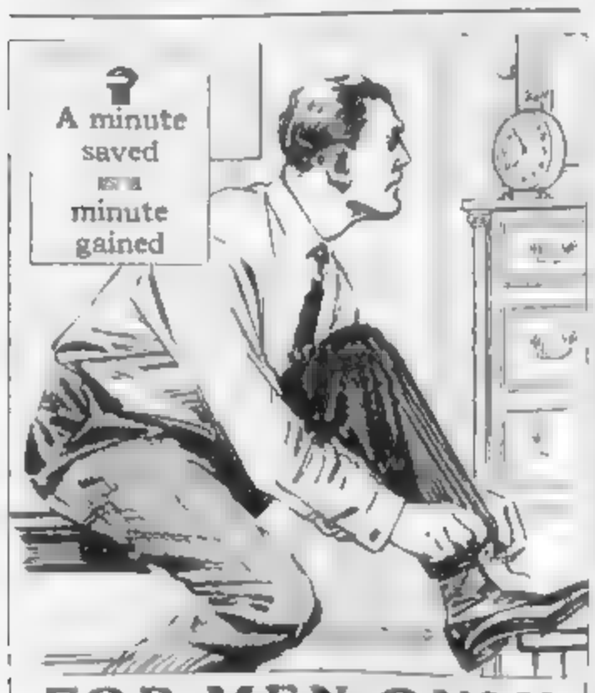
The contract, however, was more than a coal proposition. It granted sweeping rights to railway construction, waterways and wharves. For many years the British interests centering at Hong-Kong had been endeavoring to obtain a connection between the railroad running north from Canton and the line from Canton south to Kowloon, which is British. The right to build this has long been withheld by the Chinese, because, according to the British plan, it would sidetrack Canton. The Cassell contract gives the syndicate the right to build this connection. It is not necessary to go into the various financial aspects which, though apparently favorable to the Chinese, really made the whole arrangement air-tight as far as the concessionaires were concerned. In a word, this concession set up the kind of sphere of influence that has persistently delayed China's development.

Now for the aftermath. As soon as Chen Chiung-ming drove out the Kwang-si crowd the provisional government, headed by Sun Yat-sen, canceled the Cassell contract on the grounds that it was illegal and furthermore that it was a real usurpation of rights. The British, however, are not content to accept this repudiation and, as always, will make a strong fight. What is more to the point, they will be backed up by their government and probably get away with it.

Thus in South China business, as well as politics, is in constant ferment.

Editor's Note—This is the twelfth of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next and last will be devoted to Oriental life and labor

One of the Clefts in the Sea Crags, Island of Mount Desert, Maine



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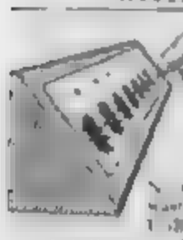

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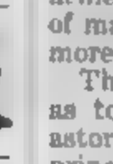

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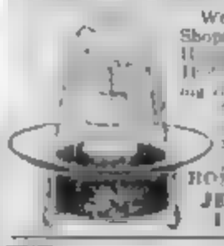

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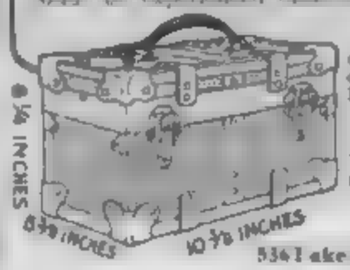

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CONFESSIONS OF A POLITICAL CAMPAIGNER

(Continued from Page 15)

party would have swallowed Roosevelt gleefully in spite of the old Progressive split; but some of the leaders who knew that they might be shorn if Roosevelt came into the saddle looked upon Roosevelt as a bitter pill.

Since 1916 some of these men have admitted to me that if Roosevelt had gone forward, used his old snap, announced that his hat was in the ring and had allowed the Progressive Party to nominate him, the Republican Party would have had to ask itself what to do. It is admitted that Hughes would never have left the Supreme Court to accept a nomination with Roosevelt in the field and with the prospect of a repetition of the 1912 result, when only Utah and Vermont were voting for a regular Republican candidate.

All this was seen and recognized by the most astute Republican leaders. A deliberate plan was put into existence to keep Roosevelt from declaring himself. Pilgrims went down to Oyster Bay to administer the anæsthetics. Roosevelt was told by friends commissioned for the work, or by those who were in the pussyfoot group, that he surely would be nominated by the Republican convention. The old guard crept down to Sagamore Hill and said in substance, "Just keep quiet! We are for you! The country will not like you if you show any hunger for the presidency."

And even from within the Progressive ranks came the same kind of feebleness and even treachery. One man, at least, trusted by Roosevelt gave him advice tending to wither the natural vigor and pervert the natural political instinct which Roosevelt always could draw on when not surrounded by a complete ring of bad counsel.

The situation was one in which the whole issue depended upon which side bluffed the other, and it was Roosevelt who was bluffed. Had he not been, had he declared himself ready to lead the Progressive Party, Hughes would still be in the Supreme Court, the Republican Party would now be recalling the days when it was searching for a man for the presidency and the great reunion of the reactionary and progressive wings of the party under T. R. and the assurance of a certain victory.

The Technic of Big Campaigns

In all three cases, Wood, Hughes and Roosevelt were deprived of the presidency by gross political error, one by too much ballyhooing, one by being sent on a stern chase and the third by listening to those who counseled suppression of personality. The mistake was not only seen after it had happened but before, and the result achieved was the direct result of stupidity of management played upon by opponents more skilled in political strategy.

The technic of big campaigns—certainly as to fundamentals—is a clear one, and astonishingly neglected. In the mere first principle of seizing and maintaining the lead more mistakes are made than the public is often told. Being close to several national and state campaigns, as much for the sport perhaps as because of my desire to see things grow better, I have had examples enough to look at.

In one New England state a shrewd amateur in politics whipped a veteran congressman in a contest for the governorship by seizing an opportunity to transfer the issues into a wholly new field. The congressman came back from Washington interested in national issues and prepared to carry on a party fight centered around national issues. No matter how absurd it may be, many a political contest for the administration of a state has been carried on with an almost complete neglect of state issues and a terrible raising of dust about tariff, immigration, foreign policy, and so on. In this case the opponent of the congressman suddenly announced that he would refuse to fool the people by discussing national issues; he was going to talk about what the state needed. The congressman gasped. Here was a case where the lead had been taken completely by a single sensible bold stroke. The congressman writhed through a few weeks of campaign, then lost his temper, then became personal and merely vituperative, and his goose was cooked.

An old saying in politics is that "If your opponent calls you a liar do not deny it on your life—just call him a thief."

This is not a thought resting on a very high plane, but it expresses the idea of keeping the lead. The moment a candidate stops to give the major rather than the minor attention to answering charges or analyzing the opponent's case, the most poisonous of all political destructive agencies has crept in.

It is a common saying that the American voter does not vote for anything or anybody, but against someone or something. It is often true, but this must never ensnare a candidate. Unless the opponent is morally unsound and this moral unsoundness can be demonstrated by bullet-proof concrete evidence, the candidate must not actually invite the voter to vote against anything or anybody. When the voters are ready to vote against the opponent it is a risky business for a candidate to urge them along that path. Reaction is sure to set in. Abuse your opponent enough and the voter will begin to feel sorry for him, or will begin to lean toward him to hear what his replies will be, or in case the charges are overdone or not supported by clear documentary proof the voters will swing away from the party or the man who has made the charges like a herd of fleeing sheep.

The Harding-Cox Campaign

"If there are charges to be made which are not conclusive because provable beyond any doubt and because not big and vital, the candidate had better not touch them," said a wise national chairman to me on one critical occasion. "We have a whole flock of little stump speakers and little editorial writers who will put out matter of that kind."

Take some examples out of my own experience. The Harding-Cox national campaign was full of lessons. If Cox and his managers failed to make any mistakes in offending the principle that the wrong kind of attack is damaging to those who make it I do not know what opportunity was lost. If Harding made a single slip of this kind I do not remember it. I do not mean by this that I have any personal dislike of Cox because he rushed into the error of confusing mere vigor of campaigning with throwing political psychology to the winds. He was in a hard place. He was, as all men but Roosevelt have been, worn to frazzles by barnstorming on the political road. Nor do I mean that Harding's avoidance of error was due to foxiness and calculation, because it was my observation that it was due first of all to an almost exaggerated wish for gentleness and fair play.

Cox began with charges of huge campaign funds and he laid responsibility on Harding's doorstep. He and his friends failed to nail it down with proof, and the country knew out of its common sense that Harding had no part in raising such a fund, even if one had been raised. Some of the Republican national committee and some old Republican senators were calling up Marion, Ohio, to urge Harding to issue a denial. Such is veteran stupidity. The right play was for Harding to remain aloof from the whole business, and he did.

Again the Cox camp produced editorials which had appeared in Harding's paper, the Marion Star, calling Roosevelt a traitor. It is a matter of plain fact that Harding did not write those editorials. I know the man who did, and so do some of the Democrats who made the charges. But Harding would not deny them; he said to his advisers that he would have to stand back of the matter which appeared in the Marion Star. Not long after, editorials with a pro-German, anti-Allied slant which had appeared in Cox's newspaper were brought into the Harding camp. Harding threw them out.

He said, "Cox didn't write them."

No man ever suffered from abuse of the degree of nastiness which finally marked that campaign. Nor has any man gained more politically from abuse than Harding did; nor has any man gained more from patience and silence under abuse of the most provocative kind.

(Continued on Page 108)

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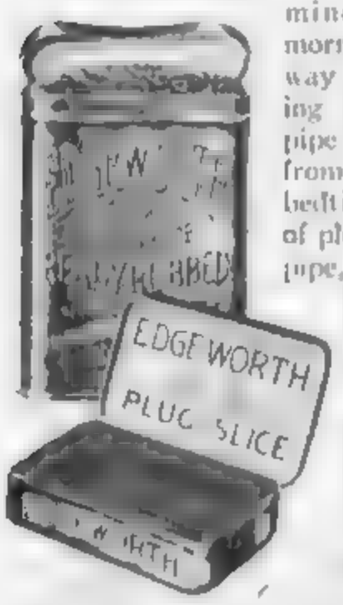
"Of course," writes A.K.K., "it depends somewhat on the breakfast. I couldn't get much joy out of a pipe after getting up from burnt oatmeal, bad coffee, and soggy toast. But after one of the breakfasts my wife can turn out, that's different!

"Then when I step out on the porch and light up the old pipe, I very nearly approach the pinnacle of my day. As I figure it, one puff after breakfast is worth a dozen puffs after dinner.

"Somehow the tobacco has a flavor early in the morning that it never quite approaches later in the day.

"It may be that a cool pipe draws better. I don't know. It may be the tobacco or the pipe, or just me. I only know that I like the first pipe of the day the best.

"But please don't let this preference of mine for an early-morning pipe in any way injure my standing as an inveterate pipe smoker. I smoke from breakfast until bedtime and get a lot of pleasure out of each pipe, provided always that I use the right kind of tobacco."



At this point it seems only fair to admit that A. K. K. is an Edgeworth smoker. Has been for the last ten years and expects to be for the rest of his life.

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(Continued from Page 106)

I know a man who is not a Republican, but who was with Harding a good many times during the campaign. He says:

"I saw a good many faults in the man; but I found out that Harding, like all other prominent citizens, sometimes subscribed to the stock of a new industry when it came to build a plant in a town like Marion. In this way he had acquired two or three shares in a brewery. Some of his political advisers begged him after he was nominated to sell that stock, even though the brewery had lost money and was closed. They said the opposition would be sure to use the fact of his owning stock in a brewery. But Harding refused to trim, and that shows the real stuff."

Sometimes, too, attacks may turn out to be two-edged swords. Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, whose death took away a certain Democratic presidential candidate as it took one when it took Senator Dolliver from the Republicans, once told me: "I owe my political place, I believe, to the fact that my opponents said my father was a drunkard and that I had spent my youth delivering washing around the town of St. Peter for my mother."

I remember a famous occasion when the proof of a so-called divorce scandal which afterward became the subject of a whole nation's political whispering was first brought into my office. We had an advisory committee during that campaign and I called them together and presented the alleged copies of certain love letters. I said I believed it was unreal, untrue and unsavory, and that I would not use it.

A discussion ensued lasting through lunch, coffee and cigars. On the committee was one man who tipped his chair back against the wall of the private dining room, chewed his cigar, but otherwise appeared to be in a trance. He was an Irishman, old, affluent, and warm and ripe with experience.

"General," I finally said, "we haven't had a word from you."

Down came his chair; out came the butt of his cigar.

"Well, I'd keep the matter very dark," he said. "I'd burn the ividence. It's the most human thing I ever heard av the man!"

Care Not to Offend

Another point which few big campaigners ever learn is that in all attacks upon the opponent it is essential that the opponent should be separated, for the purpose of attack, from the rank and file of his party. The prejudice against the other party label is so great in the minds of men, even big men, that they constantly forget that campaigning is in part an attempt to win votes from the other side. The man most clever at that was a former Democrat who had gone into the Progressive Party. He was scrupulous in avoiding any reference to labels on the rank and file. When one of his assistants wrote these words, "The Republicans are responsible for the high cost of workmen's clothing because of the special-privilege duty as assessed on wool by the pound," the candidate struck out the words "Republicans are" and rewrote it: "The Republican Senate machine, which does not represent the Republican voter any better than it represents the Democratic or Progressive voter, is responsible for," and so on. When the same man spoke to audiences containing those who, he knew, had voted in both the major parties he would often begin a sentence by saying: "It is not a question now whether you are a Democrat or a Republican. It was not your fault that you have been not well represented but misrepresented," and so on. He had the right psychology for prying the rank and file of the opposition loose from their former loyalty; and I never knew any big figure in American politics, astounding as this fact is, who even gave any study to the matter of avoiding offense or to guarding against stiffening the voters of the opposition by rebukes in which that rank and file appeared to be included.

To include the rank and file of the opposition in a rebuke is to drive them to be defensive or pugnacious; it is grotesque stupidity not to take the attitude that every man or woman in the country is free from any former party loyalty.

"Always talk to them as if they had been betrayed by the political machine of the opposition. Treat 'em as if they were on the loose, looking for a leader, and you were doing your best to conform to their opinions."

This piece of advice, given to me by the man I have mentioned, is one I shall never forget; but I am certain that in the next national campaign both candidates will be using epithets directed at Democrats or Republicans, and losing possible votes every time they do it. You cannot call a man your enemy in the process of trying to make him your adherent.

Another strategy of no mean importance is the strategy of superior place. I mean by this phrase that it is of the greatest advantage if a campaigner can have one of his subordinates engage the opponent in a controversy, and it is of the greatest disadvantage if one of the opponent's subordinates can succeed in engaging you in a controversy. Whenever an opponent engages in debate or attacks a subordinate you can stand aloof in superior place.

In 1918, for an instance, Wilson made his first great political blunder in almost demanding that a Democratic Congress be elected so that loyalty to American policies should be carried out. The President meant no harm. He had policies in which he believed and he wanted a supporting Congress. He felt surer of a Democratic Congress than of a possible Republican Congress. But the seeming dictation was a dreadful blunder.

Jockeying for Advantage

In that congressional campaign Mr. Tumulty endeavored to engage Will Hays, then chairman of the Republican Party, in a controversy.

"That's all right, Will," said one of Hays' staff. "But now is your chance. Address yourself not to Mr. Tumulty but to the President."

And in spite of the joint statement signed by Roosevelt and Taft, after a famous meeting of reconciliation at the Union Club in New York, the country finally had the picture of President Wilson versus Will Hays, and in that mere fact there was nothing but loss for the President and nothing but gain for Hays.

I remember during the Progressive campaign in 1913 that a certain Republican candidate for governor made the statement that he was progressive enough to attract the voters who had been Progressive in 1912. His Progressive opponent wanted to reply by quoting a nursery rime with an amusing application. But wiser advice made him refrain, and instead the answer was put out by a subordinate known for a good sense of humor. It was brief and was printed far and wide. It said: "If the Republican candidate wishes to speculate on the number of former Progressive votes he will get, let him remember the old lines:

"A man in the wilderness asked of me
How many strawberries grow in the sea?
I answered him as I thought good,
As many as herring grow in the wood."

Put out by a subordinate, it was a knock-out by virtue of one of those happy turns which count sometimes more than rationality; if it had been put out by the opposition candidate for governor the average voter would have believed it an undignified reply by a tired man.

The converse of this principle is that when good material of vital import is at hand it should never be left to subordinates, but seized upon and maintained by the candidate himself. A failure to do so was one of Hughes' lost opportunities in 1916. Even at that time it had become evident to those close to the Senate and Congress that the President was driving affairs toward a centralization of authority in the executive as against the legislative branch of government. Furthermore, he was tending to that reckless centralization of authority for which later the war furnished a good excuse. Nominated by a party with a tradition of states rights, and supposed to be a keeper of the anticentralization doctrines of Jefferson, Wilson had already laid himself open to an attack based on his application of extreme federalism; but never—not in 1916 or in 1920—was the ridiculous side of the situation made plain from Republican sources. Hughes had a chance at this phase of Wilsonism which was already causing the Democratic South to gasp; later, in 1920, Harding had a chance to go at the absurdity with a gentle good nature. It would have made a tremendous appeal to Democrats who had begun to wonder why Wilson carried the banner of Jefferson or Democracy at all. Both Hughes and Harding left this ridiculous satire on Democratic tradition to their subordinates.

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Harding did declare himself against a one-man government, but the irony of a Democratic President building up as no other man has ever done all that Democracy has stood against since Jefferson was left for the little fry to deal with.

Another phase of the strategy of superior place is the great need to keep the candidate in the position of being the principal figure. I have already indicated that a breach of this policy was made when Roosevelt and Taft and Root were thrown into speaking prominence in the Hughes campaign. As Hughes was in 1916 days, his speeches could not compete with those of Taft, and certainly not with those of T. R. The two ex-Presidents were sure of a front page in the press; Hughes was not. Wilson was helping to advertise Root, Roosevelt and Taft. As a result the figure of Hughes became vague and colorless. He lost superior place.

I managed a state campaign some years ago, and the hardest fight I had was with the national committee and its chairman. They were not so interested at first, but when they began to see signs of an unexpected victory they wanted to swamp us with big national speakers to clinch it.

The big national figure, when he is off his home grounds, and when he is not campaigning for himself, may be shocked to learn that the voters in the main regard him as a vaudeville performer. They go to hear him in droves, and cheer and stamp and clap; but they know that tomorrow morning they will not remember much of what he said, and certainly have few convictions applicable to the local election. They have been to take a look at the great man and see him perform. If he thrilled them last night both he and they are gainers; but what has this to do with the price of eggs?

The phase of that performance which the voters, and certainly most politicians, fail to realize is that the local candidate has been shaded down. He no longer appears to be important, or much of a figure, and unconsciously the voter realizes that while the big national political vaudevillian had two full colyums in the morning papers, the local candidate's speeches only get a stick or two.

It follows that the more vigorous and the bigger the national figure the more capable he is of doing innocently a greater harm to the local candidate.

Campaign Scandalmongers

I have often heard old politicians ask why Roosevelt, who could make votes so well for his own campaigns, was sometimes a kind of blight when speaking for someone else. The answer was obvious. Roosevelt, of all men, was capable of making the man he intended to assist appear, by comparison, meager and inadequate and feeble. To introduce Roosevelt into a local campaign was to rob the local candidate of superior place.

It is necessary to good political strategy to keep the candidate dignified, restrained as to the use of charges, accusations and abuse of the opposition. After a long experience, I believe the use of any scandal story which may be associated with the opponent is as dangerous to the accuser as to the accused. If the unsavory matter is brought forth or approved, even tacitly, by one who is a candidate he always appears to have soiled his fingers; and if he cannot complete proof he loses votes by the hour. On the other hand, there is so much resentment growing up against a whispering campaign that sympathy flows toward the man against whom it is directed.

Cleveland was the object of much underground accusation. Roosevelt, without any cause, was called a drunkard. Wilson, as much as any man, suffered from stories grotesquely fabricated and of peculiarly unrestrained venom. Harding went through these filthy attacks before election. To the best of my knowledge, for every vote lost because of a whispering campaign directed against him, the candidate gained a little more than one vote.

It is an extraordinary fact that the silk-stocking element is often the greatest offender in whispering campaigns. It is the woman with the low-necked dress and with orchids, and it is the young broker seeking to justify his political prejudices, who lend themselves to being carriers of these scandal stories. I remember that one evening at a small dinner I was enraged to hear a man of mature years, a man who had been in college with Roosevelt, but who had acquired the most bitter prejudices against him, testify in this way: "I know what I am saying, because I have seen with my own eyes. Roosevelt and I were members of the same club in college. In the reunion in 1916 I went into the clubhouse at noon and there was the ex-President dead to the world on the sofa in the library."

Investigation showed that the library of that club had no sofa and never had one; that at about the time mentioned T. R. was outdoors talking with Governor Hughes, who had come for an honorary degree, about the campaign in New York, and that the man who told the story had been making very merry that day on his own account. Of course, horsewhipping would be too good for such a man. Mere exposure is a better punishment. The rank and file of voters, which this affluent clubman considers a little vulgar and not quite intelligent enough for the exercise of the franchise, would never go his distance in irresponsibility.

In addition to the care necessary as to the candidate's own position and dignity, there is the strategy of issues. I do not know anything which presses harder on a candidate than the influence of those who want him to multiply his subjects. Elections are won on single issues or on very few.

One Issue Better Than Many

"One issue," Beveridge said to me once. "One issue is the thing. We forget that a discussion of one issue not only discloses that issue but it is sufficient to bring forth for the voter's observation the ability, the force, the sincerity of the man who is discussing it. And for that ability, force and sincerity, it may be that the voter cares more than for the issue itself."

Roosevelt was a great plucker of one string at a time, and watching his campaigning over many years I learned it was one of his greatest powers. He made the primary note he had struck reverberate at last in every remote hamlet in the land. But candidates for President of lesser skill have gone forth with an issue and then talked themselves to a point where they feared the country was tired of it and taken on another subject, and finally tried to have a band of issues, one hundred and ten pieces, all going at once. What happens in such a case is that the voters get the impression that the candidate has hit upon an issue and has then grown doubtful and feeble about it; that his opponent may have crimped it; and that the candidate has wabbled off to something else. When the finale comes, and too many issues are playing, the public only hears a jumbled noise.

As a voter once expressed it to me, "A man who has as many eggs as that in the air is sure to get butter fingers when he gets into the White House and will drop something on our national carpet."

All the issues in the world may be in a platform, but it does not follow that a candidate should try to treat them all.

Another mistake, grievous with certainty of bad results, is illustrated by the second and final great political blunder which broke Wilson's record as a master of political psychology, whose skill was so great that he could adopt and apply in America the Chinese political maxims, "Never engage in a controversy unless you have started it" and "The public has a short memory."

The rule of good strategy which Wilson broke was this: "Never make an issue of anything already done." That is to say, it is almost fatal to offer a record of performance as a major issue, because it always creates an appearance of being on the defensive, and because criticism travels faster than justification, and because justification may never stand alone, but always has a dash of apology to make it complete. Secondly, it is fatal to offer for approval a definite legislative bill or a treaty. It was this mistake which, having been forced upon Cox by the only sources of campaign contributions available, helped to make his

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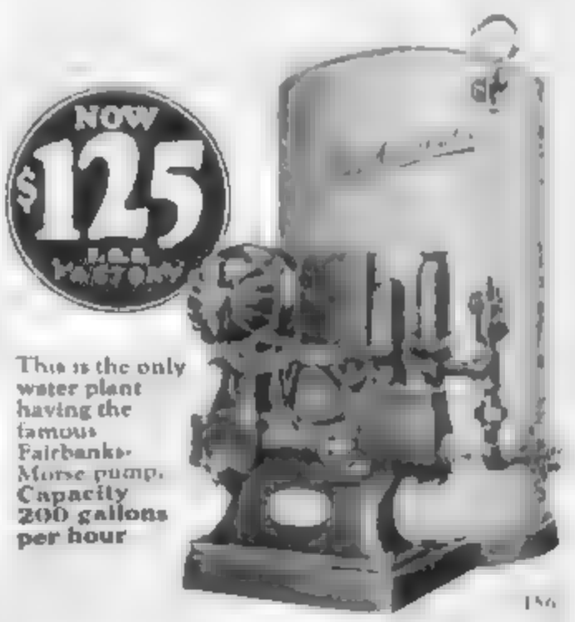

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defeat a debacle and put Wilsonism, as it was called, into the storehouse of history.

No bill as drawn, and no treaty, is perfect. Its defenders must always be accurate as to what it contains; but once a definite draft is offered for opinion, opponents may ascribe to the bill or treaty any effects they please. The defenders must treat it with a seriousness which becomes either fanatic or driveling, or else very tiresome. But its opponents can make a bill or a treaty the object of gayety, blithe humor, vicious attack or anything they please. They can even neglect it as if it were unimportant. All this is particularly true when the bill or treaty has been discussed already until everyone is a little tired of it; then it becomes an attempt to feed hash to the boarders who have seen hash every morning. It was a fatal mistake for Wilson to insist that the peace treaty and the league should be the great Democratic issues, and poor Cox was in a fix when he had to work himself up over them. He was not headed in that direction when the campaign began.

If one cannot see the folly of presenting something already done, or some document already drawn up, let consideration be given to a supposition. Suppose a campaign conducted in favor of a high tariff. The speakers and the literature speak of the need of protecting our standard of living, of keeping up wages, of obtaining revenue. They speak of the dangers of free trade to American industry. But suppose when the demand of one party for a high tariff was made the other party demanded to see exactly what tariff was proposed, and that then the protectionist party were simple and foolish enough to submit a draft of a tariff bill to the voters! In the first case, where mere general advocacy of a high tariff is offered, there would be cheers in the halls and the opposition would never succeed in answering the proposal, because the proposal slips out every time an enemy tries to put his hand on it. But a tariff bill all drawn up would be torn to shreds, leaving a protectionist party, which had thus thrown away its lead, on the defensive, ridiculed and certainly whipped.

Much of Harding's work was done for him, not only by the blunder of making a treaty an issue but also by the management of the Democratic Party. It is astonishing how good political strategy and restrained farseeing management will draw forth all kinds of blunders and other timely helps from the opposition. Once that tide sets in, a good strategist can sit back much of the time and see the other fellow commit various kinds of political suicide.

One of the greatest values in politics I know is to be able to neglect your opponent. If he throws out an issue which makes no particular splash in the pond of opinion, neglect it completely. Wilson neglected Hughes. Harding neglected Cox.

I cannot remember a single occasion when Harding mentioned the name of Cox or showed himself cognizant of the existence of Cox. Harding spoke in an indulgent, kindly manner of Wilson; but Cox, so it appeared, was a man who was campaigning all over the lot, in a sweat, in his mental shirt sleeves with his coat off, ringing fire alarms, trying to reach sentimental high notes with voice cracking, trying to gain an attention which somehow would not come his way.

When Cox went through Marion, Ohio, Harding's home town, he made a great to-do about speaking there—the gesture of bearding the lion in his den. When Harding went through Dayton he refused to speak out of courtesy to Cox.

From first to last Harding, in fact, was in the position of being the leader of the outs.

From first to last Cox, in fact, was in the position of being the leader of the ins.

And yet the staunchest Democrat would have to admit that the country got the picture of Cox constantly assailing and assailing, and not even receiving as a reward the attention of a quiet gentleman who had no beads on his forehead, no dust on his shoes, no red in his eye.

These are the pictures which win and lose campaigns. They are not produced by accident. They are produced sometimes by the instinct of a man like Harding. The only certain way to produce them is by the conscious art of political strategy.

That art is not developed—never has been. It is a fine and not a base art. It is fine because it values highly dignity, cleanness, fair play and—common sense.

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